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PART I

CIVILIZATIONS AND THEIR DISEASES

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Works by
DR. JOSEPH WIDNEY

RACE LIFE OF THE ARYAN PEOPLES
Funk & Wagnalls, 1907

AHASUERUS, A RACE TRAGEDY
Pacific Publishing Company, 1915

THE LURE AND THE LAND
Pacific Publishing Company, 1932

THE FAITH THAT HAS COME TO ME
Pacific Publishing Company, 1932

**THE GENESIS AND EVOLUTION OF
ISLAM AND JUDAEO-CHRISTIANITY**
Pacific Publishing Company, 1932

WHITHER AWAY?
Pacific Publishing Company, 1934

THE THREE AMERICAS
Pacific Publishing Company, 1935

RACE LIFE AND RACE RELIGIONS
Pacific Publishing Company, 1936

**LIFE AND ITS PROBLEMS AS SEEN BY
A BLIND MAN AT NINETY-SIX**
(In preparation)

CIVILIZATIONS AND THEIR
DISEASES

AND

REBUILDING A WRECKED
WORLD CIVILIZATION

By JOSEPH WIDNEY

PART I

CIVILIZATIONS AND THEIR DISEASES

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J. P. WIDNEY
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TO THE UNRESTING DEAD OF A MIGHTY PAST

Persepolis

Night—and an upland plain,
Lone mountains looking down,
A broken colonnade,
An esplanade once trod
By long-forgotten feet,
Ages and ages ago.

A giant stairway, worn
By throngs that came and went . . .
But, oh, so long ago!
A lion, ears attent,
Listening and half-affright
At sounds by human ears
Unheard for centuries;
A sound of revelry—
Harp and tabor and lute,
And song and the rhythmic sway
Of the merry dancing feet . . .

And the wild beast in his fright
Slinks from the sounds away,
To wait for the dawning day
When dead men sleep.

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THE ETERNAL
WHY
?

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International News Photo

PRESENTATION OF BUST OF DR. J. P. WIDNEY TO LIBRARY OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

DR. EMIL SELETZ, SURGEON AND ARTIST, WITH DR. WIDNEY. MAY 11, 1937.



PREFACE

Possibly the story of the years of careful study and research which preceded the writing of the two volumes, *Civilizations and Their Diseases* and *The Rebuilding of a Wrecked World Civilization* is best given in the address delivered by me to the members of the Los Angeles County Medical Association on May 11, 1937, the occasion being the unveiling of the bronze bust of myself which the Association had ordered for their Library. The accompanying plate shows the bust. Standing by it are the distinguished sculptor, Dr. Emil Seletz, Los Angeles surgeon and artist, also a guest of honor and a member of the Association; and myself. The address was in the following terms:

I wish first of all to thank my associates in the medical profession for the honor they have conferred upon me this day. I appreciate highly the personal friendships it expresses. I have had many friends among my associates of the profession. I know of no enemies. It is a pleasure to me to be able to say this after seventy years spent in the active prosecution of the science of disease—its causes, its prevention. That the physician cures disease might be questioned. That disease may be prevented or successfully led to a favorable ending is beyond question. This is the broader field. In this broader sense, I have never retired from the active practice of the science of medicine; but have patiently, painstakingly, thoughtfully been

seeking for the causes which lie back of disease. When I received my diploma—and it came with the honors of the class—two factors had been impressed upon me: the diseases of the man physical and the drug-store as the cure-all. I doubted as to the major importance of both. It seemed to me the field was broader than that.

I soon found that by the side of the Man Physical was a Man Intellectual and that this man had to be taken into consideration as well as the Man Physical; and that, too, in every case. They could not be separated and they mutually influenced each other.

I was called to the bedside of a young woman, handsome and strong and really not very sick, although she thought she was: I was looking into the face of a frightened animal, terror-stricken at the thought of death! A wolf at bay in the chase might look like that: and over this the drug-store had no power. Cases like that soon turned me to the quest for something higher than drugs in the cure of disease. My mental life began to shape itself more and more along the line of research into the underlying principles of disease. I wanted causation. It was the eternal *Why?* Then began my part in the educational work. One lesson I always impressed upon the students: "Never be satisfied unless you have found the cause of the disease. You may not find it, for medical science is yet incomplete, still in the empirical stage; but be dissatisfied with yourself because you have failed and keep on trying."

I found yet another fact: that by the side of the Man Physical and the Man Intellectual is yet another—the Man Spiritual. And he, too, must be considered in the curing of the disease. Some of my friends have wondered why I entered the ministry in mid-life. It was not that I was abandoning the science of medicine. It was only that

I was broadening the field of research. I wished opportunity for clinical study into the souls of men. This could best be found among the churches. I carried this line of research among the velvet-cushion pews of the rich and respectable and in the slums of the poor and disreputable. I gave years to this: and, everywhere, that soul was the same. Environment had made the difference. Then came the curative question: "How may the environments be improved?" And here the drug-store had no place.

The field still kept broadening. I found men, differing in types of race life, differing physically, differing intellectually, differing spiritually; and yet having sprung from one common race stock in some original race home. It is so that the old Proto-Aryan of the Uplands of Asia, leaving his land ages ago as one, has peopled Europe with a progeny so diversified, so unlike each other, that we can hardly believe they came from the one primitive stock; and they differ in the types of disease which they develop. The goitre of the Swiss Alps is not found along the shores of the Mediterranean. Scrofula and consumption of Mid-Europe, with its diet of pork, are less frequently found with the olive and the tart wines of Italy and France. Again comes the eternal *Why?* The answer lies, again, in the one word—Environment. And now, medical science is dealing not with the individual man, but with races. And now, also, medical science, in its researches, is dealing, not with the drug-store, but with earth problems—physiography, geology, climatology; and is reaching back to the primitive man, and the ice-sheets and earth-fissures; into a world-life that is ever transforming and re-transforming itself. These settle the fate of the races. We find that peoples upon the earth have appeared, lived their race lives and are gone, leaving only some carven stones or rude monoliths to tell that ever they lived.

The *elephas giganteus* and the saber-toothed tigers and the cave bear disappeared with those older races. They shared a common fate. And again comes the eternal *Why?* Medical science must help to solve the problem. To the credit of the medical profession it may be said that the search goes back of the glimmer of the green bottle in the apothecary's window. And over the broad earth, in every department of research, into the evolution of man and of globes, the men of medical training are in the lead.

The books which for fifty years I have been slowly thinking out, I am now elaborating and publishing. Through them all runs one connecting thought. They have been written with a purpose. I do not claim that they are always consistent with each other. As the years have gone by, it seems to me, I have found light where, before, there was obscurity. In the years of blindness, sitting alone in the dark, I have been slowly thinking it out. These books are my contribution.

In the press now, I have a work, *Civilizations and Their Diseases: Why Do They Die?* and as a sub-topic, another question: *Religions and Their Diseases: Why Do They Die?* It is the instinct of the trained physician that lies back of these books. It is the diagnosis. Then comes another volume, *The Rebuilding of a Wrecked World Civilization*. It is the medical treatment of the case.

And the prognosis? That while civilizations and religions may die, Civilization and Religion will live on. It is the Law of Growth. And man has not yet finished his life upon this globe.

There is one book, yet to be completed, for it is now partly written: *Life and Its Problems as Seen By a Blind Man at Ninety-Six*. In this book, the search passes out beyond our globe to the globes of many constellations, so

distant that the ten-foot reflector shows them as only patches of light. Such questions will arise as: "Life, what is it? Whence? Whither? Wherefore? When the boundaries of the Universe are reached, what lies beyond? When time shall be no more, what comes after?" And then the vital question, "What, in his present stage of man's existence, is the limit of the knowable?"

This work has been upon me, continuously, for more than eighty years. I find, in searching over my old childhood papers, that these problems of race life and the growth and death of civilizations were the theme of many of my old compositions—even before the High School days.

In the more than eighty years, the search for reasonable answers to the questions has never ceased. In the years to come, may be some one will find wiser answers than I have found. I do not know. My work is nearly done, and I can only give what has come to me.

The books which I have published are my contribution to this broader field of medical research.

[In the succeeding section, "A Personal Word and a Retrospect," the aims and purposes which have animated the studies and researches of many years are outlined in somewhat greater detail, and with more direct application to the specific lines of these present volumes, than was possible in the foregoing address.]



A PERSONAL WORD AND A RETROSPECT

For seventy-six years I have pursued a line of thought and of investigation historical in character. The work began in boyhood. The battle for a livelihood was for years upon me, often interfering with, but never quite interrupting, the studies and the investigation. The central thought was the evolution of Man in his physical, his intellectual, and his spiritual life.

The first step in it all was the problem of races: Why? How?—Wherefore? I began asking these questions when a lad in High School. I wrote compositions upon these subjects, and directly questioned the correctness of conclusions which we were drawing. My compositions were condemned by cautious teachers as dangerous for a boy in his thinking. I went on; for I could not think otherwise. No doubt much of it was crude, immature and boyish; but, back of it all, I was thinking. I borrowed a copy of *Rollins' Ancient History* from a friend, read a number of pages, then returned the book, saying: "The author recites historical stories, but he does not think."

Ever behind it all, in my mind, was the eternal *Why?* I was trying to trace why civilizations arose: How did they grow? And again: Why did they die? For I found that the historic past was a graveyard of dead and buried civilizations. I found the same fact to exist with regard to their religions. I sought to know the reason why. It

was not enough for me to know the fact. I sought to know the *reason* for the fact. This has been the key to seventy-six years of research and investigation.

For the first forty-five years my investigations were hampered and crippled, as I have indicated, by the struggle for a subsistence and then for a competency. The struggle was not an easy one, as my father, a farmer well-to-do but young, died when I was only ten years of age, leaving my mother with a large family. The five sons turned the property over to mother and two young sisters for their support, and then made their own way in the world. At the age of fifteen I was working in the harvest-field, receiving for the toil eleven dollars a month and my board, doing a man's work and getting a boy's pay. It was not easy; but it was such experience as made men of all of us.

After service in the first two years of the Civil War, with broken health I came to the Pacific Coast in November, 1862, and, finishing a medical course, entered the Army as surgeon in January, 1867, being sent to the Indian wars in Arizona, where in the next two years I was on field duty over the whole territory. It was my first touch with the desert, and that touch was a determining point in my life-work.

There, I began to find answer to the questions I had been asking from boyhood. Living months at a time in the loneliness of the waste; in constant peril . . . the camp-fire . . . my saddle for a pillow . . . the night-winds, with voicings of the desert, and, above, the silent sweep of the constellations . . . I learned how primitive men lived. It was the key that unlocked the past.

From the primitive man of the desert, as I found him there, and from the lines of emigrant-wagons and their

needs, I read the laws which must have governed primitive man, ages ago.

What were these needs and safeguards in primitive migrations? They must have been the same as those I found upon the desert: collective movement for safety; wood, water and grass for the daily needs of man and beast; and a line of low grades, avoiding the rugged mountains. They found it was easier to go around a mountain than to go over it. And if, for some reason, they started to follow one side of a long range of mountains, they probably never returned to the line of the other side.

The next train of migration, following the same line thus far, might, for some reason which we do not now know, have taken the other side of the range. And now these divided lines, starting as one, would probably never come together again, but would still farther diverge from each other until in the end they came to unlike climatic surroundings, there to develop unlike types of race life.

It was so that the long line of inland seas and mountain ranges separated the Latin Wave and the Teutonic Wave of westward-moving migration—never to come together again, but to develop two entirely unlike types of civilization. This was the central thought of the book, *Race Life of the Aryan Peoples*, published for me by Funk & Wagnalls thirty years ago. That work told of the primitive migrations of the Proto-Aryan Peoples from the uplands of Asia, and their diverging lines over the whole earth; and of the many different race-types which they developed, and the reasons for the differences.

Why did Primitive Races Migrate? I found that the answer lay in a desire among the emigrants for a more plentiful supply of food, and one easier of attainment;

and, added to these, more favorable conditions for the development of family and racial life.

But why was the food supply in the older homeland no longer sufficient? I found the answer to this question to lie, largely, in the changed climatic conditions in the original homelands. When tracing the migrations of the Asiatic peoples from the highlands of Asia, in their world-march southward and westward, I discovered that they were forced out of their homeland on the plateau of Central Asia by an increased and ever-increasing desiccation of the land: an increasing aridity which would no longer admit of a reasonable yield in the cultivation of cereals.

But now, again comes the eternal *Why?* The answer now is found in something vaster and more inexorable than the fluctuating yearly seasons. We are now facing in these race problems the working of laws utterly beyond the power of Man's battling, and operating through countless ages—changes in the contour of the earth itself. South of that Mid-Asian plateau, and walling it off from the low, fertile, tropical South Asiatic plain, is the long line of the Himalayas. While the highest range of mountains in the world, it is also probably the youngest, and has been for some ages, and possibly still is, steadily rising.

Once, the yearly monsoons from the south, carrying with them the evaporated waters of the Indian Ocean—the evaporation amounts to fifteen feet in a year—gave abundant moisture to the whole Asiatic land north to the Arctic Ocean. Then arose the great mountain barrier, checking the course of the monsoons, diminishing the supply of moisture to the plateau. Drought increased and food supply decreased. With that decreased yield, the people had to migrate or starve.

These things I learned in the desert life in Arizona. I now began to understand the desert lands, and the desert peoples, and their migrations—not simply in America but in the racial life of the world. The field of investigation had broadened. I was now dealing with great general laws, not special cases.

We have the working of these same broad, general laws in the great globe-fissures which belt the earth, and in the lateral fissures which complicate the problem. We find here the working of causes that go back of history, back of tradition; and yet if we read the working of these causes carefully, we are able to trace Man's history and racial life and death far antedating what we had ever dreamed of before. This geologic reading tells of race life and race migrations about the East Basin of the Mediterranean, and in the great Sahara Desert, long antedating even the faintest tradition; in this reading, as is told elsewhere in this book, are involved the lives of peoples not only about the East Basin of the Mediterranean but in Asia, in Africa, in Europe. We are now beginning to read, also, that story as told in the great earth-convulsions underneath the waters of the Atlantic, in America, and in the broad expanse of the Pacific lying beyond.

More than eighty-five years ago, when I was a mere lad, my father at my request bought for me and placed in my hands, in a country store, a little book entitled, *Roman History*. It was my first introduction to the Ancient World and its empires. The book was crude, simple, with a few common, old-time, wood-cut illustrations; among others, a picture of a Roman war-galley. It aroused my curiosity. When I began to inquire about that old Roman Empire and its people, I was told they belonged to the

past, an empire and people long since dead. At once the inquiry arose in my mind: *Why did they die?*

When one of our neighbors dies, the doctor tells us what was the matter. Can anyone tell us what was the matter with this empire and its peoples? I was a boy, but the thought was not boyish. For eighty-eight years this question, and others like it, have been ringing in my ears. They are the key to much of my life-work. It was not facts alone that I wanted. These were only half-way answers. *Why the facts?*—was always in my mind. It was the eternal *Why?* which, like Banquo's ghost, would not down. I think that no book which I have written has ever been free from that unrest of that *Why?*

These words of preface will tell the "*Why*" of this book. Men and empires do not die without a cause. In the midst of a great world-crisis, when civilization again seems to be writhing in the agony of dissolution, may be a careful analysis of the past may assist in forming a diagnosis of the disease and possibly a prognosis of the ending.

Of doctors there are many. We sometimes call them emperors, sometimes kings, sometimes dictators, sometimes leaders of unions, sometimes reformers, sometimes politicians; but when we note carefully the many and contradictory theories as to the disease, and the many and contradictory lines proposed and the remedies insisted upon, it seems as though, unless there be some higher, over-ruling Power, we can only say—"God have mercy on the patient."

What is the matter with our civilization? The first question in the sick-chamber is: "What is the matter with the patient? Is it the final breakdown from some inherited malady? Or is it the onset of some curable disease?"

And both prognosis and forecasting as to the result will hinge upon the answer.

With civilization as the patient, the essential inquiry, "What is the family history?" remains a most pertinent inquiry. The cognate questions, "How did civilizations originate?" and "What is their normal manner of growth?" follow inevitably.

The answers to these questions will give us some sane and reliable facts for a forecasting of the future.

J. P. WIDNEY.

3901 Marmion Way,
Los Angeles, California,
June, 1937.

THE MAN PRIMEVAL

Out of the birth of things,
Out of the womb of chaos,
Out of the untold ages,
But how, no mind has fathomed,
MAN—The Man Primeval.

Grizzled, and gaunt, and stark,
Rude as the beasts about him,
One with the bear and aurochs,
Or the wolves that howled before him,
Battling with club and stone axe,
Sheltered in rocks and caverns,
Clad in grasses and pelts,
Man of the primal dawn—
But Man.

The ages come and go:
How long?—There is no number,
For time has lost the reckoning:
But old! Old grew the hills
And the mountains, old about him;
And the Ice Sheet came and vanished;
And the cave bear, and the mammoth
Lived their huge lives, and then
Died out in the fading cycles:
But Man lived on.

And something came to his eye,
Something born of the ages:
And the beasts now quailed before it,
The beasts that had been as kin
With the man who roamed the forest.
Something had come to that eye;
Something that they had not;
Something: They were afraid.
And now they fled before him,
Him with the unbeast eye:
And they hid in the forest shadows,
In the covert of the deep woods
Where man was not.
That eye!
That unbeast eye!
They cowered, and fled before it.

And now from the cavern's mouth
Gleamed out in the night and darkness
The glimmer of new-found fire—
Fire from the flint and twirl-stick;
For man had become its master.
Fire, and the cave, and shelter—
The first rude home.

And time rolls on; but ever
The man is climbing upward
Out of the primal darkness,
Out of the age-long shadows.
And the beast still roams the forest:
But it is beast, and vanquished:
And Man is master.

And something comes to the man,
Something more than the eye-gleam
That banished the beast to the wood-depths,
Something more than the cunning
That made Man the wild beasts' master :
A new-born stir within him,
A reaching-out in the darkness,
A grasping-hold upon somewhat—
But what? His hands are groping.
But somewhere, somehow, he touches
The vague unseen—and Life :
Life—the Life immortal.

And the old, blind past has gone.
Never again can he rest.
He has touched the hither verge
Of some strange, unseen world ;
And the touch has thrilled his being :
A soul is born.

No more can he turn him backward.
No more can he live the old life.
No more is he kin to the brute beast.
His eyes are lifted upward—
Upward beyond the stars.
His breath is the breath undying ;
He is one with the years eternal ;
He has found a name he knew not,
A name before unspoken :
He calls it—GOD.



THE FAMILY HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION

THE history of civilization begins with the history of Man. Two theories of the origin of Man upon the earth have been advanced: First, that Man appeared upon the earth perfect in type, both mentally and physically—sound in body, sane in mind, fully developed, in close communion with God and made in His image; and that his race history since then has been, steadily, one progressive and progressing degeneracy. This is the theological view, as put forth in the writings and teachings of the churches. This view is based upon the race myths of prehistoric ages. It has no other basis. Upon it, as a foundation, have been built theories of the relationship of Man to God, and of God to Man. The whole theory of sin, its penalties, and its schemes of redemption from that sin, is based upon this mythical foundation. And with it was developed an intolerance and ever-growing racial enmities which brought to mankind unceasing warfare. It is a strange history, unlike in spirit the kindly God of the Garden of Eden, and the innocent man He had made. Then, for an offense like the error of an unthinking child, in a matter of which he had, and had had, no opportunity of learning the fatal nature of the result, he was cast out from the Garden of God's love and favor, to a wearisome struggle of unceasing ages, and from which his only

chance of escape was to be through the miraculous intervention of the God Who had made him, thus making amends for the failure of an imperfect plan! The unreasonableness and the iniquity of it all has ever been a stumbling-block in the pathway of the Church.

The second theory is based upon the fossil remains of primitive man as found in the geological strata. This man was not perfect. Rude, crude, heavy-jawed; of a lesser cranial development; he seems to have been a man not akin to the animal, but partaking of much of the animal characteristics—yet always there was a dividing line between. He was the man of the cave-life—stalwart, strong, standing guard over wife and children rude and crude as himself. Then commenced the slow climb upward. It was in the line of the Law of Growth as seen all elsewhere in the world about him.

He Discovers Fire. His first friend in the upward progress was fire. How he discovered fire we do not know, nor the means of its production. The lightning, and the blazing tree ignited by its flash, taught him there was such a thing. In the South Seas, near the equatorial line, an island was found where the people seemed to be entirely ignorant of fire. They ate their food raw. To them, the White man's fire was a strange animal which devoured wood for its food, and which bit you if you touched it.

Possibly the first knowledge this man primeval might have gained in the making of fire was when, by chance, he struck two flint stones together and saw the sparks flying. The sparks would give light and would burn his naked skin. He probably learned, may be by accident,

that these sparks would set fire to the dry, rotten wood upon which he sat. It may have been years before the discovery was made: then only by accident: but he now knew how to kindle a fire! It was the first step in building the great cities of modern civilization, with their factories, their heated homes, and their whole industrial life.

With the increased knowledge in later centuries, the use of a slight piece of steel, instead of one of the flints, was found to be more efficient. And their use in kindling fire has ceased within the recollection of my own life. Flint and steel and punk were household words within my recollection. I remember, when I must have been about six years of age—that is, about the year 1847—that I and my two elder brothers, were sent in the early morning to a neighbor's house half a mile away to bring back some fire for kindling our own morning fires, as ours had gone out during the night. We did it by swinging the blazing brands of wood to keep the fire from going out. If matches had been in use, they would have given us matches; but the match became a commercial article of sale anywhere in the world only after the year 1843. Their use spread slowly on the frontier. Men were using the flint and the steel and the punk for lighting their pipes, when I was a lad. Before 1852, however, when my father died, I remember seeing him scratch a match to light his pipe.

The use of the flint and the steel was still common among the Spanish of the old Mission days after I came among them in 1868. Matches were a luxury and were not wasted. The use of the twirling-stick, for lighting fire by friction, I never saw. It seems to have been used among some primitive races.

The Cliff-Dwellers and Fire. In the mountains of Arizona and New Mexico are found, still unchanged, the crude dwellings of a wee people who were the earliest to leave any trace of race life in that land. They were small in stature—apparently not over five feet—and were a feeble folk, little fitted to battle against the more robust tribes that came upon them. On little shelves of rocky cliffs, well above the level plains below, they made their habitations, sheltered from the inclemency of the winter storms by the overhanging rocks above. These shelves were often not more than five feet wide; but, building a low parapet of stone along the outer edge, reaching up several feet in height, to screen them from observation and to shut out the cold winds, people here lived their family lives. A rude ladder of wood, drawn up at night, was the only means of access. The blackened rock and the fragments of imperishable charcoal from their fires, are there today; also fragments of their crude pottery. They had, moreover, somehow learned how to make of the clay about them cooking-vessels that would withstand the fire. Here they lived their simple lives.

I have often relieved the tediousness of a sleepless night in picturing to myself the life of these little cliff-dwellers, and the comfort and security which fire brought into their humble existence. It is a simple story that the rude cliff wall for protection, and the rocks blackened by the smoke, and the imperishable charcoal of their family fires, have to tell. But it tells more! It tells of the great turning-point in the evolution of Man from primeval savagery to the civilization of the twentieth century! Without fire, the primeval man of ages ago, living his race life on a plane scarcely above the level of

the wild beasts about him, would be living that life today. That fire made possible the great factories, the railroads, the ocean liners and the flying machines. In those primitive days, the river checked his family removals; now, even the widest ocean does not check his race-migrations!

And yet, how closely that primitive race life and its discovery of the power of fire are linked to our modern life, can be told in a few simple facts. Even as late as the year 1832, in the Black Hawk War, the battles were fought with the flint-lock, smooth-bore musket—the flint giving its spark of fire to ignite the powder. When a lad, I played with the flint-lock horse-pistols, only just discarded by the cavalry. The percussion cap did not come into Army use until the Mexican War. The farmers still had standing in their homes the flint-lock rifles with which they had wrested the land from the Indians. The first gun that I carried in the Civil War was a family piece, changed over from a flint-lock. The little side cylinder, with the cap to be inserted, told the tale of the change in many of the homes.

In my boyhood, even, the camping instincts of the man primeval still lingered in the boys. Our favorite amusement was to take to the woods and live the life of the Open. It involved the brush hut, the camp-fire, roasting ears of corn with the husks on, buried in the hot ashes, or, with the husk removed, held on a pointed stick over the fire; game which we killed, cooked in the blaze; potatoes, baked under the embers. Sometimes there was a tree-house built up among the branches for protection from imaginary wild animals.

I have never forgotten life in the Open as more fully lived in the early days of the Pacific Coast! A brother

and myself took a foot-trip of four days into the unbroken redwood forests of the Santa Cruz Mountains. Without blankets even, armed only with our revolvers and having some fish hooks, we crossed the first range to the headwaters of the San Lorenzo river. We camped at night in the forest. Catching a supply of mountain trout from the stream, we were confronted with the problem of how to cook them. Telling my brother to clean the fish and split them open, I washed from the river some flat, smooth stones and, standing these up before the fire, I took the fish when opened, and stuck them against the hot surface of the sloping stones, which still faced the fire. I don't think I have ever tasted anything more toothsome than those fish! May be life in the open air and the mountain climb added to the zest. The two years of Army life, in the mountains and on the deserts, were a prolongation of the life of the man primeval.

That, and the trails with mountains and stars for guides, gave me the key to much that I have written in my books about primitive race life and the man primeval in his race migrations. In literary work it has been to me of more value than the shelves of the library, and has given me the advantage over men who have rewritten from books, and who never went back to the Open. It is the lack of life in the Open, and of the resultant understanding of the man primeval in his race necessities, which makes the weakness of that noted scholar, Max Muller, in his efforts to trace the migrations of the Aryan peoples.

Libraries are good; traditions are even better; but to know the man primeval, and his race life, and his migrations, we must go back to the man himself—to his needs, and to what his life and his migrations must have been,

because of those needs. And the Great Open tells it all—this, and climatic laws, and the humble story told by the little family fires as revealed in the cliff-dwellings of the wee people of the mountains, ages and ages ago.

I have taken much space in telling the tale of the primitive man, and of the old longings for the life in the Open which still linger in the man of the most advanced civilization. I have had a purpose in telling this. It is the guiding thread which leads us back, through the labyrinth of wrecked civilizations, to that man primeval who began it all. And what was he? I have in my library, a book upon the Stone Age of Man. It has as a frontispiece the man primeval standing at the cave-mouth, clad in the skin of a wild beast, and with a great club in his hand. And yet the picture contains a total misapprehension of what that man really was! The face is the pensive face of a poet, and of a seer, looking across the ages and catching a glimpse of the man that was to be. That was not the Neanderthal man primeval. Low-browed, heavy-jawed, shaggy with hair, almost as the wild beasts about him—almost kin to the wild beasts he was battling with—and yet he was not one with these. There was a dividing-line between. They were the beast. He was Man. They did not grow; probably could not. He could grow; and the Ages have told the story of that growth. His far-off descendant, and yet his kin, is the man in the professor's chair in the great university. The Law of Growth, as it exists in that which we call the Universe, made this possible.

Some can grow—some cannot. Why? I do not know. I only know it is the Law. Only He, Who made the Law, knows. He has never told.



GROWTH AND UPBUILDING OF CIVILIZATIONS

THE picture I have given is of the man primeval, club in hand, at the mouth of the cave which shelters him. But within are wife and child. He has more than himself now to protect and provide for. No marriage tie had cemented the union. She was simply his consort, weaker than himself in bodily strength, less able to provide for the wants of herself and children and less able to protect them from wild beasts or from the even less-merciful hands of other wild men about them. Every instinct in that rugged cave-man urges him to provide for them and protect them from harm. It is the instinct of the wild beast also; but now, this cave-man does that which the wild beast does not do. He must be absent from the cave much of the time, hunting for food for the family within. Who is to protect them during his absence? And experience has already taught him that he may at times be sick, and unable to go in pursuit of the game upon which they subsist; for still they are largely meat-eaters.

He solves the problem by seeking cooperation. There are other wild men who also have families growing up about them to be protected and provided for. And now, two of these join hands in an alliance. They may occupy the same cave; if it is large enough, probably will. They

may possibly occupy adjoining caverns. *It is the beginning of civic alliance.* With that alliance civilization has taken its first step in advance. With that step, the Babylons and the Romes of history became possible.

Then came the broadening out. If two were strong, three would be still stronger. Then came the problem of vegetable food. He had learned that there were some edible roots growing in the earth, some plants whose tender tops were good, some grasses whose seeds when gathered and dried might be ground into paste and baked by the fire for his bread. [I saw this on the Colorado Desert in the old Army life. The Coahuilla Indians had gathered large quantities of the seeds of wild plants and stored them in basket-like structures for winter use. These structures were built upon poles, well above the ground, to protect the contents from wild animals.] The cave-man further found by observation that all these vegetable products made their best growth down in the moist land by the side of the mountain stream. But the quantity of land thus moistened was limited. Then came the problem of how to increase the extent of the moistened area. The irrigation ditch solved the problem. But this involved more men for the necessary labor; and now, other men took up their cave-dwellings near by, and the work was done. It was the beginning of a broader system of co-operation and of corporate life.

But other men who were not of this local corporate life, envious of the food supply thus secured by the originators of this plan, would seek to take it from them. And now the common danger forced a closer union for mutual defense, for the preservation of their industrial rights, and for the protection of their families. For the preserva-

tion of these, they stood together and battled side by side. Thus, the Tribe was born: and this Tribe, with more certainly assured food supply and the consequent increased birth-rate, and the addition of others who came desiring to become members of the Tribe that they might share in its benefits—this Tribe constantly increased in numbers and power until it began to dominate the region around and about it. It was the beginning of a broader national life. The speech of this group of people began to take on a common type. Their physical and mental development began to assume features shaped by their physical surroundings. *It was a racial birth.*

The Strong Man. All of this growth and racial development necessitated, and sooner or later found, leadership. In the earlier stage this leadership was the function of the strongest man with the biggest club. He could most successfully lead in the battling with wild beasts or with the scarcely less wild peoples about them. It was the age of the leadership of brawn, the age of the Samsons. Of that earlier age, the Bible says, "There were giants in the land in those days." It was the age of Hercules. Men apotheosized brawn.

Yet, after awhile, men found that there was something stronger than brawn. It was brain. The man who could think, wisely and well, was stronger than a Samson or a Hercules. And the man with brain to think and to foresee was in the end far more efficient in times of race peril. They called him a seer. It was the beginning of the world-long contest between brawn and brain. It never ceased. It is on today; but the world has learned that David was a stronger man than Samson, and Aristides was a stronger man than Hercules.

The Stronghold. The man who thought soon saw that for security something more than a club was needed. There must be a place of refuge and safety in times of attack, lest the opposing force might be the more powerful. He built the stronghold. Among the American pioneers of the Indian frontier, this was the purpose lying back of the building of the block-house, or the stockaded fort. It was the purpose that lay back of the community dwellings of the Mayans, and of the Pueblo Indians of the present day.

In the evolution of the early civilizations of the world, the building thus planned by the wise man became the place of shelter to the people of the early tribal settlement which I have been describing; and the wise man who had been instrumental in its erection, became by common consent its custodian, and as time went by, through tenure of occupancy, its recognized owner. He thus became leader and head of the tribe, and his position passed on to his children.

This ownership began to extend to the surrounding lands. These began to pay annual tribute for the security which he could give. Other people, coming to join the tribe, for the sake of the protection it could give, paid tribute to the owner of the stronghold or castle for the use of lands adjoining the original settlement. Its possessor now began to be recognized as the civic head and lord of the tribe. This is the history of many of the old baronial castles.

Many other baronial castles had a different origin. In time of national conquest, the subjugated lands were divided and presented as a reward of service to followers of the conqueror. The castles which were built by lords

of these holdings—and also, to lesser extent, by holders of *fiefs* under the feudal lords—likewise became family possessions, passing on to the eldest son. This is the history of the baronial lands of England. They date back to the Norman Conquest under William, in the Eleventh Century. The small farmer paid to the fief-holder, who as tenant and under direct obligation to the overlord, paid annual rental to that baronial dignitary.

Other Land-Holdings. Europe is dotted with the great buildings of monasteries, convents, and cathedrals. These, through the spiritual power of the Church, were in constant receipt of bequests of land from the dying, who gave in hope of a more certain welfare for their souls in the next life. Such gifts were generally absolute, without conditions or reversal. Under this policy, kept up age after age, in some countries a dangerously large portion of the public domain became the property of the Church, with the people paying rental as tenants.

The same process of alienation of the lands from ownership by the people, is going on in many parts of the world under corporations and by investments of capital. Large tracts are thus held, especially in America.

The further history of the alienation of the lands from ownership by the people, and of the dangerous and disastrous effects of this alienation, are dealt with in another article in this volume, together with the measures of relief that may be used to avert such results. That civilization can continue with the people deprived of ownership in the land, does not seem possible. The history of this alienation in the past has been one of disaster and wreck. It has meant the destruction of the home, and the home is the very foundation-stone of civilization.

THE UPBUILDING OF CIVILIZATIONS

I have told of the genesis of civilizations—how they began. Their history, so far as we can trace, is the same in all parts of the world. It is Man emerging from the primitive savage. Then came the long centuries of upbuilding. Yet a common type no longer seemed to exist. And the reasons are apparent. The physiography of the different portions of the earth, whether mountain or plain, whether interior of a continent or the edge of the sea, whether temperate zone or tropic—all of these, with their varying supplies of food, and the nature of that food, and the quest for it, led to different lines of development. This difference in development, and the causes of it, led to varying types of mankind. And this variation in type manifested itself in stature, in color, in speech, in cast of thought, until the questions have been seriously asked: Could the varying races of men have come from one common ancestry? Or must they have come from many and different original creations? There, these questions rest today, and there they have rested ever since scientific studies began. Upon these questions men never have agreed; possibly they may never agree. This much we know, that the different racial types of mankind have built up, each of them, its own especial type of civilization.

Earlier Types of Civilization—Where do They First Appear? They first appear where life was easiest. And this meant a less inclement climate, abundant and easily obtainable food supplies: and these were found where there was a fertile soil and an abundant and ever-assured water supply. These were the lands where the luxuriant growth of herbage furnished an abundance of food for

animal life, for primitive man was a meat-eater. And these were the lands where an abundant supply of vegetable food could be obtained as man began to widen his diet to fruits and grains. This change in diet marks the first step in advance of primitive man after his mastery of fire.

In accordance with these primary necessities and their acquirement, Man's earlier civilizations commenced growing up in the great fertile river valleys of the temperate and the sub-tropic zones. Notably were they located in the alluvial plains of the Nile, of the Euphrates, of the Tigris, and the great river plains of India. It is here that history—whether by inference, or tradition, or carven stones, or earthen tablets, or parchments—begins. Other civilizations developed later in less-favored regions of the earth, by the seashores or upon the islands of the sea. And here a fresh source of food supply was found. The fish of the sea here took the place of the animal life of the interior of the continents. But the changed nature of the struggle for food involved in the seafaring life, whether in the placid seas of the Greek islands or whether by the stormy waters of the North Sea and its branches and tributaries, resulted in the development of racial types differing widely from the types which grew up in the great river basins of the mainland. These types have persisted and, as ages passed by, have become more markedly unlike; and the civilizations which they have developed are also unlike. Yet the principles which underlie the formation and the upbuilding and the life of these different civilizations, are much the same. This fact allows us to trace their evolution, their decadence, their ultimate breakdown, under general laws.



WRECKED CIVILIZATIONS

IN itself, the great interior basin of the Eastern Continents is a huge graveyard of dead peoples and their civilizations. It may be, possibly, that we know them better for the reason that, in the semi-arid climate of that basin, the ruins of their old-time cities, of their monuments and obelisks, have been better preserved and that, in that dry climate, their inscriptions, their earthen tablets, and parchments even, have been better able to withstand the defacement and the decay of time. [On the Colorado Desert in America, wooden telegraph poles have been destroyed within little more than a year's time, by the constant cutting action of the sands carried by north winds.] The monuments of the Asiatic interior plain seem to have escaped this; further, many of them have been buried under the drift. We are digging them out now, and reading the old records: history, law, religion, civic life—all are told.

What and Where Were These Civilizations? We find answer to these questions more easily because each had as its heart, and the center of its racial life, one great city. In this city was the temple of their God. And this was also the center of their civic life. Here were to be found the palace of the monarch, the scarcely less noticeable dwelling of the high priest, and the surrounding dwellings of court and ecclesiasticism. And about these grew

up what might be called a military and civic zone. Then came the great multitude of tradesmen, of artisans and of soldiers. This aggregation, however, of people and of wealth, made the city an attractive object for conquest and looting by surrounding and possibly more warlike peoples. For protection against attack, great city walls were built to inclose the area. The walls of Babylon, it has been estimated by various investigators, ancient and modern, inclosed an area varying from ten to fourteen miles square. Other ancient race centers were apparently walled, but the areas are less known. Among these cities were, besides Babylon, as mentioned: Ur of the Chaldees, Erech of the upper Euphrates, Nineveh; and, in Egypt, Memphis and Thebes. Of others we have hintings, but of them less is known. Today the cities are ruins, the people gone; and the question arises—Why? Can we trace *any disease common to them all*? The answer is—Yes. What is it? It is stated now:

An Overcrowded City Life and Alienation of the Lands from the Life of the People. In Egypt, alienation of the lands became the disease of the whole country. As the story is told in the Book of Genesis, there came to the land of Egypt, owing to the slighter rise of the river Nile in its floods, seven years of scarcity, preceded, however, by seven years of greater floods in the Nile and as a consequence, the cultivation of an unusually wide area of land, with superabundant harvests. Under a wise administration of the government the excess of food in the years of plenty was not destroyed nor even over-lavishly used, but was saved in great storehouses for time of possible need. Then came seven years of scarcity—not apparently

of entire failure, but years with a lower Nile flood and a diminished area of cultivation.

The Selling of Egypt's Lands to the Government. There are few records of historical moment more explicitly outlined, more adequately told, than the record of the deprivation of Egypt's people of their lands, as told in the Book of Genesis, thus:

GENESIS. *Chapter XLVII.*

13. And there was no bread in all the land; for the famine was very sore, so that the land of Egypt, and all the land of Canaan, fainted by reason of the famine.

14. And Joseph gathered up all the money that was found in the land of Egypt, and in the land of Canaan, for the corn which they bought: and Joseph brought the money into Pharaoh's house.

15. And when money failed in the land of Egypt, and in the land of Canaan, all the Egyptians came unto Joseph, and said, "Give us bread: for why should we die in thy presence? for the money faileth."

16. And Joseph said, "Give your cattle; and I will give you for your cattle, if money fail."

17. And they brought their cattle unto Joseph: and Joseph gave them bread in exchange for horses, and for the flocks, and for the cattle of the herds, and for the asses; and he fed them with bread, for all their cattle for that year.

18. When that year was ended, they came unto him the second year, and said unto him, "We will not hide it from my lord, how that our money is spent; my lord also hath our herds of cattle: there is not aught left in the sight of my lord, but our bodies and our lands:

19. "Wherefore shall we die before thine eyes, both we and our land? Buy us and our land for bread, and we and our lands will be servants unto Pharaoh: and give us seed, that we may live, and not die, that the land be not desolate."

20. And Joseph bought all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh; for the Egyptians sold every man his field, because the famine prevailed over them: so the land became Pharaoh's.

21. And as for the people, he removed them to cities from one end of the borders of Egypt even to the other end thereof.

22. Only the land of the priests bought he not; for the priests had a portion assigned them of Pharaoh, and did eat their portion which Pharaoh gave them; wherefore they sold not their lands.

23. Then Joseph said unto the people, "Behold, I have bought you this day and your land for Pharaoh: lo, here is seed for you, and ye shall sow the land.

24. "And it shall come to pass in the increase, that ye shall give the fifth part unto Pharaoh, and four parts shall be your own, for seed of the field, and for your food, and for them of your households, and for food for your little ones."

25. And they said, "Thou hast saved our lives: let us find grace in the sight of my lord, and we will be Pharaoh's servants."

26. And Joseph made it a law over the land of Egypt unto this day, that Pharaoh should have the fifth part; except the land of the priests only, which became not Pharaoh's.

Downfall of Egypt. The story is thus briefly told, but it tells the downfall of Egypt. The land had belonged to the people—to each man his field. The land now belonged to the government and to the priesthood. It had been the land of freemen; it now became the land of tenants and serfs. It had been a land of amazing achievement! It had been the land of pyramid-builders; the land which engineered water-storage in Lake Moeris; which built a ship canal from the Nile to the Red Sea, and which sent out an expedition on three long years of exploratory voyaging down the east coast of Africa and around the Cape of Good Hope into the Atlantic! It had been a land of armies and navies, of military expeditions across Syria to drive back the barbarians of the north. It had been the land of the fortified defenses across the Isthmus of Suez, to protect the people from invasion. It had been the great power which, with the assistance of the Greeks, drove back from Mediterranean waters the fleets of Atlantean peoples, thus saving from annihilation the civilizations of the Nile and of the Ægean.

It had been a land of freemen with their armies for defense or aggression, and with their war chariots, their bowmen, and horsemen, whose records are carved upon the monuments which still line the banks of the Nile. It had been a land of farms and of villages. *It now became a land of landless peoples*, who were tenants and serfs of kings and priests.

The old farm and village life of freemen died out. The people were gathered into the large cities, as told in the Biblical narrative. The Egypt of great deeds, of world-wide influence, and of freemen, was dead! It never lived again. The chants of victory ceased. Instead was the plaintive wail of the shadoof, and the hopeless faces of the Fellahin. It was so then—it is so today. And the people of Egypt, by their improvidence, and their lack of forethought, were consenting to her death.

The Civilizations of Mesopotamia. I have told the history of Egyptian civilization and its downfall, in full and in detail. I have told it with a purpose. It is the history of the downfall of most of the great civilizations of the Ancient World. We cannot always trace the tale so completely, but we see in nearly all of them the working of like forces; and the end was the same, though even more complete, for even the peoples have not survived!

Ur of the Chaldees, once a great maritime city at the head of the Persian Gulf, upon the banks of the Euphrates, is now only a name and a heap of ruins. *Erech*, upon the Upper Euphrates, has hardly left more than a name. *Nineveh*, with its carved lions and its one-time world empire, was almost utterly forgotten when Layard discovered and exhumed it!

And *Babylon!* Midway on the Euphrates, with the historic Tower of Babel and its great walls, and heaped-up Birs Nimrud, it lives only in the Biblical narrative and the lamentations of its downfall!

tions of the Ancient World I have pointed to certain conditions common to the wrecking. The search cannot end there. It must be carried forward to times and to peoples less remote, whose histories may yield matter of value in our quest for the answer to the problem before us.

LATER CIVILIZATIONS

The Old Phœnician. He, too, has gone. A man of the seas, he built the shore city of Sidon and the island city of Tyre, upon the borders of Syria; he built, later, the great maritime city of Carthage upon the southern shoreline of the West Basin of the Mediterranean, and the city of Gades, without the Pillar of Hercules and facing the Atlantic—as a way-port for his ships when voyaging for tin to Cornwall. This Phœnician never knew the landed home of the family, nor the village life. He only knew his fortified cities and his ships. In the East, he went down before *the landed peoples* of Greece. In the West, he went down before the man of the Tiber, who had *lands and the family village life*. For the Punic Wars were fought before the great city of Rome was. Rome was then slowly growing out of the village life, and into the world-center it was yet to be. And Cincinnatus was called from his plow to head her armed forces, and save the youthful civilization of the Latin, then still building its strongholds upon the Seven Hills.

Rome and Her Land Problems. The name *Rome* covers the world-history for twelve centuries. Beginning with Alba Longa (the Long White Village) in the Eighth Century B.C., she kept growing and growing, ever reaching out for more land, yet ever centering everything in herself; building her great military roads, which

reached out in all directions over her widening possessions, and yet which ever centered at the gates of Rome, herself. Like a huge octopus, she gathered in everything for the upbuilding of the one great central city. In the days of the Republic, the *Res Publica*, the family life and the village life were still strong. Yet, as time went by, they gradually began to disappear. The city drew the people to herself. Tenants and slaves now cultivated the lands. The Cincinnatus of the Republic was succeeded by the Caesar of the Empire! The octopus now had its tentacles reaching out far and wide over the world; but the body of the octopus, with its great glaring eyes, was always that Latin city by the Tiber.

Then, in the Fifth Century A.D., came the Goth, and *Rome went down*, and over the ancient world went the wailing cry, "The Eternal City has fallen." Men thought the end had come. The early Church thought this. They listened for the trumpet of doom. It was only Man shaking off the tentacles of the octopus, and a new civilization getting its breath for a start!

The story of the landless peoples of history and of the fatal weakness constituted by that landlessness, continues. I pause briefly to consider other factors in the broad inquiry.

CIVILIZATIONS WHICH DIED APPARENTLY FROM EXHAUSTION OF RACE VITALITY

We find, in history and in tradition, civilizations mentioned which have disappeared, leaving little more than a name. Sometimes a few unexplained monuments; some shattered foundations; or casual allusions to them in the records of other peoples. We find, over the great coastal

plain of Southern Asia, hintings of such peoples. It was before the coming of the Aryan, from the highland plateau of Mid-Asia; before the incoming even of the Mongoloid from the east. Some of them were known as the *Dravidians*; others, nameless. We know of them by the survival of words and customs and religions which have no birth-history among the later peoples. Their civilizations were; they are not.

In these words the tale of them is told. It is so with what might be called the *Brown Men* of the Mesopotamian plains. They are coins, worn so smooth that every impress is gone. But the words survive, especially in the names of places and of mountains. An imperishable hill often bears an imperishable name, and that name is the grave-stone of some long-forgotten past.

Nearly akin to these are the *Hittites* of Asia-Minor. The Hebrew scripture makes mention of individuals of the race. Abraham, when he entered the land, found them there. It was of Ephron, the Hittite, that he would buy a burying-place for Sarah. That they were not his equal in the culture of civilization is shown by the words of Ephron the Hittite to Abraham: "Hear us, my lord: thou art a mighty prince among us."

Also, Bath-sheba, one of the wives of King David, had been the wife of Uriah, the Hittite. It is by the name Hittite that this people have been known. The allusions to them in history are infrequent. That at one time they were racially strong, holding a wide domain in Syria and in Asia-Minor, these allusions, and some scattered monumental remains, clearly show. They are gone. Why did they die?

We find, also, in the islands and the shores of the

Ægean, traces and traditional tales of peoples apparently preceding the Dorian Invasion. We infer, but do not know, that they were Greek, although it is from them and upon their myths that much of the Greek literature is based. They were the *people of Mycenae, of Tiryns, and the ancient seafaring people of Crete*. They and their civilization died out before what we know as classic Greece was born. They have left no trace but some stone ruins of old-time cities, some myths which Greek literature adopted, and a name. Why did they die? No historical post-mortem has ever told.

Elsewhere we find lingering evidences of old-time peoples and old-time civilizations which have left little more than a name. In the New World, we find these under the names, *Toltecs, Mayans*, and vaguely-hinted-at predecessors. What does it all mean?

We may possibly find answer in the vegetable world. The apples and the cherries and the pears that I knew ninety-two years ago, are no longer known to the nurseryman. When I ask what became of these, the answer is: That variety became no longer productive and died out. Other and newer varieties have taken their place.

Is it so with the human race? Does a species die out through exhausted vitality, and then a newer species, some seedling from the same genus, take its place? Does it mean that, in the animal and vegetable world alike, the improved and cultivated species ultimately loses its vitality, and through and because of the stimulus of the cultivation has lived its life, and dies? Must we ever, in race and plant alike, go back to the great common stock for new varieties to take the place of the old? And do these new varieties, because of the intelligence and experience inher-

ited from the old, advance again to a yet higher level? It would seem to be so. May be the experience of a few thousand years more of Man upon earth may make possible a more positive answer. We only know now that they grow old and die. It is the law of the fruit. It is the law of the human body. Is it an ultimate law of man's civilizations? We can only surmise that it may be so.

CIVILIZATIONS THAT DIE BY VIOLENCE

There have been civilizations that came to a violent end—cut short, apparently, and prematurely, midway in what, so far as we can see, might have been a longer life. Sometimes we look back with regret, feeling that mankind lost much by what we might call a racial crime. May be we only fail to discern and know the incomplete working out of still broader laws. One such case was the cutting short of the *Magian* civilization of the Great Persian Plateau. It was crippled by Alexander of Greece. It was finally annihilated in the great Arabian onrush during the Seventh Century, A.D. Yet in its life it has given shape and creed to the civilizations of Europe and the modern world.

Another case is the old-time civilization of the *Phœnician* peoples. A people of the sea, they lived in their island and seaside cities of the East and West Basins of the Mediterranean and in their ships—a people essentially landless, as we have noted. The mole built by Alexander out from the shoreline of Syria to the island of Tyre ended the Phœnician civilization in the East Basin. The remorseless sentence pronounced by Cato in the Roman Senate, "*Carthago delenda est!*" was Phœni-

cia's doom in the West Basin. She was. She ceased to be. And Greece and Rome were the executioners.

Years ago, when I was in the active practice of medicine, I used sometimes with my whip to crack off the top of some luxuriant weed growing by the roadside. Then the thought came to me, somewhat remorsefully: "I have cut off a chain of life that reached back to Creation." Is this what we do when by violence we cut short the life of a race or of a civilization that dates back to Creation?

I have cited examples of ancient peoples eliminated almost without trace; of peoples perished through separation from the land; of peoples who died through apparent exhaustion of race vitality, or by violence to which they were rendered vulnerable by lack of root in the soil. In this inquiry as to the diseases that destroy civilizations, there are lessons in those examples. Remembering these, in the succeeding chapter consideration will be given to some peoples of ancient root and modern representation.



CIVILIZATIONS WHICH SEEM TO BE NOW DYING

THAT portion of the material world which is most sacredly enshrined in the artistic and literary life of Man is the Ægean and the clustering islands of the Grecian Archipelago. It was here that men seemed first to have fully taken into their souls the beauty of the world about them. Mild in climate, located in and upon the shores of peaceful summer seas, it became, to them, an earthly Paradise. There was sufficient land for their homes and for the production of grain. The seas gave them fish. Their ships became to them a second home. They spread on to the Adriatic and Sicily and even along the coastline of the Western Basin as far as what is now France. They built trading cities, but remained close by the seaside and their ships. The land back from that shoreline they did not subdue and seemed not even to have explored. It was a *terra incognita*, within whose wilds were giants and fabled monsters.

Upon the north from the Ægean, their ships passed through what we now call the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus to the waters of the Pontos, but only in traffic. (This is the scene of the traditional voyaging of the Argonauts.) The Greek never lost his love for the sea. When the soldiers of Xenophon, after their long wanderings in Asia-Minor, caught sight of the waters of the

Pontos, they shouted in their gladness, "The Sea! The Sea!" (ἡ Θαλαττα, Θαλαττα).

But the Greek, unlike the Phœnician, never wandered afar. He was a man of the homeland and of the home seas. His ships never sailed to Cornwall for tin. It was the Phœnician who braved the stormy waters of the great ocean which lay beyond the Pillars of Hercules. The Greek did not, like the man by the Nile, brave the waters of that other great ocean which lay beyond the sheltered waters of the Red Sea. But he made of his homeland an artistic shrine. He was not the first in that land—there was an older people, and an older civilization, in the land before him. We call these the *prehistoric Greek*. May be they were Greek. May be they were not. But they, too, made a shrine of the land . . . and had gone. Why they died out we do not know. This only we know: they were, and they are gone.

Yet this older, prehistoric man of the Greek land bequeathed to the Greek who succeeded him a number of things which have not died out—some old ruins in Argolis at Mycenae and Tiryns; other ruins on the islands, especially on the island of Crete; and, more than all, a wealth of vaguely told myths and legends which formed the basis of the Tragedies told by Æschylos and Sophocles. These that later Greek retold and beautified and made literary treasures in the mental life of still later centuries. It was like the myths that Tennyson took out of the older Briton-life and incorporated into the later life of the English peoples, when he wrote the "Idylls of the King"; or like the "Tales of the Niebelungen" which the modern German has borrowed and incorporated into his race life from the older Aryan race life that goes back to no man knows when!

And then that later Greek, with his tales and his legends and his temples and his carven marbles, added to the storehouse of treasures. It seems as though the beauty of the land and its seas, has power to make over again the peoples who have come to dwell in it!

The peoples of the Grecian seas have left to the world no treasures of science, no great battling with the forces of nature, little of law; but they have left as their legacy to the intellectual life of Man a storehouse of artistic beauty, which has survived the ravages of time.

[I still remember the feeling that came over me when, as a boy, I first opened the pages of the old Greek literature. Even the Greek lettering seemed to me to have a beauty which I had never before known. And Herodotos, and Xenophon, and the Tragedies—I took it all in as the breath of some old life which I had known long before and was now only re-living! The feeling is in me now. In my blindness I touch the pages of my old Greek books caressingly. I cannot see them, but I can feel them, and even that brings comfort and peace.]

And now! Greek ships still sail the seas, and Greek sailors man them, but the old-time Greece is gone. The Parian marbles are still in their mines. The sunlight and the summer seas are still there, and the breezes on the green hills of Arcadia are balmy as ages ago; and the scent of the asphodel still lingers in the evening. But *Greece* is gone. Is Greece of the modern Greek dying?

It is true that Greece was subject to the Turk, as a conquered dependency, from the fall of the Eastern Empire in 1253 until her final release in the year 1827, when the allied fleets of England, France and Russia destroyed the Turkish fleet at the battle of Navarino, and Greece

was freed. Yet, in the century that has followed, the old Greek intellectual and artistic civilization has never revived. The Greek still mends his fishing-boats, and has some slight share in the world's ocean commerce; but the Greece of the Tragedians and of the carved marbles has not revived. Will it? It has as yet given no sign. The Greek still sings his sea-songs upon the waters of the *Ægean*; the landsman still basks in the sunshine of *Argolis* and *Arcadia*; and still the *Acropolis* with its ruined temples looks down upon the ancient city of *Athens* and the *Plains of Marathon* and the bay where the old-time Greek destroyed the fleets of *Persia*; but the *Athena Promachos*, who looked down upon the city bearing her name, is gone. Will the Greek of the olden life ever live again, or is the land only his racial sepulchre?

It is the man that has changed. The old artistic atmosphere is still there, but the chisel of *Praxiteles* was eaten up by the rust long ago. No new-born *Praxiteles* brings fame to the land, and no *Æschylos* or *Sophocles* tells again of the loves and the tragedies of long ago. The doom of the gods seems to rest upon the land. Is Greece dying?

AND ITALY?

Twenty-seven centuries ago, *Alba Longa* merged its village life into the *Seven-Hilled City* by the *Tiber*. *Rome* grew and became great—*Mistress of the Civilized World*. She built her *Appian Ways* and her great military roads; but all roads led to *Rome*. Her armed legions tramped the soil of *Europe* from the *Baltic* to the *Mediterranean*. Her standards were known from the *English Channel* to the waters of the *Indus*. They are not there now.

Two things Rome gave to the world: Arms and Law. The art of war, as a science, began with Rome. Her legions, making war upon a scientific basis, were the models after which the modern world has built up her whole system of warfare. The armies of England, of France, of Germany, of modern Italy—in fact, of the whole modern world—are based upon the old Roman legion. A forecasting of all this is to be found in Grecian warfare, when the Theban general, Epaminondas, faced the Spartans at the battle of Leuctra: the long, thin line of the Spartan troops went down before the solid phalanx of Thebes. Philip of Macedonia, and Alexander, profited by the lesson in the formation of the Macedonian phalanx which, at the battle of Arbela, pierced through and through the far vaster, but unorganized, armies of the Persians.

But it was Rome that first made war a science. It is said in Latin history that in very ancient times Saturn came to Italy and first taught to the Italians agriculture. It was so that Rome first taught to the Western World the science of warfare. The lesson has never been forgotten. It was this that made Frederick the Great the upbuilder of Prussia. It was this that first made, and then unmade, Napoleon. An organized system of warfare, and trained battalions, were Rome's contribution to the science of warfare.

Rome's Gift of Law. I have spoken of the power of system in the art of warfare as one of the legacies left by that older Rome to the modern world. It left another legacy, and one, possibly, of far vaster import, and that was—Law. The one gift was organized warfare. The companion legacy was organized peace. In all things, the

Roman mind was systematic. When Virgil wrote the *Bucolics* it was systematized agriculture that was the theme. The speeches of Cicero, read by college students, are representative of Roman law, just as the Greek speeches of Demosthenes represent the untrained and lawless underlying spirit of the Greek populace.

It was, however, in the Eastern Roman Empire, built up with Byzantium as its capital, after the Fifth Century had witnessed the onrush of the Goths and the downfall of the Rome by the Tiber, that Roman law reached its highest growth. That Eastern Empire by the Bosphorus is sometimes spoken of as the Greek Empire. It was not Greek, however. While the Greek language was the ecclesiastical speech of the Church which grew up there, the government and the military power were essentially Roman. This is why it is sometimes called the Second Roman Empire. It was here, and in an Oriental atmosphere, that Roman law reached its highest development, as said. And it was here that a second and kindlier Roman civilization was built up.

The Western Roman Empire and Its Civilization. The power and the civilization of the Rome that was built up by the Tiber, fill twelve centuries in world-history. For the first time, a civilization of one type placed its stamp upon what was known as the world. Wherever the Roman power went—north or south, east or west, by land or by sea—the stamp was the same. And it was a stamp of strongly marked and individualistic type. So strong was the stamp that it remains indelibly fixed in the racial histories of today. Its marked features may be thus enumerated:

- (a) Unity of purpose and unity of means to the

accomplishment of that purpose. It did this through its military power, and through a strongly developed race-capacity for organization.

(b) A racial policy continuously and consistently carried out. Whether under Democracy, or Republic, or Consuls, or Dictators, or Emperors, Rome was made the Center of Authority of a domain which, beginning with a few leagues of land on the banks of the Tiber, spread and spread with the centuries until it took in the Known World. Its arms went everywhere. Its law went everywhere; and its language, strong but somewhat clumsy in its framework, left an impress upon modern world-speech which time has never effaced: and this not alone in law and in race literature, but as the speech of the spiritual life of man. The Latin Vulgate is found today leaving its trace in the whole ecclesiastical literature and in the Rituals of the Churches. It, of all tongues, seems to harmonize with religious thought, and it of all tongues seems best to lend itself to the chants and the swelling organ-tones of religious worship. I have myself read most of the Bible from the Latin Vulgate; and in hours of deepest spiritual feeling I turn instinctively to the Latin as most clearly giving voice to the longings that are within me. The Roman Church has been wise in holding fast to the Latin speech for its Missals. The Greek, with all of its old-time beauty and with all the assistance of the New Testament, has left no such legacy to the world. It voices the dreams and the longings of the poet. It does not make voice for the Soul-Life of Man.

Why Did Rome Die? The answer to this question is to be found, not in its ruined temples, not in the Coliseum,

not in its St. Peter's or its St. Paul's, but in the cold records of History. It began its civic life as a Democracy. It lived on through the varying stages of temporary Kingdoms, then of a Republic with its Senate and its Consuls, then to the Dictatorship, then to the Empire, then to its place in the great Graveyard of Dead Civilizations. It is only by tracing its life, from Alba Longa and the Seven Hills down through the centuries, with the critical eye of the historical physician, that an answer can be found.

After the first few centuries of the slow tribal upbuilding its first great, racial contest was with the Phœnician of the West Mediterranean Basin—a Phœnician colony was already strongly entrenched at Carthage on the African shore, just across from Sicily and scarcely a hundred miles away. The rivalry between Rome and Carthage had its origin in the desire to control the sea. The Phœnician, like the Greek, was a man of the sea. With each, the city on the land was only an advantageously located citadel from which he reached out with his ships to control the traffic of the seas. Each lived by traffic rather than by the plow.

Tyre, the mother-city of Carthage, built upon a small island off the Mediterranean coast in the East Basin of the Mediterranean, had gone down before the assaults of Alexander in the year 332 B.C., but Carthage, the daughter, lived on. Now came her hour of struggle. She wanted control of the West Basin of the Mediterranean and of the sea traffic beyond the Pillars of Hercules to the tin mines of Britain, for the tin that went into the bronzes which, as yet, the Ancient World used instead of steel in the manufacture of arms and implements; and, with these,

she desired control of the mines of Iberia; but Rome also wanted these.

The three Punic Wars were the death-struggle. There could be no compromise. The types of civilization were utterly unlike. One or the other had to die. It is said that Cato, one of the Senators of Rome, without regard to what the topic might be, ended every speech with the implacable words, "Carthago delenda est!"—"Carthage must be destroyed!"

Rome had then no ships. Her people were land-men. But they had learned the power of the sea. It is said that, taking as their model a Phœnician galley wrecked in a storm upon the Roman coast, they therefrom built their first fleet. Of naval tactics, they knew nothing. They simply closed in, grappled the opposing vessel, lashed the two ships together, boarded and fought it out on the decks.

The First Punic War lasted from B.C. 264 to B.C. 241. At its close the Phœnicians were driven out of Sicily, which they had held. The narrow Strait of Messina afforded little protection from the Roman assaults.

The Second Punic War lasted from B.C. 218 to B.C. 202. This war was probably the sorest test that Rome ever went through. This was the struggle which brought out upon the Carthaginian side the military genius of Hannibal, probably the ablest military strategist in the world's history. He invaded Spain and made his way thence across what is now France to Italy. Cut off from his homeland by loss of sea-control, he recruited his armies from the native peoples of Southern Europe who hated Rome, and for three years kept up the struggle. He brought Rome to the brink of ruin, destroying army after

army sent out by Rome against him; and threatened the city itself. But it was still the days of the Republic when every Roman was a soldier. The evil days when the Roman citizen was no longer trained to fight for his country, were not yet come; and at last the long contest was over. When the gory head of Hamilcar, who had been coming with an army of recruits for Hannibal, was thrown over the line into Hannibal's camp, he knew that the Carthaginian days were over, that Fate had decided, and that thenceforth Rome, and not Carthage, was to be Mistress of the Western World.

The Third Punic War came, lasting from B.C. 149 to B.C. 146. It was the last struggle. At its close, the walls of Carthage were razed, its buildings destroyed, its people killed or scattered, and Rome had no rival left in the West. The Three Punic Wars were the climax and turning-point of Rome. It was a Republic—it now became the Imperium.

The Phœnician civilization was destroyed with the fall of its two great cities. The Greek in the East, and the Roman in the West, were in at the death. The Phœnicians were a gallant and a strong people. We may lament over their fate, but it *was* Fate. And it probably has been far better so, for it placed the future of the Western World in the hands of peoples who have been proved by the centuries to have been better suited for the upbuilding of modern civilization. *Ilium fuit. Tyrus fuit. Carthago fuit. Sed mundus est!*

And again, after the Punic Wars, What? Rome was now Mistress of the Western World. The Punic Wars settled that. She had absorbed Greece, and her literature as well. Not for her, racial speech! That remained the

Latin. Among the scholars and the writers of that Age their racial speech was looked upon by educated people much as the Old English, up to the end of the Sixteenth Century, was looked upon by the scholars of the West—as only fitted for the crude and untrained. They wrote in Latin. Even within my own recollection, medical works were still extant written in Latin. For Latin was still held to be the proper speech for scholars.

With that older Roman, it was so with regard to the Greek. Scholars and schools affected the Greek. Marcus Aurelius, Roman General and Emperor, wrote his *Meditations* in Greek. I have the book in Greek in my library.

But the tastes and the affections of the scholars in no way influenced the military ambitions of the now rapidly growing Roman people. They possessed the West. They now reached out for the East. Across the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, in war after war, Roman legions fought their way across Asia-Minor, the last great struggle being with Mithridates, monarch of the kingdom of Pontus on the Black Sea. It was in this struggle with Mithridates that the Roman legions had to meet the elephant on the battlefield. It was Europe against Asia. And Europe won.

The struggle for the East was now over. From this time the Roman arms met little resistance. Their progress was only checked at the banks of the Indus, where Alexander's phalanx turned back, overawed by the great seething masses of the Indian Plain. Their southward progress had been checked by the sands of the Arabian Desert; but they held Egypt and the Nile, and Northern Africa. In the West, Rome fell heir to Iberia, now Spain; conquered Gaul, now France; subjugated Britain up to the

Wall of Hadrian, which they built from the North Sea to the Irish Sea, thus walling-out the wild tribes of the Picts. They crossed the Rhine and the Alps, but were checked by the dark, gloomy forests of Mid-Europe and the morasses of the great, undrained plain. Rome was now indeed Mistress of the World. Her might no man questioned. But she already held within herself the disease-germs of her dissolution. What were they? An answer to the question is to be sought in the following section.

OF WHAT DID ROME DIE?

The preceding section ended with Rome as Mistress of the World. The Punic Wars had left her without a rival in the West Basin of the Mediterranean. The downfall of Tyre and the decadence of Greece had left her without a rival in the East Basin of the Mediterranean. The overthrow of Mithridates and of the kingdom of Pontus had left her without an opponent in Asia-Minor. The whole East as far as the Indus and south to the Arabian plateau had given up with scarcely a struggle. She held Egypt and Northern Africa. Western Europe was almost entirely in her possession. This work Caesar had done. Central Europe, the great inland, wooded plain of what was known as Germania, while restless, uneasy, and the theatre of many revolts, was yet dominated by her.

To political foresight, her future was secure; and yet Rome died! And again the question: Why did she die? The historians of her prime could see no reason for apprehension as to the future. Looking backward now after nineteen centuries, the philosophical student of race life is able to discern the reasons. These may be thus enumerated:

(I) *The Loss of the Arms Habit.* For four centuries, dating from somewhat before the year 1 A.D., the great Latin *Pax Romana*—the Roman peace—rested upon the world. The vast Mid-Empire, which took in the whole basin of the Mediterranean, and its tributary waters, knew practically an unbroken peace. There were wars; but upon the outskirts of the Empire. And these wars were fought for Rome not by her own citizens, but largely by the hired mercenaries from the barbarian peoples about her.

Her own people, the Latin blood, ruled; but aliens defended. Her people thus lost the habit of arms. [This is the danger America is facing today in her own life.] And further: The men who commanded her defensive forces were largely from the barbarian hordes about her and received their military training in the service of Rome. Hermann, who in the reign of Augustus Caesar headed the great German revolt, had been an officer in high command in the Roman Army for years, but went back to his own people. He had learned, in the Roman Army, the military power of unity and discipline. Five German legions—the pick of the Roman Army—were led, by feigned retreats, into the tangled wilds and the morasses of the Teutoburg forest, and there annihilated by the Germans. The loss was so heavy and the blow so disastrous that the Roman Emperor cried in his agony “Varus, give me back my legions!” But the forest held its dead, while Rome staggered under the blow.

Yet still the mercenaries fought Rome’s battles for her. Alaric, who led the Goths in the year 453 A.D., in the final downfall of Rome, was a barbarian of the north trained for years as a hired mercenary of Rome. He als

went back to his people, and led them in a final rush that swept over a large part of the Roman Empire. These, which I give, are only two instances. There were thousands of such.

The Temptation to Barbaric Invasion. Why did the barbarians of the north thus over-run the Roman Empire? For two reasons. Firstly, they had learned through their service in the Roman Army that here was a country of vast wealth, filled with the things that men call desirable; and, secondly, that it was defenseless—that its people had lost the art of war. They said: “Why not take the land ourselves?—they cannot make effective resistance.” Another motive appealed to the ambition of their leaders, men who had served in the Roman Army. They said: “Why should we serve? Why not rule?” And they did. They became the generals-in-chief and the kings, when Rome went down. [This is what comes to all lands that, under a mistaken philanthropy, and often from short-sighted religious views, would discourage their people from ample and continuous preparations for defensive warfare. It has been so with China. It was so with Rome. Now that the World War is over, we are slowly learning what had been in store for us. They said: “America will not fight, even in self-defense.” The West Indies and the Panama Canal were to be taken from us, and an indemnity levied upon the United States, an indemnity large enough to repay the total cost of the war to Germany. That unfortunate phrase of the American President—“Too proud to fight”—backed by the peace sentiment of pious but short-sighted churches, cost America billions of dollars, thousands of lives, and would have brought the

country to ruin had it not been for the saner common-sense of the people.]

(II) *Other Causes of Rome's Downfall.* One of these causes for the downfall of the Mistress of the World was the separation of the people from the land, and the overcrowding of the great cities. The lands fell more and more under the control of great private fortunes, which held the land in large tracts, with the people no longer owners but tenants. A man will fight for his home and for the family which he has gathered about him. But it must be his. He is not so eager to fight for the acres of a landlord. With the land went the homes, and the cities were crowded then, as now, with families trying to make a home in narrow apartments, with the street as the only playground for the children. And the evil kept growing like a huge ulcer in the body politic, with each succeeding generation. The parents had known what home was. They remembered the land. To their children, home was only a tradition. To another generation, home was only a meaningless word. But how were these people to live? The overcrowded cities could not furnish employment to the vast numbers that kept gathering in. And now the government began the policy of feeding the poor. It was *the dole system* of two thousand years ago. But the dole system, once begun, never stops! And now the great, government grain-ships from Egypt and Northern Africa came sailing in, with their cargoes of wheat and of millet for free distribution among the poor.

[As I dictate these words, the newspapers are announcing that our government has just sent twenty millions of dollars to *buy* corn for the dole among *our* people. And it is so with meat and other food products. I bought

a ham a few weeks ago. They are so expensive now that I seldom buy one—I cannot afford it. *That ham was sent to us from Poland!* It is helping to supply our meat markets. And a family with five children, whom I have had to help for several years—hard-working, industrious people—tell me they can only afford to buy meat once a week for their growing children. Are we going the way of Rome? Rome went that way, and Rome is dead. Are we death-proof? Or does that old, inexorable Law of Cause and Effect still work? We slaughtered cattle, sheep, hogs, by the millions, throwing away the carcasses, to keep up the speculative price of meat. We are paying for it now! How long can we keep it up? Rome could not: and Rome died.]

(III) *The Failure of Law.* Another cause of the downfall of Rome was a legal system which, like some masses of machinery, had the motive power all consumed in keeping the machinery in motion. That old Roman Forum, with its togaed counsellors and its white-robed candidates for office, had an ever-growing mass of laws, of decisions, and of parchments, that finally brought justice to a standstill. The speeches of Cicero are now, to the quick-minded College student, simply a mass of verbiage. They furnish a drilling in words and grammatical forms, worth-while to the philologist, but worthless as food for mentality. His *De Officiis*, like the *De Rerum Natura* of Lucretius, and the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, are the things that are worth-while. In these you know what thinking men thought, in that old-time age, of the great world about them, and of life and its possibilities.

So great had become the embarrassment of this cumbrous mass of laws, of court procedures and of technicalities, that in the Eastern Empire—Roman in law, although built upon the banks of the Bosphorus—the Emperor Justinian, in the Sixth Century A.D., appointed a commission to revise and codify the whole system, and to make the court procedure simpler and speedier. This was done, and the result published in twelve volumes called the *Pandects*. Then, in obedience to his orders, all the remainder was burned. (The Emperor Napoleon did the same thing for French law, with the condensed and simplified product, published in what is known as the *Code Napoleon*. The same work should be done with American law. As it now is, the courts stand helpless in the face of the growing criminality.)

Lex Populi—The Law of the People. A distinction should be made between the law of the courts and the law of the people. *Lex Populi* is in reality, *Vox Populi*—"the Voice of the People." This comes into play when justice fails in the courts. It is sometimes called "Mob Law," and sometimes it is simply mob violence. A better wording would be, *The Law of the People*. And it is this. All law of the legislatures and the courts is delegated law. The people, under this system, have delegated the law-making power to representative assemblies. In democracy in its primitive form, laws were passed in popular assembly. With growing numbers and larger areas, this popular assembly is no longer possible, hence the representative form of government. But this system often fails in meeting the requirements—justice fails in its administration. Rights of person and property are no longer assured. Then in an emergency the people, when

the courts are failing, simply reassume their delegated authority and try the criminals and execute sentences themselves. If this is done with brutality and violence, it is called "mob law"; and, too often, it is justly thus described.

[In the early days of Los Angeles, I saw a case of a different kind. One, of criminal instincts, had killed his sixth man. Five times he had been freed through technicalities of the law. There was a judge upon the bench, appointed, who was known to have said he never would condemn a man to death. The people decided it was time to take the law into their own hands, and it was publicly announced: "Tomorrow morning, at ten o'clock, the people of Los Angeles will hang that man." At that hour, all places of business were closed; delegates came in from adjoining towns and, forming in column, the citizens marched to the jail. The sheriff knew what was coming, but was wise enough to offer no resistance. He recognized the fact that this time it was the people that had spoken—it was the *Vox Populi*. He came out and said: "Fellow-citizens, it is my duty, as an official, to tell you this is illegal." They said: "Thank you, Sheriff; you have done your duty." Two men stepped to his side, laying a hand on his arm, he making no resistance. They quietly took the jail keys from his pocket; the jail doors were unlocked; the man was taken out and hanged by the people, and hanged quietly, without brutality and in the heart of the city. Then the people quietly dispersed. Business was resumed, and the undertaker was left in charge of the dead body. The old Latin saying, *Vox Populi*, is incomplete without the full sentence. It is: *Vox Populi*

—*Vox Dei*. "The voice of the people is the Voice of God." Who shall say that it is not?]

(IV) *An Outgrown Religious Faith*. The religions of both Latin and Greek were polytheistic, and of a like type. It was the man-made faith in its evolution and its after-growth. Where we can trace its origin and growth, it is the Strong Man who, after his death, becomes to succeeding generations the super-man. And as a super-man he becomes the central figure of a faith that is still essentially human in type. He marries. The heaven which he inhabits is patterned after the earthly home. His children go out to inherit and rule over sub-divisions of the realm of the father. One becomes ruler of the land. Another is ruler of the sea. Another presides over the winds. And yet another receives the rule over some vague, shadowy home of the dead. And all these, in turn, partake of the worship according to the father.

As the civilizations of the past gathered about and were based upon the gods and the religious faith much more largely than are the civilizations of the present Age, they suffered more through the outgrowing of that faith. One of the Roman historians has recorded that one priest could hardly meet another upon the street without laughing over the frauds which they were practising upon the people. A disbelieving priesthood, however, is in the end invariably followed by an unbelieving people. The religious belief dies out, and with it dies out one of the strongest underlying principles of that civilization. Saturn and Jupiter and the progeny of specialized gods were living actualities in the religious faith of the men who made Rome, the men of the earlier monarchies, and then of the republic.

And yet, that the older religion was a liberal faith was shown by the Pantheon of the Rome beside the Tiber. Here, in the capital city, the people from any portion of the widespread empire might erect an altar to their gods and worship, unmolested and in peace. It was the recognition by the state of the principle of religious freedom. But when these older faiths began to die out, the civilization based upon them began to die with them. The older Roman civilization died with its religions.

The Substitution of Christianity for the Older Faiths. Christianity, which in the first two or three centuries, A.D., began to supplant the older faiths, did in the end supplant them, but never replaced them; nor could it. It simply did not fit in with the old. More aggressive, it was less tolerant. Adopting, as its central thought, the imperialistic idea of the civil government, the Pontifex Maximus of the Caesars, the head of the newer faith, became, in like manner, the Pontifex Maximus of a strongly centralized ecclesiasticism. But the new faith was different from the old in its evolution. One concession it made—it, like the old, became a polytheism; but the spirit of the old was gone. This change shows in the literature. No second Virgil appeared to write again another *Arma virumque cano*. No poet arose to sing again the great nature-hymn of the wandering stars, of Arcturus and the rainy Pleiades, and of the roving winds of the autumn seas. No second queen, in the spirit of a broad charity, said: "I deem nothing alien to me, that is human." Instead came the intolerance and narrowness of a faith that could brook no rival. No Livy now wrote of the brave old days of the Republic, nor even of the mildly decaying days of the Empire. Instead were the doctrinal treatises

of the "Fathers of the Church," with their creeds and their bitter intolerance. The older literature died with its civilization. We read it now and feel its power, but it is a power of the past and of the dead. The Rome by the Tiber remained, *and to this day remains*, only a mausoleum. It is better that it should be so.

(V) *The Decadence of Manhood.* Civilizations die, but men live on. Yet something has gone out from them. There was something in the old-time spirit that never comes back. They can no longer bring things to pass. Unity of purpose seems to be gone. They no longer make history. It was so with Rome. Fifteen centuries have gone by, and during that time Rome has been rebuilt in words; but it was only words. As the years of testing went on, there was found to be no resuscitation. Men have been crowned as kings of Rome; but the ox-goad of Cincinnatus was more powerful, and still lives.

(VI) *The Mixing of Alien Bloods.* The Latin peoples were never a fecund folk. It was the strong will and the firm purpose of a united minority that conquered, held, and for centuries ruled the ancient world. A parallel is found in the history of Assyria. It, too, built up a world-empire. But here, too, it was the power of an organized, strong-willed minority, dominating the many but feeble-willed peoples about them.

It is the life-history of the Strong Man who leaves heirs but no successors! We know these. There are many of them. But they die, and the houses they have built go to ruins. It seems to be a strange fact that strong men rarely leave children equal in strength to themselves. Yet, for this also, a reason may be found. The strong man

marries a wife. She comes of a weaker blood, and now the children inherit a divided strength. The average is lowered, and after a few generations the strength is gone. It is told of Samson that he said: "I will arise as before and shake myself, and wist not that the strength was departed from him." It is so with men. Procreating bodies is the law of nature. Procreating brains belongs to a deeper law. [I knew a man, and he was a strong man, who said to his boys: "You are not to perform physical labor—other men are to do the work. You are to supply the brains." They did not perform the work, but they did not have the brains, and so his theory failed.]

The population of the Italy of today is only in small part of the old Latin blood. The Celt of the Alpine uplands overflowed and filled the valley of the Po and of the whole Piedmont region of northern Italy. The heel of Italy, the provinces of Campania and Calabria, and the whole island of Sicily, have a mixed blood of a dark-skinned, primitive race, known in ancient Spain and about the shores of Biscay, as the Iberian blood. It is the bull-fighting blood of Spain, with its matadores. But there is other blood in southern Italy—some old Greek blood along the coastlines and in Sicily; some Phœnician blood, especially in Sicily; also the pirate blood of the Mediterranean for ages. Add to these some pirate blood of the Northmen in the Eighth Century; some Moorish blood from Africa, and over all a linguistic gloss of Latin, and you have the south Italian blood of today. What is the result? The brigands and the Mafia of Sicily, and the Lazzaroni of Naples.

Italy of the Twentieth Century. In this chapter on "Civilizations Which Seem to be Now Dying" there have

been shown the processes and factors and evidences of decay in the greatest world-examples with which history has provided us. The story of the great Empire of Rome, in that connection, has revealed many destructive elements still operative, and which inevitably lead to a consideration of the modern representative of the Roman Imperium; but there is more to be told of that great Roman Empire, for we have yet to tell of the Roman Empire of the East and the causes of its fall. Of Italy of the Twentieth Century, the peninsula west of the Adriatic, having a length of some 760 miles from the Alps to the point of Sicily, with an area of about 93,640 square miles and a population of about forty millions, represents the central domain of the ancient Latin Empire. It has a language of Latin largely changed by the speech of the Celtic and Teutonic peoples who for centuries, in successive waves of conquest, have swept over it from the lands to the north of the Alps. From these northern tongues it has received some harshness—not found in the speech of Spain, that other great daughter of the Latin. The Pyrenees proved to be a better barrier for Spain than the Alps for Italy, in preventing the influx of northern peoples. It is this land of Italy in which, after fifteen centuries, Mussolini is trying to rebuild the old Roman Empire. But he has to work with a people from whom the old Latin blood is largely gone. The Italian of today belongs among the decadent bloods of earth's dying and dead. Can Mussolini succeed? Time will show; but the odds are against him.

There is one more cause of the death of civilizations yet to be spoken of. It will be dealt with at the close of the succeeding chapter, which will tell of "The Roman

Empire of the East.” Of that great civilization which the old Latin built upon the banks of the Tiber, however, one fact stands out—and undisputed: It was a civilization which for nearly a thousand years controlled the then known world and stood as the highest exponent of the advance which Man had made in enlightenment; and *it died*, and for twelve centuries has never re-lived. It bequeathed to the world, however, an estate of deeds accomplished and of principles established which to humanity have been of inestimable worth. But, as a civilization in itself, it has never been revived. Mussolini is trying to revive it. Can he do it? Or will it be only the contortions of a corpse under the shock of galvanism? Time will show.

VI

THE ROMAN EMPIRE OF THE EAST

A CHILD of Rome built by the Bosphorus another Rome, an empire sometimes known as the Eastern Empire, sometimes as the Greek Empire—and its glories almost overshadowed the halo which history has thrown over the Rome on the Seven Hills by the Tiber. The Bosphorus has been called the most commanding position in the world for a great world-capital. This statement is unquestionably true, if spoken of the vast inland basin of what might be called the Asiatic continent.

Consider for a moment that position. It is at the front door of that basin, and has for ages been the crossing-point, over its inland waters, for the world migrations of the Asiatic and European peoples. It was here that Latin, Celt, Teuton and other but prehistoric races made their way from Asia to Europe. It was here that the armies of Xerxes crossed on their way to the invasion of Greece, and where they recrossed in their retreat, after the disastrous battle of Marathon. It is the point for the control of which the armies of the Western Powers, English, French, Russian, Turk, have battled. The control of the Bosphorus, so vital to the peace of the modern world, was equally vital to the ancient world, and always upon its shores a fortified city stood. Long before the downfall of the Rome by the Tiber, a child of that power was

growing up at the city of Byzantium, on the Bosphorus. It was headquarters for the Rome of the East, and as the Rome by the Tiber declined, the new Rome upon the Bosphorus was growing in power.

Christianity and the New Rome. About this time, a new power begins to be felt, in the history of the world. This story is told in a preceding volume, *Race Life and Race Religions*. This much may be retold, to preserve intact the continuity of narrative. In the year 1 A.D., was born a babe in the village of Nazareth, near the shores of Galilee. He has been called, from this, "Jesus of Nazareth." Of a strangely introspective and spiritual mental type, as the years went by He announced himself as a prophet of God—sent to reform the older Jewish faith; and in later years asserted himself as a Messenger to all mankind. After a short life of some thirty-three years, the last three years of which were devoted entirely to public ministry, He was put to death, dying upon the Cross, victim of racial and ecclesiastical hatred. The religion which He taught seems to have been based upon the teachings of Zoroaster, and the teachings of Judaism. Filled with a spirit of trust in God, and of peace, it came as a rest to a wearied world. Starting as a monotheism of the East, like the great faiths of the Asiatic world, yet, forced out from that world into the wilder West, as the years went by it began to partake, in common with the religions of the West, of a spirit of polytheism, as shown in its doctrines of a trinity instead of a unity in the Godhead. Possibly this change brought it more quickly in touch with the western world. It, probably more than any other, was the leading influence in the shaping of the mental life of the West. It was instrumental in the build-

ing of a spiritual Rome upon the foundations of an older, temporal Rome.

It did, however, an equally important work for that portion of the old Roman world which was East and not West. This work can only be understood through an explanation of the political world at the time of the opening of the Christian Era. The Rome of the West, with the center of its power in the city on the Tiber, was in the decadence of old age. It was worn out. The Goths of the Fifth Century only gave the finishing-blow to a dying civilization.

The New Rome by the Bosphorus, as Rebuilt by the Greek. This portion of the explanation involves the history of a different race—the Greeks. The history of Greece is one of petty dissensions and tribal quarrels. Its first real attempt at unity came, as has been told, 371 B.C., when Epaminondas, King of Thebes, at the battle of Leuctra brought into Greek military strategy a new element, and the long thin lines of Sparta went down before the solid array of Theban spears, in a phalanx formation. With that day, the aggressive power of Greece first was made manifest. They learned there the power of unity of action upon the battlefield. We know that Philip of Macedon grasped the full import of the lesson, and the Macedonian phalanx, which was to rebuild the Orient, came into existence. He learned the lesson but did not live to profit much by it. His son, Alexander, learned the lesson under the tutelage of his father and it made him master of the ancient world from the Adriatic to the banks of the Indus, and from the Black Sea to the deserts of Arabia. Alexander, after his career of conquest, died in Babylon, master of the Asiatic ancient world, but left

no heirs. He had gathered about him, however, as leaders in his armies, a band of able men. In his dying hour, when asked which of these should be his successor, he grimly replied—"The strongest." The empire, however, was divided by the generals. Antipater received Macedonia; Lysimachus received Thrace with Byzantium; Penceses received Persia; Ptolemy received Egypt. Other portions of the empire went to other generals.

All of this was 323 B.C. The shadow, however, of the growing empire of the Rome by the Tiber soon began to be cast over the lands of Alexander, and with the passing of the years the city of Byzantium was becoming a rival to the city of Rome by the Tiber. The time came when the Emperor Constantine of Rome abandoned the Rome by the Tiber as capital of the Empire, and made Byzantium its capital city, transferring to it all the government offices and officials of the Roman Empire, and making it the seat of power. Constantine had been reared in, and for a while reigned as supreme monarch of, the empire at Rome. He was a man of ability, liberal in his ideas and not tied to any one religious faith. He had seen the growing decadence of the religion of Rome and with it the decadence of the empire. He saw in Byzantium a growing city, full of the vitality of younger racial blood and with this—and, if possible, more important—the young and growing faith, taught by Jesus of Nazareth.

Constantine at once allied himself with the new religious movement. One of his earlier acts (325 A.D.) was the calling of the General Church Council of Christianity, as the new faith was called, to settle church disputes and creedal differences. It was under his direction, and largely through his influence, that the monotheism, as

taught by Jesus of Nazareth, was changed to a duality of the Godhead; fifty years later, possibly in deference to the polytheism of the West, to be changed to a trinity. This threw the active support of the Greek peoples of the Ægean into the upbuilding of the new Empire of the East. It was a valuable help, for the Greeks were the travelers and commercial agents of the whole East. It threw, also, into the hands of the officials of the new empire, the charge and control of the Greek gospels and manuscripts of the New Testament; for, while the framework of the laws of the Eastern Empire remained Latin as introduced by Constantine, its religious and church life was built up with the Greek as its speech.

The Eastern Empire is sometimes called in history "The Eastern Roman Empire." It is sometimes called "The Greek Empire." A sharp distinction, however, is always to be made in religious matters. The church by the Tiber is known as the Church of Rome. The church by the Bosphorus is known as the Greek Church. Both churches are based upon the great creedal doctrines of Christianity; but they have always remained separate and distinct in ecclesiastical constitution and in many minor points of church rituals. One is European—the other is Asiatic. Each has been shaped and molded by the racial peculiarities of those who have built them up and worship under them. And both cannot be other than as they are, because the peoples who profess them are unlike and cannot be other than as they are.

Influence of the Desert on Early Christianity. West is not East; East is not West—neither can be other than itself. The atmospheres are entirely different, and for this there is a climatic reason. Draw a line from the Adriatic

to the elbow of the Baltic. West of that line, it is the Sea that shapes and gives direction to the race life of its peoples. East of that line, everywhere is the breath of the Desert. It is the Desert that on the East shapes and makes the civic, the industrial, the spiritual life of its peoples. They cannot be other than as they are. No inroads of western civilization can permanently continue. No teachings of new laws of life can endure. No religion of the West can change their beliefs. The Desert has made them what they are: and God made the Desert. The wandering Arab, with the camel and the tent-life, and the oasis with its "three score and ten palm trees and its twelve wells of water," are there, and for all time must be a stronger molding influence than the university and its schools.

And it is a kindly life that the Desert has taught. There have been seasons of great race inroads and of wars that were cruel and barbarous. But these passed by as the passing of the sirocco; and, again, the hush and the restfulness of the Desert held the land!

And the civilizations and the religions of the Desert have always partaken of its peace. There have been siroccos of fanaticism, as in the great outrush of Mohammedanism in the Seventh Century, A.D. But, as the years went by, the hush of the Desert again triumphed. The Saracenic civilization of the Eighth and Ninth Centuries was a kindly civilization, charitable, largely free from race bigotry and intolerance. It was this civilization upon which the West made unprovoked war in the Tenth-Twelfth Centuries. In that war the Desert peoples did not forget the kindly courtesies of their Faith. When Richard Coeur de Lion lay burning with fever in his

army tent, his opponent, Saracen Saladin, daily sent camels laden with snow from the heights of Lebanon to quench the thirst of his enemy. May be, even in the delirium of his thirst, Coeur de Lion may have remembered the words of the Jesus of Nazareth in whose Name he was fighting, when He spake of the cup of cold water.

Saracenic Era—Its Duration and its Influence on Greek Christianity. The civilization known was racially a civilization of the Arab. It is the one great flowering of the race life which had as its habitat the great, arid, upland plateau which borders upon the Red Sea. It was the blossoming of the Desert; and, like the Desert bloom, vivid in coloring, but of short duration.

[In the springtime of 1867, I was encamped with a large force of troops on the east bank of the Colorado River near La Paz. We had lost a large part of our wagon-train in a sudden flood where we had to camp overnight in a mountain canyon, and by a forced march had reached the Colorado River, where we had to wait a number of weeks for supplies. We were encamped among the willows, down by the river. Above and beyond lay the broad reach of the Desert. Occasionally, I would take a stroll out upon the Desert plateau. The many varieties of cactus were in the sleep of the dry season. It was a coma that seemed almost death. There was not a sign of plant life. There was no hum of insects, no sign of animals, only utter silence and what seemed as the death-sleep of the land. Then came rain. A week later, I walked upon the mesa again. It was transformed! The Desert shrubs were putting out leaves and the many varieties of cactus had burst into bloom, great gorgeous flowers that seemed like wax; bees were humming, birds were

singing. Every variety of plant, insect, animal life had wakened up from its sleep. It was the awakening of the Desert. A few weeks later, and again, it was dull, dry, dead. The brief span of life was gorgeous, but it was brief.]

It was so with the civilization of the Arab. Just why or how the term Saracen was applied to it as a name, is not well established. The term belongs in what might be termed the stray verbiage of speech. And this civilization which came to the Arab peoples was not planted upon the great, arid plateau, but was established upon the lower and more fertile plains of Mesopotamia. It was so that the great Arabo-Chaldean city, Ur of the Chaldees, was built, not upon the plateau, but upon the banks of the Euphrates. And it was so that Bagdad, the central city and head of the Saracen civilization, grew up on the banks of the Tigris. After the first outburst of Mohammedan fanaticism in the Seventh Century, the new religion became widely and wisely tolerant. Good Haroun Al Raschid stands in history as typical of the kindly spirit of his Faith. And it was a civilization that recognized the vital power of knowledge. Three great universities became the centers of the widely spread Saracen Empire. It had swept over Mesopotamia, Syria, Northern Africa and Spain to the base of the Pyrenees. One university was located at Bagdad on the Tigris, a second at Alexandria in Egypt, a third at Cordoba in Spain. The professors in all of these schools were not chosen because of their religious faith. They might be Mohammedan, they might be Jew, they might be Christian, or men walking in the haze of an unnamed religious belief. This only was asked, "What do you know and what can you teach?"

Textbooks and works of literature were translated from Latin, from Greek, from any source that might have somewhat to tell.

And after the first rush of conquest, Mohammedanism was not an aggressive or warlike religion. It was content to live and let live:

“Whether a believer (Islamite), a Jew, a Christian, or a Sabæan, he who believeth in God, the Last Day, and acteth aright, his reward is with his God: he should never fear nor be grieved.”
—Sura II.

“Not in praying to east and to west, But faith in God and the Judgment Day: And the dole that is given for Allah’s sake: And the heart uplifted in prayer: And the covenant kept, not broken: And patience in day of stress—So is the heart that is true: And so is righteousness.”

—Sura V.

These are the teachings of the Koran. Take these in and you know the real heart of the Arab civilization: for in no other of the civilizations of man are religion and the race life so closely interwoven. The man of the Desert in his whole civilization lives his Faith as do few other peoples of the earth. He lived it then. He lives it now. In what we are apt to term our superior light, we may possibly look upon him somewhat superciliously, as one still walking in the dark; but as we learn to know him better, we begin to recognize the fact that the man of the Desert, in his monotheism, has reached out and found a strong hold upon God.

And now the question comes, “Why was the civilization of the Arab so brief in the period of its power: and

why is it now, apparently, decadent?" The answer is found in these words—the Ottoman Turk.

The Ottoman Turk. In the Thirteenth Century a stray band of Tartar horsemen made its appearance in Asia-Minor. Taking part, as allies, in one of the local wars, they received in return for their assistance a grant of land. They remained there. Others of the Tartar tribe began coming until, in the end, they gained the controlling power. Coming with the hazy, ill-defined faith of the Tartars, they adopted the religion of the Saracens, who became subject to them. Out of this grew up the Ottoman Turkish Empire, which absorbed Asia-Minor and gradually expelled even the Christian influence which was strong in the land. The Tartars have always been a restless, aggressive and warlike race. It was the Tartar Genghis Khan who, in the Twelfth Century, with his hordes over-ran and subjugated a large portion of Eastern Asia, building an empire which after his death soon went to pieces. It was the Tartar Tamerlane who, in the Fourteenth Century, over-ran a large portion of Western Asia and a larger portion of what is now Russia, leaving behind him his monuments of heaped-up skulls. His empire, like that of Genghis Khan, did not long survive his death, but soon went to pieces. It was in the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries that this same Tartar race over-ran and held the eastern half of what is now known as Russia, leaving permanent trace in the Tartar blood of the Cossacks, who still populate the Crimea and the north shore of the Black Sea, and on eastward along the base of the Caucasus. Even now they furnish the cavalry force of the Russian army, for the

Tartars are a race of horsemen. They belong with the nomadic pastoral peoples of the world.

Other branches of the Tartar peoples, beginning under Attila, the Hun, with the Fifth Century, over-ran Eastern Europe at various times for centuries later. Draw a line from the elbow of the Baltic to the head of the Adriatic. Everything west of that line is Europe. Its peoples are to be classed with the people of the Atlantic basin. This line marks the division between the river system of Europe and the river system of Asia. The great inland Asiatic basin takes in all lying east of that line—Volga, Don, Dnieper, Danube, all are Asiatic rivers. And this line from the Baltic to the Adriatic is, roughly speaking, the dividing-line of races. This eastern slope, from the dividing-line, reaching on to the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, the Black Sea, the Caspian, has been for ages the mingling-place of races. They mingled but they have not mixed. The autochthonous or primitive peoples of the land—Tartars, Huns, Celts, Teutons, Latins and the Greeks of the Ægean, and now the Turk—these are the peoples, and these peoples, as said, have mingled but not mixed. They have remained largely separate and distinct; each settlement, each tribe, each tongue and each faith, making of the land which it occupied, a homeland of its own. In this racial mingling, but not mixing, is told the chronic unrest of the Balkans. Old race hates, old feuds, old religious disputes, seem never to die out. This racial unrest has for centuries made the Balkans the powder-magazine of the Eastern continent. Unable to unite for defense against invading races, they chronically fight each other.

The Austrian Empire under the rule of the Hapsburgs,

with its seventeen different languages and its many and unlike religions, seemed a political necessity in attempts to keep the peace of the world. Austria was never really a strong power. It did not stand up. It was held up by the nations of the West. It was a powder-magazine. It now is a dynamite storehouse. There was one thing that bound this heterogeneous mass: that was, the Greek Church of Christianity. While there were many faiths in the land among these heterogeneous peoples, one faith became the dominating religious faith among all, and that was the Greek Church with its central See at Constantinople. The Cathedral of St. Sophia was its central temple. Here the Kings of the Eastern Empire were crowned. Here, they were married. Here, they were buried. It was to the Eastern Empire what St. Peter's became to Rome, and what St. Paul's became to the peoples of the British Isles.

Tamerlane, with his Tartar hordes, in the latter part of the Fourteenth Century, captured Bagdad and Damascus, central cities of the Saracen civilization. That civilization had for six centuries led the ancient world in science and research. With the onrush of Tamerlane and his untaught Tartars, the Saracen civilization came to an end. It never rallied from the blow. But now a new peril came to the world of thought.

The Saracen civilization, with its central city at Bagdad, and the civilization of the Western World, had been rivals in the world of thought; but the Saracen had gone down. It was a civilization destroyed, not by disease, but by violence. But now a new danger came to the thought-life of the world, and this time the blow fell upon the banks of the Bosphorus. Constantinople, capital city of the

Hither East, was to share the fate of Bagdad and Damascus, only at other hands. And yet, still it was the Tartar that was in at the death. The whole story is thus briefly told in the poem, "Vox Palmæ," in the volume, *The Lure and the Land*:

"VOX PALMAE"

Then from the north, across that upland plain
Of Mongol Asia, rose a cry of pain:
Crying, and heaped-up skulls, and blood, beneath
The tread of Tamerlane.

The conflict thickens: starved, and grim, and gaunt,
Legions are battling—battling woe and want,
And treachery within, and foes without
Beside the Hellespont.

The reddened waves bear onward in their sweep
Christian and Moslem: and the dead hands keep
Their grip upon each other's throats, and so
Drift to the silent deep.

And blood is on the rampart: and the green
Spring grass is crimsoned: dying warriors lean
Across the dead to battle for the corse
Of the last Constantine.

Constantinople became again Byzantium. St. Sophia's became a Mohammedan mosque. The Christian Emperor of the East was supplanted by the Turkish Sultan. The Crescent and not the Cross became the emblem of the race supremacy in the Orient. The Crescent has re-

mained—the Cross has never gone back. It was the triumph of the Desert and the campfire over the artificial city life. It was the triumph of the East over the West.

But another West had grown up since the transfer of the Roman power from the city by the Tiber to the city by the Bosphorus. And again it was Rome; but Rome as an ecclesiasticism; and that ecclesiasticism had become the Spiritual Emperor of the Europe which lay west of the line from the headwaters of the Adriatic to the great elbow of the Baltic. And this ecclesiastical Imperium became the very foundation-stone of the national imperiums of the whole West. From Gibraltar to the North Cape and from the Atlantic to the Adriatic, its power was supreme. It enthroned and dethroned. It made war or peace; and always the terrors of a Hereafter, held by the Church in hand, swayed the earthly life of peasant or king or noble or serf. The Pope as Pontifex Maximus had no one to dispute his sway. In all the history of mankind, no other ruler, civic or religious, has ever so swayed the destiny of nations. Rome was supreme.

The civilizations that had their center about Rome on the Tiber, and Byzantium on the Bosphorus, while different in their eras, and while historically known by different names—and both of which came to an end through violence—have, racially, one feature in common: The overthrow of each brought with it a transfusion of new blood; crude, rude, barbarous—but new and unworn. What came of it in the Latin Empire of the West, and what may come of it in the Greek Empire of the East, remain yet to be told.

Yet it is only historical justice to say that the debt which a modern civilization owes to Rome of the Middle

Ages can never be fully estimated. The lamp that burned in its monastic cells, sheltered by the monastery walls, saved from extinction the lights of that ancient literary world which had once lived upon the shores of the Adriatic and of the Ægean. The cowled and gowned monk with inkhorn and quill wrote more wisely than he knew. He may sleep in an unnoted tomb, but his work lives on. And the power of the Papacy? It was needed to hold in check the wild passions of that early, barbaric world. The keys of heaven, which the Church claimed to possess, were the keys that unlocked the gateway to our modern civilizations. Give the Rome of St. Peter's its just dues. Without it, even modern Protestantism could never have had an existence.

And the work of Rome is not yet done. There are millions of earth's peoples to whom it can minister as can no other. The Strong Man with his Strong Hold, and the Roman Church with its monasteries, were the foundation-builders of European civilization.

VII

THE LATIN SISTERS: ITALY AND SPAIN

ITALY

THE long peninsula known in the Roman time as *Italia*, but now known as Italy, has had a history which in its complexity can hardly be rivalled in the world. This older Trinacria, as known to the Greeks, extends from the base of the Alps to the extreme point of Sicily. Its peoples were many. Celt, Latin and Greek in blood, they were cut up into many subdivisions bearing tribal names, and theirs was a history of turbulence and storm until there emerged from the welter three main tribes—the Ramnes, the Tities, the Luceres. Those tribes proceeded to impose a certain unity upon their numerous neighbors, and the rise of Rome began. Of its ultimate power and its fall we have given the story.

Although these tribes had been united under the Latin domination until they were known simply as Romans, the local tribal differences in character never quite died out, so that with the overthrow of the Roman power by the Goths in the Fifth Century, the older tribal subdivisions began to reassert themselves until the name “Italy” meant simply a geographical division, and the name “Italian” might mean any one of a number of national subdivisions, each living its own separate and distinct political life.

The Attempted Revival of a United Italy. And now the attempt is made to revive the old Roman unity of two thousand years ago. The attempt began in the decade between 1860 and 1870. At the beginning of the decade, Austria held the Valley of the Po and Venice. The troops of France upheld the Pope in the city of Rome, with the States of the Church under his control. The Italian kingdom of Sardinia held the islands of Corsica and Sardinia, and the western portion of the Italian littoral on the Mediterranean. Sicily and Naples held an ambiguous position of semi-independence. In the old Roman sense there was no Italy.

France, under the stress of her Mexican episode with Maximilian, had to withdraw her troops from Italy. Garibaldi, with his red-shirted volunteers, brought to a dramatic conclusion the Church dominance at Rome. The war of 1866, between Austria and Prussia, in which Austria received a fatal wounding; followed by the World War of 1914, in which Austria received her death-blow, ended her suzerainty in Venice and the Piedmont region south of the Alps, and was another step in making a united Italy a possibility. Then came the accession of Naples and Sicily, and the old Roman Italy was again a political possibility.

But the old Latin civilization! Could the Italy of Virgil, of Livy, of Marcus Aurelius, and of Law and Military Supremacy live again? That question remains yet to be answered. Italy is united again in name, but is starving, and again it is the African wheat-ships she is seeking. Mussolini's efforts in Tunisia and on the southern Mediterranean littoral, and the war in Abyssinia, are a struggle for food. What it all means, and what are the

possibilities before Italy, are discussed in Part II of this volume, *The Rebuilding of a Wrecked World Civilization*.

The problem, however, as taken up in that volume, involves more than Italy. It is a problem involving the future of all the nations fronting upon the Mediterranean on its north shore—Greece, Italy, France, Spain.

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE SPANISH PEOPLES

The Spanish peninsula, known to the Latins as Iberia, seems to be a portion of the world which is misplaced. Joined on to Europe at its southwest corner, the rugged mountain range of the Pyrenees, reaching from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, has so separated it that its isolation by land is almost complete. Its people, from the old Iberian down, have never seemed akin to the other European races. They have been more African in type than European. Its primitive inhabitants, the Iberians, were not Caucasian even. And yet, although separated from Africa by the narrow Strait of Gibraltar, and although subject to repeated invasions from Africa—one race, the Moors, for eight centuries dominating a large portion of it—it is not African.

It seems as a racial family, whose kin are all dead, and ages ago. Is this the case? Have we here come upon a still-lingering racial fragment of that old Atlantean people whose land is now beneath the sea? There are some facts which would seem strangely to bear this supposition. That ancient, fabled and yet real people of a perished civilization seemed to have been racially one with the peoples of the West Indies, of Central America, and of at least one of the Andean races of South America. The

Incas of Peru, and the peoples and civilization of Peru and the great uplands of the Andean plain over which they held sway, all seem utterly unlike any other racial types of mankind and the types of civilization which have been upbuilted anywhere else. Even the Aztec of Mexico is unlike.

And it is with these so-called "native American" peoples that the Spaniard, of all men, has most readily mixed bloods. The Teuton has never so mixed races; neither has the Latin. As conquerors they held aloof from subject peoples. The Spaniard did not. The "native American" woman might be the Spanish man's wife. The children of their union had no ban of race against them. They became one; and that one is the Spanish-American, who now peoples the land—two out of the three Americas. It is a good blood—simple, unsophisticated; not always far advanced in the civilization of the Nineteenth Century, but a good, clean, thoroughly hopeful portion of the earth's peoples. They hold a vast future in their hands. And they feel that they are *Americans*. Even more completely than the people of North America have they cut loose from the ties which at one time, possibly, made them kin to Europe. In the many years through which I have had intercourse and close companionship with outlying fragments of that people, I have gained a closeness and an intimacy of touch with them that has made me thoroughly respect their sterling character. It is the older Atlantean civilization's bequest to our modern race life, and its value should not be underestimated.

Least Latin in blood of all the daughters of the old civilization, yet most Latin in many of its features, is the civilization of the Spanish peoples. Its blood is largely

Iberian, the dark-complexioned, primitive race of much of Western Europe. It may be traced in Spain and Portugal upon the shores of the Bay of Biscay; in the southern half of Ireland, in Wales, and even in Holland. Its physical features are: the short, stout build of the body and the dark complexion. Its mental features are: a strong devotion to its own type of religious faith, and what seems to be an innate spirit of racial jealousy, mixed with cruelty. These features are especially marked in what are known as the Black Irish, and the peoples of the Biscayan shorelines, and in the dark-skinned portion of the people of Spain. The devotion of the Irish to their Church is well known. Their turbulent lawlessness and their bitter feuds are likewise well known. Of the people of the Biscayan shoreline, the Vendee of the French Revolution gives a picture. [An incident, within my own personal experience, adds coloring to this. I had among my patients a family of Basque sheep-herders. They had made a fair fortune, and went back to the old home for a visit. Upon their return, I asked one of the boys, "How did you enjoy your visit in the old home?" He replied, "I did not like it. The people are ugly—they want to hurt you. I do not want to go back again."]

The bull-fights of Spain, with arena and matadors, and the waving handkerchiefs of the women who occupy the seats of the amphitheatre watching for the death of bull or matador, tell the tale. [I saw the same spirit upon the street in a fight between a Negro and a Chinaman, with a woman of the Ibero-Spanish blood, daughter of a wealthy family and educated, standing and watching with intense interest and with a broad smile of delight, while she enjoyed the fight.]

The dividing-line between the two types of blood may be traced in the Spanish peninsula, as it can be traced in Southern Ireland. The one, physically of lower stature, heavy build, dark complexion—the other taller, and fair. The same distinction of bloods may be traced in Italy. Sicily and Naples show marked evidence of an older Iberian blood: dark-complexioned, lower in stature, cruel in instincts. In Sicily it is the blood of the Mafia and of the brigands. In Naples, it is the blood of the Lazzaroni. It is one of Italy's problems in the future. These were the people who filled the great Coliseum and who watched with interest the fights in the arena and the dying gladiators. And these are the people who today want the public amusements, idleness, and the dole.

Can these people be made over into citizens of a republic? Mussolini is trying this with a kindred people in the south of Italy. He has abolished the innumerable saints'-days and holidays and has drafted the people for work. Will they continue to submit, or will they in the end want another dictator who will promise them the old-time idleness, and the amusements and the dole? Time alone can give answer; but reasoning from the past, they will choose the new dictator and the old idle days and the dole. The Iberian blood and its future is the vital problem of the Latin peoples.

Civilization in Spain is Dying—Why? For a proper understanding of the Old World Spain of today, one must know its past. The description of Spain as a country, and who and what were probably its primitive people, I have just told. But what followed that primitive stage of Spanish life? And who and what are the Spanish people of today? So far as we can trace the history, first came, as

conqueror, the Phœnician. He held the country for probably several centuries. He left in the land as a portion of its population some of his people, and somewhat of its maritime ways. This was largely upon the Mediterranean shore of Spain, and westward beyond the Pillars of Hercules, to the trading city of Gades, now Cadiz, facing outward upon the Atlantic. Westward of this he seems not to have made a settlement upon the shore, but from Gades his ships sailed on to the shores of Britain, in their quest of tin.

In the Punic Wars, with the fall of Hannibal, their power was broken, and the Latin, as conqueror, took their place. He, too, clung to the Mediterranean shore; for to those ancient nations, the Pillars of Hercules marked the western limit of the civilized world. The Latin held Spain for some seven centuries. He left to it as his contribution to the building up of the so-called Spanish peoples some crossing with his own racial blood, and his language. Then came, about the time of the Fifth and Sixth Centuries, the westward rush of the Visigoths and the Vandals. To this day, the fairest portion of Spain, the semi-tropical plains of Andalusia, with their orange groves, bear the name of the Vandal, for Andalusia is simply Vandalusia with the "V" dropped.

Then came the Mohammedan onrush of the Seventh and Eighth Centuries, when the south of Spain was taken and for seven centuries held by the Moors of Africa. In the Fifteenth Century, during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Moorish power was broken, and their government was driven out of the country. Probably the larger part of the Moorish population remained in Spain. For nearly eight centuries it had been to them their home-

land, and they became simply a part of the Spanish peoples. Up to that time the Spain as known to the world was largely the Mediterranean and south shore plains. But all this while another racial element was entering in. The restless North Sea peoples began in large numbers to force their way southward along the Atlantic shore. Over-population in their homelands, with lack of sufficient food supply there, forced them to migrate. In organized bands and under their chosen leaders they began to make their way southward along the Biscayan shores of what is now known as France and Spain, and over the great upland Spanish plateau, where Madrid stands as capital. They were a masterful people and, at the time of the discovery of America, controlled the Spanish peninsula as the ruling power. The land was now Spain, and its people were the Spanish.

The old Iberian had lost his individuality. The old Phœnician was no longer the man of Carthage. The Latin had forgotten Rome. The names of Visigoth and Vandal had become only traditions. The Moor had forgotten Allah and the Koran. The North Sea pirates no longer remembered the winter gales of the fjords. All were now one people and the name common to all was simply *the Spanish people*, with the Northman, of Castile, as the ruler. He was the Castilian, and the name carried with it the nobility of a ruling class. Under the Castilian dominance, Spain stood as the strongest national power of Europe. Her infantry was the dread of the peoples north of the Alps. She recognized only one superior power, and that was the Imperium of ecclesiastical Rome and its Popes. She began to be called "the faithful daughter of the Church." That name still lingers. Her

arms were used to upbuild and to uphold ecclesiastical Rome, among the rather turbulent peoples north of the Alps.

[An ancestor of my own, Capt. Widney, in command of a Lowland Scotch Company, in the Fourteenth Century, stood shoulder to shoulder with the Dutch and the Jews of Holland, in their struggle for liberty of conscience. They cut the dykes and flooded the lands to save them from Spain. They fought with their backs to the wall. It was win or die, and the Spanish Infantry was the finest of the world.]

The Discovery of America. The great turning-point in the history of Spanish power and civilization is the discovery of America in the year 1492. While the importance of this discovery was not then foreseen, we look back now and see that from that day Spain ceased to be one of the European powers and became a *great American racial power*. We have to look backward in history to get our bearings, and see the full meaning of events. And it was the North Sea blood of Castile that led in the great change that was to come. Then came the rush to America. The North Sea Peoples were a century later, before the full racial effect and the possibilities of that discovery seemed to have dawned upon them. Neither had they any share in the great wealth of gold that Spain found and had seized in the half-century that followed the discovery. And in it all it was the men of Castile that led Spain. The Conquistadores of Mexico and Peru were the pirate blood of the old North Sea bands turned loose in a larger field!

The gold was not simply mined—it was looted. It was the gold which the Montezumas and the Incas had

gathered and stored. The story is told that when Pizarro held the Peruvian Inca as a prisoner, he drew a line upon the wall of the room in which he was confined and said to him: "Fill the room to the level of that line, with the vessels of gold from your temples, as the price of your release." And it is further said that the ransom was paid. The gold, thus looted in America, and gathered from many directions, gave to Spain the money for the support of her wars; for gold then, as now, furnished the sinews of war. But history now shows that Spain in the end paid the price, for it was the beginning of her ruin!

I have a purpose in giving this careful account of the origin and growth of the Spanish civilization, and shall now proceed to give a careful analysis of the causes which led to its downfall. Spain is probably the clearest case where we can trace the beginning and the end of a civilization and trace the causes which led to that end. That civilization, beginning upon one shore of the Atlantic, is reaching its culmination upon the other shore. It takes both the peninsula of Spain and the continent of South America to tell the whole tale. I shall proceed also to give an equally detailed analysis of the migration of the North Sea Peoples, to the continent of North America; for we have here, also, a case where we may trace a civilization from its beginnings to its culmination. And this case, too, requires for its telling the New World as well as the Old.

VIII

THE GREAT MIGRATIONS OF SPANISH AND NORTH SEA PEOPLES

IN the practical transfer of the Spanish Peoples and their civilization from their European home, overseas to a new continent, and in a like practical transfer of the North Sea Peoples from their Old-World home across the seas to North America, we have the most remarkable race migrations that have taken place since the Aryan Peoples, four thousand years ago, began their great racial removal from the high plateau of Central Asia, westward to the seas. And these transfers are much alike in their details.

That old-time Aryan went out from his nomad home southward to the tropical plains of India, and another branch westward to the island world of the Mediterranean, and yet a third still farther westward to the European shores of the Atlantic.

In the previous volumes of my works, I have traced and told the racial changes which the different climates brought to these diverging lines of expatriation. I have told how the tropical climate of the Indian plains made of the Aryan who came to it a man of the tropics. I have also told how even the mind of the Northland Aryan man finally took on the dreamy languor of the tropics. I have also told how the Aryan man who migrated to the shores of the East Basin of the Mediterranean imbibed, and was

changed by, the romance of that ancient Græco-Latin world, climate and environment and time again working out their inevitable results.

And I have also told how the harsh winds and the surf-roll of the great sea made of that man of Western Europe the explorer and the conqueror of a new world to which in this present account we find him now migrating. And this new race-home also presents to him the physiographic and climatic features of his older world. He finds here, also, in the islands and the tropical shores of what I called *The Third America*, the parallel to the lands and seas of India and of the Mediterranean. He finds here, also, in South America, the great semi-Arctic plateaus in the uplands of the Andes, with towering peaks, ever snow-clad, looking down upon the plateaus, as the great peaks of the Himalayas still look down upon the upland plains of the old-time Asiatic home. And he also finds in the New World a physiographic and climatic counterpart to the lands of his European home, but with the added feature of the great semi-arid interior and the deserts of the old, inland sea.

What is to be the result of it all? Can this second great migration of the Aryan Man result in the building up of one racial type of man; or will physiography and climate, and time, again do their wonted work, and will the peoples of the New World, like the peoples of the Old, be many and varied? This is the racial problem which the people must settle, but we have little reason to suppose that ocean liners, and railroads, and commerce, and good neighbors, can change the great basic laws of Nature. Climate and diversified lands, and time, must

still work out their old demands with Man, as they have in the past.

The vital problem to be settled by the future is this: Can these men of the New World so shape their civilizations, and so build them, that they may prove to be more enduring than the dead and dying civilizations of the Old World? These are the questions taken up in Part II of this volume, *The Rebuilding of a Wrecked World Civilization*. In this volume I have yet to speak of the migration of the North Sea Peoples to the great temperate belt of the New World, and of the problems which they have to solve if their civilization would endure.

But I have not yet answered the question which was raised in the preceding chapter: Why is the civilization of the Spanish peninsula dying? In the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, Spain was the strongest Power of Europe, and her civilization stood as the highest exposition of the advance of Man. Then, in the Sixteenth Century, there were poured into her lap—without labor or toil and solely by conquest—the treasures, long stored-up, of Mexico and Peru; while her territory was broadened to many times the area which she had possessed. The West Indies, all South America, Mexico and the Pacific Coast of North America north to the Bay of San Francisco, were given to her in fee simple, by decree of the Pope.

Yet, in the year 1588, she received a mortal wound. The end was still a long way off; but it was the beginning of the end. I am speaking of her attempt to overthrow the growing power of the North Sea Peoples. The attempt had back of it two motives—the one, racial and political; the other, religious. An appreciation of the im-

portance of the discovery of the Americas and of their vast prospective value was steadily growing in Europe. Then began a racial struggle for their possession. While there were no open declarations of war, a sea-fight began on both the Atlantic and the Pacific which never ceased. Armed vessels sailed from English and Dutch ports on voyages of discovery. They came back laden with the rich cargoes of the great galleons of the Indies, both West and East, and no questions were asked. Armed forces of buccaneers, under men like Hawkins, Frobisher, Drake and Morgan, made the seas, both Atlantic and Pacific, unsafe for Spanish ships, and looted such seaside ports as Port Bello and Panama. The great galleons of the East India trade were helpless before them, and their wealth in the end enriched English and not Spanish men. Then in the Sixteenth Century, Philip of Spain, to end this state of undeclared warfare, and to make secure his widespread domain, determined at one blow to break the power of the North Sea Peoples. To assist him in this work the whole spiritual power of the Roman Church was enlisted.

In the year 1588 the "Invincible Armada," as Spain boastingly named it, was built by Philip of Spain. The wealth of Mexico, of Peru and of the East Indies was poured out with unstinted hands. A fleet of 130 vessels was built. Most of the vessels were the large galleons such in size and in strength as the world had never before used in warfare. They were armed with 3,000 cannon of various calibres, many of them larger than had ever been used in sea warfare. The fleet was manned by, and carried as an invading force, over 60,000 men of the best Castilian blood of Spain. The Papal blessing was pronounced upon the fleet as a religious crusade against rebellious

daughters of the Church. The array of naval force was so great that it has been described as fairly burdening the sea!

On May 29, 1588, the fleet sailed from the Port of Lisbon. It was to be joined in Flanders by 35,000 additional trained Spanish soldiers and a flotilla of boats, to assist in the invasion of England, which was recognized as the leading Power of the North Sea Peoples.

From the very beginning, a series of misfortunes attended the expedition. The fleet was delayed and scattered by adverse winds, yet, when finally reassembled in the English Channel, was practically unbroken in power. Then came the long running sea-fight, day after day, as they sailed up the English Channel. The English vessels were small, looking like fishing-smacks by the side of the great galleons, but they were more seaworthy and were manned by men whose blood was instinct with the life of the sea. The battling was like that of a school of whales attacked by swordfish.

Battered by the sea, tossed and scattered by contrary winds, and always the running fight of the English vessels, the Spanish fleet in despair tried to return to Spain by rounding the north point of Scotland, and then with the open sea of the Atlantic, returned to the homeland. But on that homeward flight the Armada left wrecked ships of its line upon the wild coasts of Scotland and Ireland; and the shattered remnant which reached Spain carried only a few thousands of the great array of men who had gone out to that war.

There are some parallels in history to this utter destruction of the Spanish Armada. One is the disastrous campaign of Napoleon in Russia. There is a monument

on the banks of a river in Europe which graphically shows the parallel, the inscription on the memorial telling with utmost economy of words how on a certain date "Napoleon crossed this river with 400,000 men and" some months later "recrossed it with 8,000." Marshall Ney and the 8,000 starving, freezing, broken soldiers, told the story. It was the forerunner of Waterloo.

And Spain? Upon the return of the shattered remnants of the Armada to Spain, Philip boastingly said: "I can build another Armada!" But Philip never did. Still the sea warfare for the Three Americas went on: but Spain was steadily losing. The supply of American gold for her treasury began to diminish. Her dominion boundaries began to shrink. Her galleons were less able to protect themselves. It was the hectic cough, and the flush to the cheek, which foretell what is coming, in the office consultation of the physician.

What racial element was it that bore the brunt of the life-cost in the war of the Armada? It was the Northman blood of Castile; for this blood had become the ruling blood of Spain. It was the man of Castile—not the Iberian, not the Latin, not the Moor—who manned the Armada; the man whose ancestors had come from the North Sea fought the fight; but the fight was against the fresher, unweakened, unchanged blood of the North Sea. The balmy skies and the orange odors of Spain had not preserved the strength that was born of the rugged fjords and headlands of the North, and that had been breathed in with the storm-winds of semi-Arctic seas.

There is another parallel in history to be seen here. It is to be found in the race-lesson taught by the Civil War in America. The man of the North Seas landed at

two points in America, and at each began building up a new race life. The man of the South built upon ease and plenty and a race life which, through slave labor, was largely freed from toil. In politics he became the ruler of a new nation. The other, landing upon the rugged shores of New England, battled with poverty, and want and toil. It was not the balmy air of the South that filled his lungs, but the stern blast of the north winds and the Arctic. He battled and grew strong. On the contrary, the man of the South sat on his veranda, breathing the soft air of the semi-tropics and watching the slaves that toiled for him.

The time came when, in America, North and South, in their diverging civic lives, clashed upon the battlefield. It was the North Sea Man of the South, weakened by the easier life, who went down. It was the North Sea Man of the North, hardened by toil, who stood fast.

And now, back to Spain again. The man of Castile, after the disastrous defeat of the Armada, grew restive in the old home, and began a steady migration to the new lands of America. Somewhat of the other racial bloods of Spain added to the stream of migration. These were the Iberian, the Latin, may be some old Phœnician blood, and the Moor of Africa; but still the man of Castile, this man of the North Sea blood, was leader. And still he ruled, and after the centuries he still rules, in the newer lands. And while the others mingled their bloods with the native races, he brought the woman of Castile with him as his wife—this woman who was also of the North Sea ancestry. This line of racial caste, transferred as it was to the new lands in America, explains the sharp line of racial distinction that runs through the Spanish-

speaking peoples of America. Sometimes they are poor, but the blood-pride is there. It may be that in his poverty it is again *Don Quixote* and *Rosinante*, but still by his side stand the faithful *Sancho* and the faithful *Dapple*!

And again a Parallel: the Armada and Gettysburg. The defeat of the Armada and its effect upon the North Sea blood of Spain was much the same as was the turning-point of the great Civil War in America; and the underlying causes are the same. In the defeat of the great Armada, the North Sea man of Castile lost his best blood. It never could be replaced. In the battling at Gettysburg, in the fatal charge upon the heights, Picket's brigade of 15,000 men, its ranks filled from the pick of the South, left nearly 14,000 of its number lying dead behind it. That blood could never be replaced. And it was so in the long battling in The Wilderness and about Richmond. It was the best blood of the South that was poured out, and that blood could not be replaced.

Up to the time of the Civil War, the South had furnished, largely, the brains of the American Congress. It has since furnished no Clays, no Calhouns, no Lees, no Jefferson Davises, even. Its young men, discouraged, began to migrate. I met them all through Southern California. They were my personal friends; men with whom I could clasp hands, and whom I respected; but they were discouraged and broken. They drifted, and failed, and died. There was no native race upon the Pacific to take the place of the Blacks in their civic lives, and they could not support families through their own labor. Silently they saddened and died. It is one of the ways in which races die.

In the history of Spanish civilization, which histori-

cally we are enabled to trace from birth to maturity—then to old age and the dying hours—we have a philosophic lesson that tells much. We have the records of nations that have died by violence: no such fate came to the Spanish civilization. The Pyrenees and the seas were its safeguard. The causes of Spain's decline and death were of her own making; and in her madness she is destroying herself.

The nations of Europe are trying to wall her in, as they tried with Italy. They failed with Italy. They will fail with Spain also. She may not be able to go abroad to bite anyone, as the hemmed-in mad dog; and she may not, as the maniac, break through her prison bounds. *But the virus of her madness is abroad in Europe.* She may die, but Europe will not be saved. Her disease is epidemic—not endemic.

ELEMENTS IN THE DOWNFALL OF SPAIN

What are the elements which we can trace in the downfall of Spain? These:

(a). A population made up at least of five *different peoples, who mingled but never mixed*. Iberians, Latins, Moors, Visigoths, North Sea Peoples—they came. As Iberians, as Latins, as Moors, as Visigoths, as North Sea Peoples, they remained, with the North Sea Man of Castile and of the great upland interior plateau as ruler. Possessing a land which was African rather than European in type—in fact, one might reasonably say, pre-African and Atlantean in racial affiliations—she never fitted in to the civilizations of the Old World. Her mountains and her plains and plateaus were not overly fertile. They were forest lands, originally. As the centu-

ries went by, the soil of the cultivated areas became old and worn-out. There was little attempt at refertilization. With the cutting down of the forests on the uplands and the mountains, her climate became more arid and harsh. The rainfall, no longer held back by the forest growth, rushed in devastating floods to the sea. It was not held back by retaining reservoirs for the development of power, nor for irrigation. Her deposits of iron, tin, copper, were unworked, for she was poor in coal. In the absence of coal for smelting, her ores were exported in their crudity, to be re-imported as the manufactured products for industrial use. Industries languished. Her people grew up, not with the thought, *How much can we produce?* but *Upon how little can we live?*

(b). *Caste*. And all the while there was growing up the dividing line of caste among her peoples. The man of Castile, who was the man of the North Seas, a race that is dominating in its very blood, ruled these mingled peoples. It was his blood which formed the knightly cavalcade that, under Ferdinand and Isabella, finally brought to an end the Moorish dominance of Granada. Before, he had over-ruled Iberian and Latin. But they were poor. From Knight to Esquire and servitor—they were poor. In the burlesque of the knighthood of Spain as already stated, it was the impoverished, erratic, mentally-unbalanced *Don Quixote* who ruled, but always as a gentleman; while it was *Sancho Panza* of the mixed lower caste that was servitor, and whose highest ambitions seemed to be to secure sufficient of the bean porridge, and of red peppers, to satisfy the demands of his belly.

(c). Then came *the discovery of the New World*, with Spain at the vantage-point of nearest approach to it.

Spain's people, notably the upper caste, went out to its conquest. Its gold filled the treasuries; but with it came the curse of the unearned doubloon, just as to the slaveholders of our land came the curse of the unearned dollar. To both it meant race ruin.

(d). Then, *with the unearned riches* of America poured into her lap, *came the dream of European dominance*, for which she had not the racial power. Then came rapid decadence, and the steadily increasing migration, especially of her upper caste, to the New World. And again it was the *Don Quixote*, dreaming of great deeds in Mexico, in Peru, and along the shores and waters of the Pacific, ever expanding as exploration went on. And *Sancho* came also; but, with the instincts of a lower racial ancestry, he came to mix his blood with that of the native peoples of the land. *Don Quixote* did not. He brought the Castilian wife with him, and today from California to Cape Horn it is *Don Quixote* who rules, and *Sancho* who serves. It is the story of a transplanting of a civilization. What is to come of it all, only time can show. But it is already apparent that the natural affiliation of the Castilian in the New World is with his kin of the North Seas, as they fill the lands of North America.

My old friend, Don Manuel Dominguez—tall, stately, blind, well-advanced in the eighty years—would say to me: "Your ancestors landed at Plymouth Rock and Jamestown; mine landed at Vera Cruz . . . *Nosotros estamos los Americanos—los otros estan extranjeros.*" ("We are the Americans—the others are strangers.") He was blind, but he was a Seer.

Of the North Sea Peoples in the Americas, the story will be told in the succeeding chapter.

THE NORTH SEA PEOPLES AND THE NEW WORLD

DANGERS

IHAVE already told the previous history of the North Sea Peoples not Teutonic in race, but an older wave, in the Western migration of the Aryan Peoples of the great inland Asiatic plateau. This wave of what we call the North Sea Peoples is possibly that older Proto-Aryan of that plateau, for he seems to have developed a different type from the later Aryan wave. He was not Greek, he was not Latin, he was not Celt, he was not the Teuton of the Mid-European plain. He did not in his race evolution develop along the same lines as any of the others. His type, his civilization, were his own.

One of the most marked features of the North Sea Civilization is the retention of a strong, personal individuality by the people themselves. So strongly marked is this that it has become a race characteristic. They never, even for a brief period, seemed to lose this. No king, no emperor, no chieftain of whatever era, or in any portion of their land, was ever able to draw into himself the life of the people. It is this characteristic which has made them so largely the explorers and the pioneers of the world. From that almost mythical character, Woden, or Odin, who seems to have been a leader in the Proto-Aryan

march westward from the highlands of Asia to the North Seas, on down through Olaf Trygvassen, who led the final advance across the Doverfeld Mountains in Norway to the shores of the North Sea; on through Leif Ericson who in his shallop passed on beyond Iceland to "Groenland" and "Vinland" of America and thence down the shores of New England, in the Tenth Century—from all these, down to Livingstone, wandering in the wilds of Central Africa, and the men camped through two winters in the icefields of the South Pole, renamed "Little America"—these North Sea Peoples have been the explorers and pioneers of the world. And the Man is still the Man. It is he who owns the State, not the State that owns the Man. The executioner's block of history tells the grim ending of rulers who forgot this. It is the warning of a strong racial civilization to would-be dictators. The axe and the block are in the lumber-room, but they are still there. History has a habit of repeating itself.

What is to be the Future of the North Sea Peoples? The discovery of America settled that question. Without this they would have been a fringe upon the Atlantic border, helpless and, in the end, to be absorbed by the great Asiatic Peoples behind them. The discovery of America changed all that. There was now a New World opened up. They and their descendants have peopled it. One might truthfully say that the dividing-line between East and West is the backbone of Europe, for *the sea has made that coast slope of Europe and America* ONE, and the man of the North Seas, as the centuries have gone by, has become the man of the whole Atlantic Slope. He is the man of Norway, of Sweden, of Denmark, of Holland, of Belgium, of Normandy and—as the Castilian—is the

dominating man of Spain. And then, as central to all, he is the man of Scotland, of England, of Wales, of Ireland and of the whole ocean fringe of islets which make the ocean bulwark of the North Seas.

I have told the great deeds of the North Man of Castile, and of his virtual race migration to South America and the West Indies. A similar story is year after year writing itself in the history of North America: for North America is the heritage of the North Sea Peoples. It is here in a new and broader land that their race evolution is to be worked out. And it is here that the vital problems involved in the rebuilding of a wrecked world civilization must be worked out. Of these problems and what they are, and their possible solution, I shall speak more at length in Part II of this volume, *The Rebuilding of a Wrecked World Civilization*.

The same statement holds good with regard to the Spanish civilizations of South America and the West Indies. For these two civilizations—that of the Northmen and their new home in North America, and that of the Spaniard in South America and the West Indies—hold the future of the Western Hemisphere in their hands. The incoming of another type of civilization to any of the Three Americas is now no longer possible. The absolute control of the seas of the Atlantic and the Pacific by these two civilizations from the Fourteenth to the Eighteenth Centuries settled that question beyond recall. It is to the immediate future that we must look. In our North America, there are not lacking the signs of great movements of the gravest possible nature. These demand consideration. They call for leadership. To them must be brought the fruits of world-experience and

a knowledge and realization of the forces which shall make or mar the future. In Part II of this volume, *The Rebuilding of a Wrecked World Civilization*, in the chapter entitled "Causes of Breakdown of Civilizations," our own situation is specifically dealt with.



THE GRAVEYARDS OF RELIGIONS

 FURTHER factor in the rise and fall of civilizations is one which has its springs in their spiritual life. Of the vital nature of this element we have seen evidences when changes occurred in civic systems which had developed around specific religious centers and forms. However briefly, and with due regard to the contents of preceding chapters in which the part played by religious developments in the history of civilizations has been dealt with, I find it desirable at this point to summarize, by way of giving greater definiteness and weight to the historical truth that the ancient lands are the graveyards of religions.

Thus far, the quest for the underlying causes of the decay and death of civilizations has had to deal with the problems which have had to be faced by the Man Physical and the Man Intellectual. It has not yet touched, however, upon the life of the Man Spiritual and his evolution. The deserted plains of the Old World are not the graveyards of nations and of political power alone. The deciphered monuments and the exhumed libraries of tablets show that they are also the graveyards of Man's religions. The religions of the past are dead, buried and almost forgotten. Why did they die? One cause alone can be assigned and it is all-sufficient. The Man Spiritual had failed to keep pace with the Man

Political and the Man Material and the Man Scientific in his evolution. This came through creeds, rituals and ecclesiastical forms; and church preferments, which, as the years went by, gave to the priesthood vast inheritances in vested rights which were passed on from generation to generation.

Religious Faiths stood still while the Man Intellectual went on, leaving them behind. Then Man awoke to the fact that his inherited faiths were no longer sufficient to satisfy his spiritual needs, and went on to discard the old faiths and frame new. It is at this point that the Fundamentalists shrink back with a startled cry: "Does Man, then, make his own Gods?" The reply has to be: "In a certain sense, *Yes*." Not that God has changed, but that Man with his growing intellectual power is better able to see what God really is. It is Man that has grown—not God. And so, age after age, it is a greater God that Man is able to see. But the Church has stood still. It is simply the outgrown spectacles of Man's spiritual vision. Elsewhere I have referred to the Roman historian who indicates this outgrowing process when he tells of the period when one priest of the Roman theogony could hardly meet another upon the street without laughing at the puerile frauds to which they resorted in the temple service. All this is why religions grow old and die. But Religion, the great heart-felt Faith of Man in a Hereafter and under the control of some Divine Power—this still lives on. And this is always the foundation stone upon which Man ever builds for his new Faith.

BROTHER

Why should we mingle in strife?
Why should we hate or quarrel?
Why should the ways be parted
And the pathways trodden asunder?
The end is the same for all.

One may be weak by the way:
And one may be faint for the battle:
And one may be feeble and halted:
And one may fall by the wayside:
But the pathways lead ever the same.

And one is the heaven before us:
And one is the kindly All-Father:
And one are the heart-beats that seek Him:
And one is the love for His children:
And one is the Face they look to,
The Face of the God of all.

We may call Him Allah or Buddh:
We may call Him Zeus or Theos:
We may call Him Gott, or Dios:
Or Jehovah, or Lord, or Deus:
Or only the Red man's Great Spirit:
Or the heart lift to One that is nameless:
But He—He is God of all.

And what is the measure of Him?
He is big as the eyes that see Him:
He is big as the mind that seeks Him:
He is big as the soul that knows Him:
Not God, but man, must grow.

CAN THE ORIENT OF TEN CENTURIES AGO LIVE AGAIN?

LEN centuries ago the Orient was the great center of civilization and of the intellectual and spiritual world. Even Christianity looked to Constantinople, by the shore of the Bosphorus, as the head of its faith and its power. Yet the evidence of decadence was beginning to show itself. The Orient was old, very old. Its lands were old and worn out. For ages, its soil had had no rest. In metals it had gold, but was deficient in iron. Coal it hardly possessed. It never developed the mechanical, except in its more primitive forms. Its people had lived, largely, the life of the Great Open. It had the great deserts. Its people looked up and saw God. It was the birthplace of all the great religious faiths of humanity. In its old age, these it has bequeathed to the world. Other races have done great deeds. Its people lived great thoughts.

Changes were taking place. In Europe a new world was coming into being. The shores of the Mediterranean, westward to its gates at Gibraltar, had known the civilization of Rome; but it was dying: dying because it, too, was worn out. Yet a re-birth was coming to the lands about the Mediterranean. In the Alps, which formed its northern boundary, were the Celts. North of the Alps lay the great Teutonic world with its teeming millions.

They were crude, they were rude, but they were young. No civilization had as yet brought its weariness to them. And beneath the soil of their lands lay the coal and the iron, which in the ages to come were to build up their power.

In the Fifth Century, tempted by the sunshine and the genial warmth of the Mediterranean littoral and by the great stores of accumulated wealth, which the decadent Latins were no longer able to guard, these peoples of the North began to break over the mountain wall of the Alps in streams which, in the next two centuries, became an overwhelming flood. And these northern peoples never went back. The lands south of the Alps were much to their liking, and they remained to rebuild anew a wrecked civilization: but it took ages to tame and soften that fierce, northern blood.

And with it all, the civilization of the southlands, wrecked and broken as it was, still spread a civilizing influence backward to the land of its conquerors. Then came the development of the iron and the coal: and a great European civilization was developed. But the blood of the Berserker was there, and the civilization which grew up was one of bloodshed and war among its contending peoples.

In this battling and strife the Man Intellectual grew and matured. The Man Spiritual never did. Europe has given birth to no great religious faith. Its development has been almost materialistic. It has gained power: it has gained wealth; its soul has starved. The religions which it has held have been brought to it, but they have not grown. They have dwarfed. Its peoples are now old, and prematurely decadent. The fierce flames of its hates

and its battling have burned Europe out. A world spiritually hungering no longer looks to it for bread. It did once. It received a stone.

But the Orient? Can it live again and take up its old work? It, too, suffered at the hand of the invader. In the Seventh Century, the onrush of the Saracen weakened it. In the Thirteenth Century, the Ottoman of the Mid-Asian uplands over-ran it. In 1453 Constantinople, capital of the Eastern Empire, went down, with Constantine dying amid his soldiers on the battlefield, like Saul at Gilboa. The great Christian cathedral of St. Sophia was changed to a Mohammedan mosque which for ages was closed against its builders. Its doors are opened now to all. Islam has grown tolerant with the ages.

The Orient: Upon its western border and upon the north even back to the heart of Asia, the old-time Orient, birthplace of the religions of man, has been hemmed in by the Slav, another mid-Asian race. But the tie of blood is telling, and he, too, is becoming a factor in the re-birth of that ancient Orient. He, too, looks for that city by the Bosphorus as the future center of his power. It is said that Peter the Great left in his archives a map with a hand upon it, pointing southward to Constantinople. In the carrying out of that policy the Slav has never wavered. The lands of the Orient were old and worn out, but they have had a thousand years of rest. The great plains of Mesopotamia still have the summer floods from the melting snows of the Caucasus, Elburz and Taurus, with their enriching silt, such as made the Gardens of Babylon three thousand years ago.

And the Race Blood? New blood rebuilt for the time the decadent civilizations of the Mediterranean. Fifteen hundred years before Christ, the Dorian invasion in the Greek lands rebuilt the poetic but decadent civilization of Tiryns and Mycenae in the balmy clime of Argolis and in the islands of the summer sea. Thermopylae and Marathon—and Herodotos, and Æschylos and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Sappho—were in the ages yet to be. But they came of that Dorian rebirth of blood.

The literature of Europe has come of the mingling of new bloods. It has been strong, but it ever has in it the swing of the saber and the smell of blood.

Can that old Orient—birthland of the religions of mankind—live again, and again do its work for the soul of man? It has the fresh blood of the Slav and of the Turk, tamed down by the years as the years tamed down the fierce blood of the Goth. It has the blood of Islam from the Great Open of the desert uplands. It has the blood of the Patriarchs from the Plains of Mamre. It has the blood of the men who came down from the Himalayas and the Hindu Kush to write the *Vedas* and the *Avestas*—Brahman, Magian, Buddhist; it has the men of the Koran and the desert; it has the Greek and the Slav of the West—can all these put aside the ages of wrangling over creeds and church lines, and for the sake of humanity in its bewilderment *meet upon a common ground of the righteous life?*

If they can, the bewildered peoples of the earth may at last say in great gladness: "The fullness of God's time has come." Will they do it? May the *Theos* of the Greek, the *Jehovah* of the Jew, the *Allah* of Islam, the *Brahm*, and the *Buddh*, and the *God* of the *Hymns to the Maruts*

—the one common *All-Father* of all races and all faiths—help men to put away the racial narrowness and reach out the hands of fellowship in a common brotherhood! If they can, the soul of the Orient may again live, and it may go out with a message of peace to a blood-stained and creed-torn Western World. Will it do it?

There is, however, a material side to this question of the revival of the old-time Orient. There was an element apart from the spiritual in its decline and fall. It lacked the two great factors which built up Europe—iron and coal. Can it find these?

And the answer is—"Yes." The Volga and the Caspian give the answer. The line which racially separates Europe and Asia is not the Ural Mountains as shown in the atlases, but a line drawn from the great elbow of the Baltic to the head of the Adriatic. East of that line the population is mixed but largely Oriental. Its great rivers, as the Danube, the Don and the Dnieper, drain eastward to the Black Sea, and that sea, like the Caspian, is Oriental. Its racial affiliations are with Asia, not with Europe. The whole spirit of its civilizations is Oriental, not European. Its one great city, the center of its life—Byzantium—is entirely Oriental in type. Even Greece is Oriental. Westward of the line is Europe. Eastward is Asia. The Volga, rising near the Gulf of Finland, with more than 14,000 miles of navigable water, in itself and tributaries, is an Asiatic river, draining into the Caspian, a mid-Asian inland sea 750 miles in length. On the Volga and its tributaries and other inland Asian rivers which drain also to the Caspian and the Black Seas are vast stores of iron and coal. The ancient Orient did not know of these, nor in the wild tribal life of the Ancient World

would they have been available. Now the way is clear, and the cheap water transportation of the Volga system and of the Caspian, will place in the very heart of the Orient the stores of iron and coal which modern civilization demands.

But there is more. The oil wells at Baku, on the shores of the Black Sea, have for years shown the existence in the Orient of vast stores of petroleum. That the petroleum deposits are confined to that one region is not probable. The widespread oil deposits in America, and elsewhere over the world, make it probable that the mid-Asiatic regions may be equally productive. The land simply has not been yet tested. And then the water-power in the mountains of Anatolia, of the Taurus, of the Caucasus, of the Elburz, of Hindu Kush, and of the Himalayas can hardly be estimated. There are millions of horse-power going to waste in the streams of these mountains and in the great rivers to which they give rise. And water power means electric power, with its easy transmission to factories far distant. Europe has no such vast store of reserve power.

Coal, iron, petroleum, water and electric power: these are the foundations of industrial and material prosperity. The Orient has them all. And it has the soil to feed its teeming millions, and cotton to clothe them. Nature has done her part; has done it lavishly. Will the peoples of the Orient do their part, cease quarreling, and unite in the building up of such a future as few regions of the earth can hope for? It is for man to say whether the Orient of the Ancient World—the Orient of the great primeval nations—shall live again.

The great interior water system, with its stores of

mineral wealth, is held by the Slav. He is the future artisan of a re-vivified Orient. That is his future. He, too, is Asian. Once the Slav was traveling westward. He is now re-migrating eastward. The mid-Asia of the future is his. He is slowly but surely taking possession of the lands north of the Hindu Kush. The Caspian and the Aral are his. The religion of Islam is the religion of a large and constantly increasing portion of his people. The remainder, like the people of the Ægean, are affiliated with the Greek Church. *Let a working accord, upon the basis of the righteous life* as laid down by Judaeism, by Jesus of Nazareth, and by the prophet of Islam, and by the great religious teachers of Brahmanism, Buddhism, Magiism, be agreed upon, and mid-Asia is theirs. No human power can prevent it. And again the question: Will they do it? And again the answer: "Yes." The fullness of time is again upon the world. It was said of old, *Ex Oriente Lux!* And again, let the light shine out of the East! Humanity needs it, and the world is waiting. Cross and Crescent may sheathe the saber and the scimitar and go forth side-by-side, with the message of peace on earth, good-will to men. And again it is the fullness of time.

But the Orient which the world needs and which the world craves will not be an Orient Europeanized and materialistic. The world has enough of this in the nations of the West, and its peoples are worn and tired. It is an Orient of an old-time, restful peace that the world craves. Still must it be the land of the caravans and the desert oasis with the springs of water and the palms. I saw this, once, on the Colorado Desert seventy years ago, and heard the cooing of the desert doves. It was in the old Army

life. The restfulness of it all comes to me at night when I cannot sleep. It is so that the Orient must be again to the worn and weary peoples of the West. And still the nomad, and still the flap of the tent in the night-winds. And still the hermit dreamers. And still the deep spiritual insight of the men and the religions of the Indian Plains. The world needs them all in its rebuilding. There are some things in that long, slumbering past which the world can ill afford to lose: the Desert, and the stillness wherein moves the spirit, and the night-winds and the stars—they are God's gift to the soul of Man.

Etiam Domine!

"So when all Israel saw that the king hearkened not unto them, the people answered the king, saying, 'What portion have we in David? neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse: to your tents, O Israel: now see to thine own house, David.' So Israel departed unto their tents."—I. Kings, Chapter xii., 14-16.

Israel had been a great empire of twelve tribes. Ten of those tribes departed to their tents, and never came back. Two tribes, the kingly and sacerdotal, remained. The empire was gone! And the cause of the downfall was not simply misery and want. It was deeper. It was the sting of social and civic inequality.

These words tell the story: "What portion have we in David? Neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse": and back from the turrets of the royal city, and from the temple, they turned to the old tent-life again. They went away, and the kingdom was no more. It lives today only in history, ghost of a mighty past. It was when the people found that the kingdom meant the royalty and the priesthood and the wealth, and that the call of the old tent-life meant freedom and not servitude, that they went back; and the kingdom was no more.

The cry of the people is today sounding over the civilized world. A century and a half ago, it first arose from France. The revolution of 1793, and the guillotine, were their answer. For years and years the cry went up from Russia. The dark cellar where the Romanoff family met their tragic fate, and the Commune, have been the answer of the Slav. The cry went up from Germany. The republic, and royalty in exile, have been the replies of Germany. Garibaldi and Mussolini are the answers Italy has made. Spain is today wading through a sea of blood to find her answer.

And the others? When Kipling wrote the "Recessional" it was the culminating pæan of a world-empire; but through it all ran the ominous undertone of a warning: "Lest we forget." They forgot.

The history of twenty-seven centuries ago is repeating itself. And again it is not so much the misery and the want as it is the sting of social inequality and caste. A young king, even before his coronation, is forced from the throne. His life had been largely in other lands, where the shackles of social inequality and caste did not exist. When succession to the kingship came he announced his intention to take as his wife a woman not to royalty born. It was the one unpardonable sin. It was not the woman, for she was brilliant, as heirs to thrones seldom are. She was simply one of the people. The whole power of royal caste and sacerdotal hierarchy were arrayed against her. And the man, the king that was to be, had a heart that hungered for love and a home.

He was not willing to be mated, simply for breeding purposes, to some unloved woman of royalty. He gave up a throne for a wife; and the hat of every honest man will be lifted to him for the act. He had committed no high crimes nor misdemeanors. He had proven false to no trust. He had been guilty of no oppression. It was simply a tender, loving, human heart that craved love and a home. He might have had these illicitly, as many rulers have done. He did not. He served and suffered; but the hunger was devouring the man. Yet, when he found love and the possibility of a home that should be honest and open, royal caste and state ecclesiasticism forbade, and he quietly went out from the kingship.

The home-loving honest English heart must judge

between. It is judging. Today, in the hearts of the English people, Edward in exile rather than the Duke of York is their King. It is the home and the home-love that made England. It is that which holds up England today. Is that which is right in the people wrong in the ruler? Let the people of England judge.

Did the bell that tolled the legal fiction of the death of an exiled king toll more than that? Was it the death of royalty, and of church ecclesiasticism, that it tolled? And was the joyous peal that rang out immediately after the inaugural peal of a new dynasty for the throne, the dynasty of the people? Did it ring out the old that it might ring in the new? Time, and the home-loving English heart, and the hungry mouths of a mighty empire, will give answer.

And the Dominions? The bell which, in 1776, rang out from the belfry in Independence Hall will yet again ring out the old message. Brothers of the Dominions Overseas, America, born also of the mighty Mother, sends greetings! And the Mother? Her work is not yet done. That work lies with the Peoples around the Basin of the North Sea.

But there is a deeper warning back of it all. It was the triumph of caste. And the hearts of the poor women of royalty, who are held for the fate which he refused! Children may partly take the place; but in the heart of every woman of royalty, thus sacrificed, there is an aching void and a voiceless wailing: "It might have been!" Has not royalty had enough sacrifices made to it? Give to the love-hungry souls a chance.

There is a touching story told of Elizabeth Tudor, the virgin queen of England. She was upon the throne forty-

five years, and never married. It was not, however, a loveless life. She loved one man, but he was not to royalty born. To marry him would probably have endangered her duties as a queen. It was a pure love with no scandal. But the queen triumphed over the woman. She did not marry, but she gave to that man a pledge-ring, saying to him: “If you are ever in trouble, or danger, send that ring to me, and I will see that no harm comes to you.” Years went by and political jealousies led to his impeachment, with the death sentence. He entrusted the ring to a duchess, with instruction to give it to the queen from him. The duchess, from motives which we do not know, withheld the ring, and Queen Elizabeth, stung by his apparent failure to respond, did not intervene and he went to his death.

The duchess on her death-bed in remorse sent for the queen and confessed her treachery. The queen seized the dying woman by the shoulders and shook her, crying out: “God may forgive you, but I never can.” Then the queen went away, back to her royalty, but, refusing all comfort, died of a broken heart. Did the royalty pay? And are there other broken-hearted Elizabeths upon European thrones today?

And Britain herself? It is the supreme hour of testing to her “far-flung Empire.” From the island of Britain, head of the Empire, goes out this fiat to all her dominions: In royalty, in ecclesiasticism, you have no part. These belong solely to the island by the North Sea! It is yours to serve, theirs to rule. It is the warning to South Africa. It is the warning to India. It is the warning to Australia, and New Zealand. It is the warning to

Canada. Not one of them can ever hope to be other than a servitor in the wide Empire.

And in Britain itself, are the masses content? Will they go on in the same old way? This is the question that lies back of the growing Socialism. It is the sting of caste. And this is the one thing that men and nations can never forget.

And the Mother of them all? What is her future? Is it to be as the head and leader of the North Sea Peoples, in the Federation which must be in the new racial alignment of the peoples of Europe? And in this, royalty and ecclesiasticism can have no place or part.

The warning cry that went out to Israel of old, in the hour of their testing, is the cry that rings out over all Europe today. It is the peoples' protest against Royalty, against Ecclesiasticism, against Caste. These belong to the past. They did their work, and did it well, but the world has outgrown them. They are now shackles—not helps. But they die hard. They will battle to hold. This may be expected. But without, in the broad Open lies the future of Man.

“To your tents, O Israel!”

linked with a wild atheism from which the world soon turned, for the dream became a nightmare. It was upon this dream that Marx built his socialism; but the dream failed. It was war, not peace. Twenty years in Russia have dispelled the dream of the commune.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

It was upon this dream of world peace that the League of Nations was founded. Yet, despite the mandates of the League with its fifty national signers, we have had the Japanese wars of conquest with China; repeated wars of Central and South America; the Abyssinian war; the Spanish war; and the nations of the earth arming as never before for the horrors of another great World Conflict.

WHY HAS THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND ITS OFFSPRING, THE VERSAILLES TREATY, DESPITE ITS ENORMOUS BACKING UPON PAPER, SO SIGNALLY FAILED IN THE ATTEMPT TO BRING PEACE TO THE WORLD?

The answer to the foregoing question is to be found in the fact that the League attempted to end war without removing the causes of war. Until these causes are removed, wars will not cease, but must constantly recur.

For two thousand years the battle-cries have never ceased. And the forecastings are for wars yet to come.

The League of Nations was an attempt to stop wars. It virtually said, "The churches have failed. Religion has failed. We will now try what international politics will do." The League of Nations was the plan proposed. A federated world, of which Tennyson wrote in the poem, "In Memoriam."

They said, "A federated world may be able to stop wars." But the League of Nations failed. Still, the wars that all men abhorred went on unchecked. In Asia, in Africa, in Europe, in America, nations armed to the teeth and battling or getting ready for battle. What is the matter? Why has the world seemed powerless to prevent, or even to check, its own undoing?

The idea of a League of Nations—all peoples allied to forbid war, and to bring about the era of peace—was grand. The thought which lay back of President Wilson's efforts was noble! But why did he fail? He seemed to think that to forbid war was enough: that the war-cries would then cease, and that all nations would then live together in amity. He died broken-hearted over the failure.

Why Did the League of Nations Fail? It failed because it ignored the great primary law of Cause and Effect. War is an effect, not a cause. It can only cease when the causation ceases.

What are the causes of War? They may be grouped under two headings. (a) *Food*. Men must eat. Hunger knows no law of Mine and Thine. Hungry peoples will have food. It may mean war to obtain it, often does. But food they will have. We have already seen how the dole and the arena prolonged the rule of the Caesars for many years. (b) *A larger share in the comforts of life*. All peoples may not in this respect share alike, but they must at least have a chance. The slums, whether of a city, or the slums among nations, are the danger-points alike to wealth and to governments. There are peoples upon the earth, whole peoples, who either are, or are becoming,

world slums. They must have a chance. And now the analysis!

There are some things which man cannot produce. One of these is land. Of this the world has so much and no more, and from that land the food must be produced. A man or a nation does not own land. It may be held by force, but no real ownership is there. The only true tenure of land for a man, or for a nation, or for a race, is *use*. "The earth is mine, saith the Lord, and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein." (Psalm XXIV:1.)

And the command to man in the beginning was: "And God blessed them, and God said unto them, 'Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.'" (Gen. I:28.)

There was herein no passing of title to the land itself. The only tenure was that of *use*. Man might claim that which the land produced, for this was the product of his labor, but to the land itself, if he made no productive use of it, he could make no claim. For the purposes of civil life, an extended tenure to the land has been conceded to a man, to a nation; but that claim can not be made permanent to hold the land idle, when others of the world are in need of the food which for lack of land they can not produce.

It is the neglect or the refusal to observe and abide by this tenure of land possession which has led to the great wars of the world. These wars have been almost entirely for land, and have been waged by people who needed the land, people hungering for the food which the land pro-

duces. And it is land and the food which it produces which have lain back of the great racial migrations of the world. Ambitious leaders have sometimes taken advantage of this to carry out schemes of conquest for their own personal glory. But it may be questioned whether any such leader has ever yet succeeded in carrying out his schemes of conquest unless back of him lay the unrest of a hungry people.

The League of Nations had one more weak point, and it was a fatal weakness. It was apparently based upon the idea that the race conditions and the race needs will always continue the same; but some races are old and dying. They come after awhile to no longer need the extended land possessions which they now hold. Other nations are young and multiplying. They outgrow their present possessions. They must have, and they will have, the land which the dying races no longer need.

The League forgot this. Its practical result, by attempting to fix and confirm title to unused lands, was to increase the causes of war, and hence to multiply and add to the number of the wars themselves.

In view of these facts it may be said again that the League, while benevolent in its intentions, was not wise in its practical results.

Is there a possible remedy for all this? Yes. Judæism found it for its own people and in their own race life in the Year of Jubilee. There is room for thought—careful thought—as to the possibilities for a Year of Jubilee that shall be more than racial but, instead, inter-racial and world-wide. Instead of the League of Nations, let there be called an Industrial Conference of all races and all

nations to take stock of the earth and of its possibilities for the support of its peoples, and for an equitable apportioning among them of these possibilities.

This topic will be taken up again in the companion volume to this, *The Rebuilding of a Wrecked World Civilization*.

The pamphlet on "The League of Nations" has been reprinted in full at the close of my volume, *The Three Americas*.

THE ROLL CALL OF THE MIAMI DEAD

Dead! Dead! Dead!
The old Miami dead!
Out of the past they come,
The dead men gathering home.

From field, and hill, and plain,
And beyond the Spanish Main
To the verge of the Seven Seas,
A sound is on the breeze
As they answer to the call
Of the old Miami roll.
Out of the past they come:
There's the sound of the rolling drum;
And the swish of the hissing waves
Where the lone Pacific laves
The roots of the redwood trees:
And from lands beyond the seas:
And they answer, sharp and clear
To the chapel summons, "*Here!*"
"Still count us in the list!
"Let never a name be missed
"From Miami's roll of dead!"

Dead! Dead! Dead!
The old Miami dead!
Hark to the murmured speech
Of long-dead lips! For each
Comes with a rede; and all
Join in a common call:

“We fought our fight to the end,
To the grimmest, bitter end;
And some have won in the fight,
And some have lost; but right
We never betrayed, nor wrong
Ever upheld. The song
Of victory was the meed:
For, win or lose, the deed
Is the doing; and the crown,
The well-earned victor’s crown
Of laurel leaves, for all,
Whether they win or fall,
If only the fight be true.”

“We fought the fight: And you?
Fight better than we fought:
Build better than we built:
And let the swinging lilt
Of the song you sing be clear,
With never a strain of fear,
And never a sign of dread,
Lest shame come to the dead.
Let the old Miami halls,
And the moss-grown college walls,
Stand for the true and right:
And let the dawning light
Of a brighter, better day
Shine down the sloping way
Of that ‘Path to Yesterday’.”

“We fought our fight: And you?
Let yours be leal and true:
And never a blush of shame
To the old Miami name!”
But hark! Within the gate,
In the evening shadows late,
Are ghostly forms; and these
Are stalking amid the trees
Of the quiet college green:
Dim, ghostly forms, half-seen,
Half-hidden in the gloom
Of the night-time closing down.
Hark, with faces bent!
Listen, with ears attent!
For under the campus trees
Are whispered words; and these
In the shadowed college way
Tell of an older day:

“The land you call your own
Was ours in days long gone:
Valley, and hill, and plain,
And the river that bears our name,
The dark beech woods, and all,
Campus, and college hall.
For us it, too, was home:
And now we come and roam
In the shadows of the night
Under the dim moonlight.
We cannot rest in our sleep,
For old-time voices keep
Calling us back; the thrill

Of wildwood winds, the still
Faint rustle of the leaves,
The gurgling stream that weaves
Its winding way in the vale—
The old Miami vale.

“And still we linger on,
Dreaming of days long gone,
Haunting the old-time spot,
Unwilling to be forgot:
We, too, are Miami men,
And ours the name you bear:
And ours the campus where
The moss-grown college walls
Are old, so old; but calls
Of an older, farther past
Are in our ears: for last
Of all our race and blood
We wander within the wood
In the midnight solitude,
And down the shaded way
Of the ‘Path to Yesterday,’
Dreaming of lost days, when
We were the Miami men.

“It was a simple rede,
Scant words, but strong in deed,
Taught in the college halls
Of that old life, that calls
Across the vanished years
Like echoes to the ears:
Our books, the words of the sires:

Our school, the council fires
 Under the campus trees:
 And the souging of the breeze
 In the beech wood boughs, the swell
 Of the organ tones that fell
 On listening ears attent.
 With humble hearts we bent
 Our heads in the chapel hall
 Of columned trees; for all,
 Trees, and the council fires,
 And the wise words of the sires,
 Lands, and the sloping plain,
 And the river that bears our name,
 All in one giving blent,
 Came, to our hearts' content,
 By the Great Spirit sent.

"We fought our fight—and lost!
 We fought our fight. The cost?—
 Graves and the empty place
 Of a half-forgotten race.
 Cold are the council fires.
 And the lonely graves of the sires?—
 The share of the White man's plow
 Has done its work: and now,
 The gleam of a whitened bone
 To tell of a People gone.

"We fought our fight—and lost.
 We paid the bitter cost:
 The death song bravely sang
 When the beech wood coverts rang
 With the war-whoop of the foe.

We fought our fight: and now
In long-lost graves we lie;
But we died as men should die,
And with never a blush of shame
To the old Miami name.
Call us, then, with the roll
In the yearly college hall.
We have met in the spirit land
The men we fought: and hand
Has clasped with foeman's hand.
This only may we tell—
The Spirit spoke. 'Twas well!
And around the council fire,
Foeman, and brave, and sire,
We have smoked the pipe of peace:
The old-time warrings cease:
The old-time hates have fled.
We, too, are Miami's dead!"

But, lo! within the gate,
Dumb, inarticulate,
Are other forms; and these
Beneath the campus trees
Stalk with a ponderous tread,
Grim ghosts of a mightier dead:
Of men unnamed, unknown,
Men of the æons gone

Before the Red man came.
And the lives they lived, and fame
Of battle deeds, are gone,
Lost to the kindly sun,

Lost in the darker night
Before the morning light
That we call Time had come,
Men of an older doom.

"How long ago?" The tale
Of the centuries may fail,
And the years be told as naught,
But still the haunted spot
Where the great earth-mounds uprear
Tells of a farther year,
Tells of an older age,
Tells of an unwrit page
In the passing life of Man.

And the years are but a span,
A finger's breadth, for there
We touch the hither verge
Of the great ice-sheet, the verge
Of mammoth, and polar bear.

And the ghosts of that far kin
Wander the gates within
Of the campus in the night,
Haunting the pale moonlight,
And telling in pantomime
Of that prehistoric time
When river, and hill, and glen
Were theirs, were theirs, for then
They, too, were Miami men.

Dead! Dead! Dead!
The old Miami dead!
Out of the past they come
To the old Miami home:
Come to the yearly roll
In the old Miami hall:
Heirs of a mighty past,
Living in shadows cast
By men of a stalwart breed.
Hark to the simple rede
The dead men have to tell!
Listen, and mark it well!—

“The river is the same,
The rolling hills, the plain,
And the campus trees, the sun,
And night when the day is done,
And the old Miami name:
And all are yours.

And you?
Men of the newer day,
Men of a newer way,
To the old-time trust be true!
Be wiser than we taught!
Fight better than we fought!
And whether you win or lose,
The higher pathway choose!
The doing is the deed:
For this the victor's meed

Of laurel leaves, the crown
That weaker men lay down.
And never a blush of shame
To the old Miami name,
Lest the old Miami dead
Be troubled in their sleep,
Where the swaying willows keep
Lone watch above their bed."

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CIVILIZATIONS AND THEIR
DISEASES
AND
REBUILDING A WRECKED WORLD
CIVILIZATION

PART II

REBUILDING A WRECKED WORLD
CIVILIZATION

•

CIVILIZATIONS AND THEIR
DISEASES

AND

REBUILDING A WRECKED
WORLD CIVILIZATION

By JOSEPH WIDNEY

PART II

REBUILDING A WRECKED WORLD
CIVILIZATION

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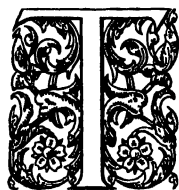
FORE-DAWNING

Cometh a hush upon the night;
Cometh a hush; no blush of light,
 No sound of warning,
No sign to tell the coming day,
No sign of midnight fled away,
 No sign of morning:

And whence the hush?—No man can tell:
Yet on the midnight is the spell
 Of wordless warning.
And the sleeper turns him in his bed,
Turns him, and mumbles in his bed,
 "*Cometh the morning!*"



“AND THE WORLD COULD NOT REST”

HE world is today re-living its religious life of two thousand years ago. Again is come the age of unrest. What that unrest of two thousand years ago was, is told in the following lines from an unpublished drama, *The Wonder of His Coming*:

SCENE: The palace of Herod the King.

The King in his chamber, alone.

“A strange disquiet preys upon my heart,
A sore unrest. My chamber walls weigh down
Upon me like a dungeon, grim and lone.
I cannot breathe; the air from Olivet
Steals through my casement, laden with the sweets
Of sleeping flowers, and the rustling breeze
From far Libanus enters, fresh and cool;
Yet am I stifled, in my chamber here.

Strange! . . . how the tale of that sea-faring man,
Come up to Zion from the seaside port,
Fair Joppa, where his vessel waits awhile
To lade her freight—strange, how the tale he told
Disquiets me. An idle tale, no doubt;
Such as the men who sail upon the seas,
And face the terrors of the unknown deep,
Are wont to gather in their wanderings.
Idle, no doubt! And yet I cannot shake

Its impress from me; nor can I forget
The tone of awe, of solemn awe that thrilled
His rude, seafaring speech.

His words come back
To me again, within my chamber here,
And sound within my ears, and will not cease.
Strange words, and fraught with awe:

‘We sailed, O King,
Far to the setting sun, across the waves
Of the great sea; seeking in gainful trade
The gold, and fragrant woods, of distant lands.
Yet ever found we that strange unrest
Had seized the lands. And men had little thought
Of trade or traffic: but they only asked,
With eager haste, of tidings from the East—
Some glad event—some untold wonder—or
The coming to the earth of some great King.

And once, when sailing on the lonely deep,
Across our course a stranger ship bore down,
And, fearing not lest we might be a band
Of robbers on the sea, they boldly hailed,
And asked us whence we came; and when we said,
“From the Far East, in trade,” they eagerly
Prayed us to tell if aught of note we knew
From lands afar beneath the rising sun—
No strange event?

Their land was full, they said,
Of daily watching toward the morning lands
For wondrous tidings. For a boding hush
Had come upon them, like the sudden calm
That stills the ancient trees before the rush
Of a great wind; and at their king’s command,
By night and day they sailed upon the seas,

Hailing the ships that passed along their coast
From eastern shores, to learn what strange event
Thus weighed upon the days!

And once we sailed
Afar across the sleeping summer sea,
And found two lonely islands, washed by waves
But seldom vexed by course of stranger keel.
As in a dream, we sailed the narrow strait
That lay between, and watched the grassy banks,
Dotted with drooping blossoms, sweet and fair,
That hung low down, ev'n to the water's edge,
And, lying on the sward, the deep-eyed kine.
We saw within the land the wooded hills,
And winding streams, and trees with vines festooned,
And here and there a wreath of curling smoke
Telling of peaceful homes amidst that land.

And then upon the slumbrous air there fell
A sudden sound of shouting; and one came
Running along the bank, and brandishing
His tossing arms on high, and calling out
Across the waves to us:

‘Ho, Mariners!
Whence come ye in your ship across the seas?
And what is there of note ye have to tell?
These waters where ye sail are seldom sought
By wandering ships: we live in peace alone.
The dreamy years have come to us alway
Bringing no care: and men are wont to call
Our home the Happy Isles

But now to us,
We know not why, some strange unrest has come,
And we are troubled much. The purple grapes
Ungathered hang beneath the russet leaves,

Unreaped the barley fields; the fearless birds
Unhindered flock to eat the golden grain,
Now over-ripe. All through the summer days
We sit and watch afar across the seas,
We know not why. And nights we cannot rest
Upon our beds of herbs beneath the trees.

Then when the morning breaks, at early dawn
We climb the hills, and gaze, and gaze away
Across the sleeping waters, till the sun
Lifts from the deep—waiting, we know not what.

Tell us, O Mariners from overseas,
Why do we daily wait in sore unrest?
Is it that some new god has come to earth
Of whom we have not heard?—for then will we
Hasten to build an altar; and to Him
Our fairest fruits will gladly offer up,
And pour thereon the rich, red-blooded wine.
Tell us, O Mariners from overseas!"

SCENE: Corinth, between the seas. A temple at
the foot of Acrocorinthos.

Two Priests, talking in the early morning:

Hermion

“What aileth thee, O Dion? On thy face
There resteth such a shade as comes to them
Who have a dream of evil in the night,
A dream of some sad import. Thou dost look
As one across whose night-wrapped sleep hath swept
A vision of the evil forms whose hate
Haunteth the darkness, scaring mortals with
Bodings of ill. Thy face is sore distraught.”

Dion

“Thou speakest true, O Hermion! The night
To me was filled with wonder, and with fear;
With visions dire. The pleasant morning light,
With cheerful bustle of the busy street,
Can scarce dispel the gloom.

Anear the fane,
Wearied with priestly cares, last night I lay
Seeking repose; but yet my weariness
No slumber knew. Upon my eyes dropped down
The spirit of the night; and peaceful sleep
Came not to give me rest. The midnight air
Was filled with voicings low; the rustling trees
Weird whispers sent afar, and sobbed, and sighed
Upon the winds. It was as though the gods
In strange unrest had left their starry home
On high Olympos, wandering abroad
Filled with disquiet at the coming soon
Of great events.

I left my sleepless couch
Beside the fane; and through the silent streets,
Treading alone, I climbed the pathway where
Acrocorinthos lifts its rugged crest
Above the plain, a giant grim and lone,
Wrinkled with years, that sits, and ever sits,
Watching afar across the lonely land,
Watching afar beyond the sleeping sea.

Near to a rocky verge I sat, and pressed
Against the mosses of the cold, gray stone,
My fevered cheek.

Above, the midnight moon
Hung in the glory of the summer night,
Flooding the land. Silent beneath my feet,
Fair as the vision of a dreamer's dream,
Corinth, the Beautiful, between the seas
Sat like a queen. The gleaming of the night
Wrapped her about, and folded her within
Its soft embrace, as Tyrian drapery
The sensuous form of beauty, slumbering
Upon her couch beneath the summer moon.

I sat and gazed. And then a solemn awe
Fell on the night, and laid a wordless spell
Upon me waiting there. My eyes grew strong,
With some new might, to pierce beyond the seas
And see all lands: Upon my mortal ears
A touch was laid, and they were dull no more,
But heard all things.

I saw in far-off lands
The hands of countless peoples raised in pain,
Praying the heavens; and faces filled with woe
Lifting alway to meet the murky sky
That frowned upon them, and gave back no light.

And then they turned, and on each other gazed,
Amid their tears, with hopeless, heavy eyes,
Weeping alway.

Then was the silent night
Far filled with tearful voicings; and I heard,
As one who hears afar the pulsing sea,
A murmur from all lands. The hush of night
Grew tremulous, as once across the deep,
Long years ago, when I had climbed the crest
Of tree-crowned Ida, to me came the thrill
And quiver of the lowly rustling leaves.
Ceaseless the crying rose from all the lands,
But I could tell no speech; it only seemed
The wordless moaning of some hopeless woe,
Some mighty sorrow that was on the lands,
And stilled not with the dying, for I heard
Within their graves the dead unceasing cry,
Weeping as those who weep, and ever weep,
Without a hope.

And then my ears were freed
From mortal weakness; and I knew the cry,
Coming alway whence rose uplifted hands,
Coming from they who wept within the grave:

*'Pleading, pleading, pleading in pain!
Pleading for rest amid our pain:
Pleading for hope:*

*We plead in vain;
Hopeless, the weary years!*

*We lift our hands in ceaseless wail,
Crying the skies with faces pale
And full of woe:*

*The cruel veil
Lifts not. In vain our tears!*

Earth has no light: the way is dark.

We ask the skies: we whisper, Hark!

Waiting a voice:

The gloom so dark

Rifts not, to still our fears.

Pleading, pleading, pleading in pain!

We plead for rest: O, rest from pain!

We plead a hope:

Ah, plead in vain:

No hope makes sweet the years.'

Against the mossy rock, with bitter tears
Staining my cheeks, I leaned my pallid face,
And prayed the gods to hear the woeful cry
That grieved the lands; the cry of agony
Rising from nations in the deadly throes
Of mortal pain; the cry of human hearts
Pleading for light: pleading, alas, in vain.

Yet was my prayer unanswered, for the gods
Gave no reply.

And still the mighty cry
From all the lands went up, and would not hush
Its agony—pleading, pleading alway.

And then, methought, away across the seas,
In Syrian land, a star of hope arose
Anear the sacred city of the Jews:
A star of hope to earth.

And when I turned,
To hear again the cry of lands in pain,
A murmur as of gladness rose instead:
A murmur that became a joyous song
Ringing across the seas, and through all time
Swelling and growing to a gladsome shout.
Earth knew a hope again!

And then, the spell
Was lifted from me; and I only saw
Beneath my feet again, atween the seas,
Corinth, the Beautiful, and in the East,
Across the waters of the restless deep,
The coming dawn, with gleam of glancing light
Kissing the billows that in ceaseless swell
Tossed far below, a fiery sea of flame.

Tell me, O Hermion, hast thou not heard
The old tradition, born amid the times
That were long years before the Roman laid
His ruthless hand upon fair Corinth here,
Tale of the ancient days, that destiny,
A stern-lawed fate, did over-rule the gods,
Making them subject?—and to earth not yet
Had come the last; but after them should be
One mightier than they; and they should die,
Even as mortals do?

It may have been
Only a vision of the lonely night,
A fevered dream, the trance that came to me
Sitting among the mossy, ancient rocks;
And yet it seemed so true.

And then, methought,
Climbing adown the steep, that I could hear,
As one but half-awakened from his dream,
A murmur of sad voices from the fanes,
Like to the winds, or like the voice of gods,
Crying upon the early morning air
This sad refrain: ‘Let us depart! depart!’ ”

SCENE: The "Wise Men," journeying from the East, seeking Him Who is to be born a hope to the world.

They come to the Judæan land, asking:

"Weary with journeying afar, and sore,
And tired of foot are we; our faces tanned
With the fierce sun of the long, desert days:
The hair upon our heads, and our long beards,
Parched like the crackling flax of autumn fields,
By that hot breath which comes up from the sand.
Our eyes are worn with sleeping in the night
Facing the moon; our garments, rent and old.

From the Far East we come,—that hoary land
Where ever floweth, by the cities old,
The ancient river, with its sacred flood
Seeking the sea.

O, full of weariness
The land has grown: the ceaseless ages press
Upon it, as the burden of the years
Weighs down on him who sadly draws anear
The end of life. O, worn the land, and old,
And full of pain; as one who longs to rest
His hands upon his breast, and lie asleep
Under the palms, in sleep that never wakes.
Yea, even the gods are filled with heaviness,
And, silent, from their fanes make no reply
To all the prayers by mortals offered up.
Then from their fruitless prayers, with hopeless eye,
Back to their weary toil the people turn,
Asking each other,

'Wherefore do we pray?
Our gods are old; they can no longer hear
Our stricken cry. We toil without a hope.

We live, and die—and go we know not where.
May be the end of all things draweth near.’

Then came upon the land an omen strange:
A wild-eyed hermit with a warning shout
Leaving his cave amid the lonely rocks
Where, with the prowling jackals, he had dwelt
Until they looked upon him as akin,
From the brown hills throughout the autumn days
Called to the winds alway this doleful cry:

‘Old, very old, groweth the earth; and plain
The wrinkles on the hills. The voice of pain
Crieth from all the lands. The solemn breeze
Beareth afar the burden of the seas.

The mountains totter as a feeble man,
Aged and weak. The bounding streams that ran
Down to the plains in strength, are shrunk and thin,
The trees are dry and sere the land within.

Sore are the days—O, sore and full of pain!
Year unto year in sorrow doth complain.
The ancient stars with lagging motion trace
Their nearing paths: Age cometh on apace.

Old, very old, groweth the earth; and plain
The wrinkles on the hills. The voice of pain
Crieth from all the lands. The solemn breeze
Beareth afar the burden of the seas.’

And then a tender hope came to the land;
Came to the land, but whence we cannot tell,
Came, as a strain of far-off, gentle song
From summer skies, the warbling of a bird
Floating on high, that yet is all unseen.
Or, came this joy of hope unto the land

As comes upon the night-wrapped, sleeping earth
 A boding hush, that tells amid the dark,
 No man knows how, the nearing of the dawn:
 So came this new-born hope unto our land.

Then each unto his fellow turned, and asked,
 Wherefore this hope new born unto the land?
 And yet no answers found; for no man knew.
 But all men daily turned their waiting eyes,
 Gazing, with untold yearning, toward the hills
 That border on the far-off Syrian sea.
 And daily grew the hope; and daily fell
 Upon all hearts this boding, strange unrest.

Then could we bide no longer in our homes;
 But, leaving all, we set upon our quest
 After this new-born hope.

And as we came,
 Along the way we met yet other men,
 Wandering from lands beyond the rising sun,
 Where flow the mighty rivers ever on
 Eastward to seek the shoreless, unknown sea.
 With anxious haste they prayed us eagerly:
*Tell us, O, where is He, the Star of Hope,
 That cometh to the earth amid its pain?*

And we, O, dwellers of the Syrian land,
 Out of our pain we echo still their cry:
 Tell us, we pray you, where, O, where is He?
 This Star of Hope? Out of our bitter pain
 We pleading cry, Tell us, O, where is He?"

* * * * *



THE COMING OF THE AVATAR

THERE are times when the world stands helpless—and waits. For what?—It does not know. It only knows that it has reached the end of its resources, and is helpless. This is especially true of the soul of man. Like Manfred, it stands appalled at the powers it has evoked: yet not as Manfred, self-sufficient, and defiant: instead, helplessly waiting, expectantly waiting. It is marked by the dying out of faith. It means that humanity is no longer content with the light that it has, and the soul cries out in the weariness of its waiting. It is the fullness of God's time for one more uplift in the spiritual evolution of man. It is again time for the coming of the Avatar.

Who and what is the Avatar?

There is a myth of the Far East, that, in the passing of the ages, to man in his extremity there comes, out of the dim Unknown, One with a message. In the myth He is called "The Avatar," "The One Who Comes." It is One with a message to man.

It may be, Divinity incarnate. It may be, One from the Unknown, with message to man. It may be, Humanity inspired with the Divine afflatus. But with all, the central thought is—a further light in the evolution of the spiritual life of man. And the myth goes back of the borning days of Buddhism in the Sixth Century B. C.

Ages ago—how many we do not know, for the count is by millenniaums—to the low, miasmatic plains of India,

with their mixed Negroid-Mongol population, and their idol and fetish worship, there came the breath of a higher spiritual life. It was as the crisp breath of the mountains to the fevered jungles of the Land of the Five Rivers. It came with the Aryan overflow southward from the steadily desiccating plateau of Mid-Asia. They brought their upland faith with them. It was a faith of the pastoral and semi-agricultural life of the Great Open. Its folk-songs tell of the flocks, the herds, the waving grain, the hay-fields, the red apples.

We read between the lines to a strong, clean race life, a life of homes, of parental care and affection, of filial love, of right doing, of right living, of a soul life growing and keeping pace with the growth of the Man Intellectual. It had not reached much beyond this. The beyond was still a mist: but it was groping, and the eager hands were reaching upward. The cry of one hungry soul has come down to us. It is worthy of a place side by side with Isaiah's vision, or the Psalms of David! We are harking to the soul-cry of man in his spiritual infancy. With bowed heads we may join in the simple worship of that hungry soul that cries to us from across the ages:

"TO THE UNKNOWN GOD"

"Who is the God to Whom we shall offer sacrifice?—

"He Who gives breath: He Who gives strength: Whose shadow is immortality. He Who through His might became the One Monarch of the world: Who governs man and beast: He through Whose might are the mountains and the sea: He by Whom the heavens and the earth were made:

"May He not suffer harm to come upon us: He Who created the earth: He, the Righteous, Who begat the Heavens."

It was this that the Aryan folk brought to the lower spiritual life of the India plains.

The Avatar had come!

But this was not the end. To that older and purer Brahmanistic faith came an era of compromising and of incorporating from the lower types about it. The One God of that Vedic hymn became the Three Gods of later Brahmanism. Brahm, Vishnu, Siva formed the Trinity Godhead of the Hindu faith ages before Greek philosophy and Western Polytheism had made a trinity, at the Council of Nicaea (Nikaia), from the One God proclaimed from Sinai and as taught by Jesus.

Yet, the work of the Avatar was not lost. Out of it all, India had been lifted to a higher spiritual plane: and never went back.

The Avatar had not come in vain!

From the same Aryan stock the Avatar came to the peoples of the primitive Euphratean plain. His name, as it comes to us through the Zend-Avesta, was Zarathustra, better known as Zoroaster; the time, not less than fifteen centuries before the Christian Era. He came as a reformer of the Ancient Magian faith. He seems to have made no claim to be more than humanity with a Divine message. His field was the civilization of the great Euphratean plain. He, too, came with the message of the One God, Ormuzd, the God of purity and light Whose work in the uplift of man's soul is ever periled by the malign power of Ahriman, prince of evil and of darkness. Theologically, it is a close antetype of the teachings of Jehovah and the Adversary, as given forth later at Sinai. How much may have passed as an incorporation, from the one faith to the other, no man can say. In both,

it is the battle of Light and Darkness for a human soul. To the primitive Magian faith, Zoroaster brought uplift and reform. His spirit still lives in that Nearer East, and will live: for again the soul of man was lifted to a higher plane. The Avatar had come.

Yet, like the twin faith of the Indus and the Ganges, again the lower types of religious belief about it led to corruption and decadence.

And now we come to a strange historical fact. The doctrine of reincarnation has always been a belief of the Far East. It is seen markedly in Buddhism. The Avatar was to come again to man's needs in his periods of stress. They were looking expectantly for his return. It was the Magi of that older faith that came as the Wise Men to Bethlehem in search of the reincarnated Avatar.

Zarathustra had come as the Reform Avatar to the decadent Magian faith. So, to the decadent Brahmanistic faith came the Avatar in the hour of its need. Men called him Gautama. Son of a King, born to the purple, he feels the Divine impulse within and turns from all to take up the wandering life of a reformer and a teacher of righteousness. Into the tangled mess of Brahmanic speculations, Gautama brought a Life.

Right Thinking—Right Living—Right Doing. It was religion taken out of theological abstractions and made real. To what extent his teachings influenced the Life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth could only be told if we knew the history of the ten unrecorded years preceding the beginning of His public ministry. In the six centuries which lie between the life and teachings of Gautama and the public ministry of Jesus of Nazareth, the doctrines of Buddhism had permeated and leavened

the whole East. We know the teachings bear a remarkable similarity. And with both, it was a Life rather than the theses of a creed.

But before all this, the Avatar had come to the Semitic Israelites of the Syrian lands: and this time it was not the incarnation of Deity: neither was it One of unknown personality coming as bearer of a message from the Beyond. It was humanity with the Divine afflatus upon him. The man, Moses, like the man, Abraham, made no claim to more than this. The staging of the scene is at Sinai. The old, simple faith of Abraham, the faith of the Desert, and of the tent-life, and the Open, with its family life and its rude altar of stone, had been debased by five generations of servitude in the land of Egypt. Even the name of the old-time God of the pastoral days had become strange to them. To this people, the Avatar came; and the old, purer faith of the forefathers was brought back; yet tarnished and deformed by the alien ceremonials of the Nile. It was, possibly, all they were fitted for: but they were brought at least partly back to the higher plane. But in it all, one fact stands clear—the One God of the Desert and of the Open was again the God they knew. With his message delivered, the Avatar passed: His tomb known only of God. And again the ages went by.

Yet Israel never entirely recovered from Egypt. The spiritual wandering had been too deep: and a people was only in the making. Prophets and teachers came and passed; some honored, some persecuted, some put to death: but the Old never came back. Yet the soul of Israel only waits. And profane history shows that other peoples were waiting—for what? For the coming again of the Avatar. And He came. Not as Gautama, born to

the purple: son only of a village carpenter, but with a Message from the Beyond. Who was He? What was He? The world never has known. His own Words were ambiguous as to His personality. Some have called Him God incarnated. Some have called Him an Unknown Messenger from an Unknown Beyond. Some have called Him humanity filled with a Divine message. But while the personality might be a matter of doubt, the Message was not. It was the One God of the Desert Peoples. The old-time, simple, God-fearing life. And it was, also, the Right Thinking, the Right Living, the Right Doing, of Gautama.

God does not change. Why should His Message change? Jesus fared with the prophets of old. His death was the seal to His life-work.

Yet the work of Jesus of Nazareth has shared in the fate of the Avatars who came before Him: and from like causes. To the One God that He reiterated, the Church Council of Nikaia, three centuries later, by vote added a second personality and, seventy years later, a third; thus repeating the Brahmanic history of three millenniums before. Yet the sweetness and the saneness of His teachings, as to the life of man, have gone beyond His own land, and have influenced a world.

Once again the Avatar came. In the ever-recurring influx of alien refugees from the warring nations about them, the simple faith of the Desert Peoples of the Great Arabian Plateau, birthplace and homeland of Monotheism, had become contaminated and debased. It still lingered among the Wahabees of the uplands, those stern Puritans of Islam, and among the Hanifs of the Hedjaz. Son of a village family, poor, unknown, he began the

work of reform and of uplift among the desert peoples. He made no claim to Divinity, no claim to celestial origin. "I am only a man, a prophet of God, coming with a Divine message." Of plain, simple, upright life, yet persecuted and outlawed, he kept on, teaching, preaching, living the righteous life. Idolatry disappeared. The old faith of the Open came back, and for fifteen centuries millions have been lifted to a higher plane by his teachings. The Avatar had come again to the earth; and they have never gone back.

Is this the end? Or is it only the fullness of time for the coming again of the Avatar to the struggling peoples of the earth? And what will the Message be?

What is to be the next great spiritual uplift of man? Will it be along the line of the intimate and interdependent relationship of the Man Intellectual, the Man Spiritual, and the Man Physical? And in view of this intimate relationship is the old Latin formula, "Mens sana in corpore sano" to have an additional phase, "Spiritus sanus in corpore sano"?

That there exists such an intimate relationship, is a fact not to be questioned. It has been well said that the explanation of the gloomy theology of Jonathan Edwards is to be found in the New England dyspepsia. I knew a minister of widely known piety and sweetness of disposition who, during a season of ill-health, said to his daughter reprovingly: "How can you smile and be happy?" The saint in a sick body becomes the saint with a sick soul: and the child with an ill-nourished body becomes the man with a morbid, ill-balanced soul. In this thought food and sanitation become active agencies in the spiritual evolution of a soul.

But how shall a healthful food supply, and proper sanitation, be made the birthright of all races and of all men? And at this point we find spiritual and economic laws interlocking and overlapping. While the overcrowded tenements of the great cities, and densely teeming populations of the land-pinched nations and races, are dwarfing and warping their peoples physically, intellectually, and spiritually through insufficient food or innutritious food supply, and through the defective sanitation of over-crowding, about them are other peoples, and other lands, where these are in excess, and unused. There is failure in proper, equitable division or distribution.

It may be urged that this evil should be met by interchange of manufactured products and trade: yet the history of ages shows that in the end these do not suffice: but that the over-crowded, ill-fed, badly housed peoples decay physically, intellectually, spiritually. And there the world stands today. Landed and landless!—Riches and poverty!—Surfeit and hunger!

What is the cause of the evil? It lies in a failure in equitable distribution. There is plenty for all; but some have too much, some not enough. Can the evil be met? It has to be met, and settled: or the Man Physical, the Man Intellectual, the Man Spiritual, must stop short in his upward progress.

How can it be met?—

I. By an equitable and periodic redistribution of the lands of the earth, racially, nationally, individually. For land means food, and room for sanitary living. Let the tenure of land-holding be productive use of the land.

This is the surest way to end warfare; for all great wars are wars for land. Why?—Because land means food.

Until this question of racial and national land possession is settled upon some more equitable basis, no League of Nations, no Treaty of Paris, can stop wars. Hungry races and hungry nations will be stopped by no borderlines. They will sign Leagues and Treaties—and then fight. The fatal defect in the Leagues and Treaties that followed the World War was a failure to recognize and provide for these basic principles of national and race life. They forgot that some peoples are growing, others are dying. That some have more than they can use: others, less than they need. In an ever-changing world, they assume that time would bring no further change. These questions will have to be met; or the World War will have to be fought over again—and this time to a finish.

This much for the Man Physical.

II. And the Man Intellectual? The well-fed brain and the comfortably-housed body will take care for his future.

But the Man Spiritual? Wherever over the broad earth man is found he does not need to be told there is a God. He has already found Him. I may think I know more about God than he does. Let us compare our views and see. Maybe he has found things in the Divine nature that I did not know. The best missionary work will be done when men cease trying to proselytize from one form of religious belief to another, and are content to compare, and to uplift.

Is this a fair forecasting of the next great uplift of man?—

A saner, healthier world for the Man Physical.

A resultant healthier, saner brain for the Man Intellectual.

A clearer vision for the Man Spiritual.

As a result of all:

The Oneness of the God of all races by whatever name they may know Him.

The oneness of all religions of mankind—only the one faith in its different and successive stages of development.

The spiritual oneness of all humanity.

Above and over all—

THE ONE GOD

* * * * *

This was the unrest of the world two thousand years ago, as I have shown; and we know that it has come again.

Does it again mean that it is the fullness of time for the coming of the Avatar?

Not all religions are evincing that unrest to the same extent. Some are still sleeping: but they stir in their sleep, as one dreaming strange dreams.

The most startling of the changes in the religious world are to be found in Christianity. For nearly two thousand years it has been the dominant faith of the Western peoples. Today, the Slav, with his one hundred and twenty millions, has repudiated all religions and stands, as a people, professedly without a God. The great Teutonic midland of Europe, with sixty millions, is now, after a thousand years of Christian dominance, in the midst of a struggle to revive the ancient Teutonic faith of their pre-Christian ancestors.

The faith of Rome, after two thousand years of ecclesiastical dominance, is face-to-face with its second great revolt. The North Sea Peoples and their religious children of the Western Hemisphere are spiritually torn and rent by the dissensions and wrangling of almost numberless sects. Thus far Christianity and its work.

Japan, with its sixty-five to seventy millions, is groping for a new faith.

And India—great, slumbrous India—is beginning to stir uneasily in its sleep. The high-caste Brahman, the man who gave to India her highest type of spiritual thought, and whose system of race-caste has kept alive that thought among the peoples of the Far East, is threatened with the overthrow of the system of caste, which for ages has been the guardian of the deeper thought of India. The teachings of Gautama are no longer heard in the land of his birth; they are heard elsewhere, but in foreign lands and among alien peoples.

The teachings of Zoroaster, product of the *Avestas*, have been slowly dying out with the dying life of the great Euphratean plain. They survive, however, in Christianity, which owes much of its spiritual structure to the teachings of Zoroaster.

The faith of the desert peoples of the great arid, upland plateau of Arabia still survives in Islam and Judaeism. The one great, central thought of both has been, from the beginning, the unchanging unity of the One God. They are its guardians still. Yet both have changed in the forms of their religious life. Judaeism has sloughed off the alien African faith in a vicarious blood-atonement for sin, with its expression in the altars of the temple sacrifices. This ceased nineteen centuries ago,

with the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem by Titus. It has never been revived, and has by Judaism been relegated to the list of outgrown religious beliefs.

This belief in the vicarious efficiency of a blood-atonement for sin never came to that older Islam of the desert peoples. To them came, however, the many ceremonials and the fanaticism of Mohammedanism. These, the strong hand of Mustapha Kemal Pasha is now sweeping aside. The Islam of the desert peoples is awakening from the spiritual coma brought in by the Ottoman Turk.

What is the meaning of it all? It means that the Man Spiritual is waking up. Short-sighted men, especially within ecclesiastical lines, speak of the present as an age of the decadence of faith. Is it? *Is it not rather that again the Man Spiritual is waking up and preparing to throw off the accumulation of religious impedimenta now weighting him down?* Is it not that the Man Spiritual is striving again to stand side-by-side with the Man Intellectual in the growth which the ages should bring to both? Does it not mean *life*, rather than *death*? And all this is not new. It has been before. The spiritual history of mankind is a recurring history of the Man Spiritual, ever crippled and hampered by the mere forms of his religion, and hobbled by his out-grown creeds, periodically casting them off, that he may again keep pace with the Man Intellectual in the upward climbing to new heights.

The world of today is not, as often mistakenly assumed by so-called fundamentalists, a world of skepticism, nor a world of infidelity. It is, on the contrary, a world hungering and thirsting for spiritual light. It is a world shaking off the shackles of medievalism. The struggle for spiritual

light is only part of a far-broader struggle for light in every phase of man's mentality. It all means growth, not dwarfage. Out of it all and through it all, man is steadily climbing upward. It is a part only—one phase of—the great Law of Universal Growth. And man's struggle for this freedom is not dishonoring God: it is honoring Him. It is man's struggle to become more Godlike.

A Forecasting of the Future: "Evolution," that much-used, possibly much-abused, certainly much-slandered word, connotes varied things to various minds: but man moves—and upward. I have a friend—an old-time and valued friend—who comes to me at times, telling me that the Devil is back of all this. To him it means the destruction of all things. To me it does not seem so. I seem to discern, in it all—the unrest, the questionings, the stirrings of the peoples—the strivings against barriers set up long ago—not a malignant hand of a Satan who, as a rival God, has power to thwart and defeat the Divine Will. Rather do I see the Hand of an Omniscient, Omnipotent Being, Who is slowly directing and leading the soul of man to higher levels: and that it is all a part of the great Law of Growth which we ever find elsewhere in His works. And it all means pain to humanity. Yes! But pain means life! It is the dying that have no pain.

Moral Law and Growth: Elsewhere I show a common ground upon which all faiths can meet, under the Laws which are. Now I would add: Let the thought of Moral Law in the Universe, as its normal condition, be established, and that all created beings must live their lives and fix their destinies under the working of that Law, and the logical necessity for the existence of an

opposing power of evil in the form of Ahriman or of Satan ceases to be. Under the working of this Law, and these conditions, man becomes the freewill arbiter of his own future. He may choose to do what is right—the reward is before him. He may choose to do evil—he brings the punishment upon himself.

And Judgment Day? He is daily judging himself. There is no need of another. He himself fixes, under that Law, his own award. This view removes at once from our theologies a God powerless to prevent the thwarting of His benevolent Plans by an opposing and hostile power of evil. This view throws upon man himself the responsibility for success or failure. And it takes away all need and all excuse for an intermediary. Under the working of this Law, each soul must face God for itself, and alone. The doctrine of an intermediary between God and the individual soul has weakened the whole framework of ecclesiastical theology and it has cheapened the whole plan of salvation. This problem has been the weak point in both Zoroastrianism and in its partial after-growth, Christianity.

For its significance, I offer this reference to a memorable incident:

Some years ago, in a revival service in a large church, a woman was kneeling at the altar in sore spiritual distress. As I knelt by her side, trying to help her, she said to me: "I want you to settle this question for me. Tell me what I am to do to find peace." She meant: "You are a minister. Face God for me." I said to her: "Sister, I have gone as far as I can go. I have told you the Law. I can do no more. I am now going away from you, and I am going to tell the others to keep away from you. If you

would find forgiveness and peace, you must face God alone, and for yourself." She faced God and found peace; but she said to me afterward: "It was the awfullest moment of my life when I realized that no one—friend, minister, or priest, or power angelic or semi-Divine—could act as intermediary, and that I must stand alone before God." She had learned the value and the cost of salvation. And it is not cheap. And we must pay the price.

And more! It seems to me that I see in the present conditions the dropping away of the old lines of religious hate and division; that we are learning at last to recognize the Divinity which exists in all and each of the many faiths of humanity; that men of all faiths are growing ready to extend the hand of brotherhood to men of all other faiths, and with this the ending of the old ostracism, the old persecutions, the old bitterness and enmities.

Is this the great RELIGION of HUMANITY?

I have given the message.

Etiam Domine!

HE SAW

Oculos Suos ad Astra Levabit

He saw the shadows of the things to be,
Vague, unfleshed outlines of strange, wordless forms;
And things unknown, unthought, intangible,
Which other men saw not, nor even dreamed.

Nor did he deem unreal; they to him
Were true and sane; nor did he question aught;
But daily walked the earth with eyes and ears
Open to all that came from out the space
Which men call void, but which to him was filled
With living forms, and voices fraught with truth.

Yet when he told, and when he sang his song,
A song which to the world seemed out of tune
And sadly full of discord with its ways,
The men of his own times, with knowing shake
Of head turned sideways, smiled and said: "Distraught."

But other men looked backward from the years
Which draw aside the veil, nor longer laughed:
They read the scroll aright, and turned and said,
"It was the world that saw not—they were blind.
And he? . . . He was a Seer."



WORLD PROBLEMS

EMERGING FROM THE WRECKAGE OF THIS CIVILIZATION

N the preceding and companion volume I have told of the diseases and death of civilizations of which the earth is one huge graveyard of remains; but ever the question comes up of recrudescence, of rebuilding—taking stock for a fresh start of mankind upon the earth. It is such work as this—work of rebuilding—work of clearing away debris—work of tearing aside hampering barriers which are offensive to human intelligence and impediments to human progress, that rests upon the world of today.

And the problem is not the same for all, for men and races differ in their needs and in their views of life, and as to how wars may be put aside and the peoples of the earth dwell in peace with each other. There is one problem for Asia; another for Europe with its annex, the continent of Africa; another for the Americas.

The Asiatic Problem and its Future. Draw a line, as I have frequently said before, from the head of the Adriatic to the great elbow-bend of the Baltic. It roughly describes the dividing-line of the river systems. Eastward of that line, the flow is to the Great Asiatic Basin. Westward, the flow is to the Atlantic. And it is more. It is

the true, racial dividing-line between the Old World and the New. Westward is the Atlantic and America. Eastward is the Asia of the Old classical World. Europe has ceased to be. It is not. And words are now reversed in their meaning. It is Asia that is the New World. Geologically, it is recent. Its great range of mountains—the Himalayas, the very backbone of Asia—is of recent geological formation. Highest of all ranges in the world, it is still rising. The changes which that upheaval has brought about climatically, racially, and in influencing great race migrations, are matters even within the range of historic record: and of all regions of the earth, it is the one most marked in its physiographic unrest. And yet, it is the one region of the earth wherein we have the best-preserved record of man's earlier civilizations. The semi-arid climate may partly explain this. The ruins of man's structures there remain, age after age, unharmed by moisture. They dry up. They do not decay. And the constant changes of elevation of the plateaus and the mountain ranges explain the racial unrest of its peoples. This physiographic condition bids fair to abide. The geologic cataclysms which have given to it its great earth fissures, as the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus; and of the Nile, the Adriatic, the Caspian and the Dead Sea, are there to abide. Racially, its problems are comparatively simple. The Slav, the Mongol and the Arab are there to abide. Its religions are simple. Practically, there are only two: the Graeco-Moslem, Faith of the West; and the nondescript moralities of the Mongol are the other. Let the Greek Church and the Mohammedan Church agree upon a common working basis, and the Great Interior Basin of the West is prac-

tically *one*. The Mongol of the Upland Plateau and of the Pacific Coast quarrels with nobody over his faith. His laconic reply in religious matters is: "You likee him—velly good!" The Asiatic quarrels over religions are a thing of the past.

And the great seething plain of India, with its two hundred and fifty millions of an undigested population: it has been for ages the puzzle of the East. It is the puzzle today. That it will much longer remain vassal to Europe is not probable. The army of Alexander stopped at the banks of the Indus and refused to obey his orders to go on. They shrank back from that impenetrable mass. The armies of England, also, will some day shrink back. But India will still go on, and it will still be tied by caste, starving, helpless, introspective in its thinking, profound in its philosophy of the soul-life, supplying to the spiritual life of the world much that is of value; but, in its conclusions, getting nowhere. Fortunately, for the world's peace, it is not aggressive.

The poetry of that Asiatic life and the romance lie about the Great Arabian Plateau and the shores of the Persian Gulf. It is still, and will remain, the land of the Arabian Nights and of Sinai; and the old, Patriarchal tent-life and the life in the Open under the stars; and the kiss of the Desert midnight breeze; and man reaching up to God with no hand between.

The spiritual life of the world cannot afford to lose these, and it will not lose them. They are there to abide.

The industrial life will still be simple. The automobile and the railroad will not supplant the caravan. The glare of the moving-pictures and the vulgar clash of the radio will die away before the sunset of the evening and

the whisper of the Desert winds. Worn and weary men of the West will leave the vulgar display of their own civilization and find rest over there. God gave to man two great blessings: work and the Desert. Some day we may appreciate them better than we do now. Allah, Buddh, Jehovah, God of the Desert, we thank Thee!

Problems Which Europe has to Face in the Rebuilding of a Wrecked Civilization. Like Asia, Europe has already settled many of the rebuilding problems which America has yet to face. The civilizations of both Asia and Europe have fallen heir to the practical results of ages of racial, religious and civic experimentation. Their civilizations are old and their diversified populations are segregated. The American civilizations, on the contrary, and especially in North America, are still new. They are still in the *mixing* era of a diversified immigration and are still, especially in United States, the melting crucible of a diversified immigration. The one common language which has superseded all others is hastening the process of assimilation and unification; but its peoples are still undergoing the mixing process. American civilization has yet to find itself. This will be done; but it takes time. Europe has passed through all that. Its problems in rebuilding are few and simple; but they are vast and of far-reaching importance. Its religions no longer clash, but only vent their differences in petty, local jealousies. Its industrial systems are settled upon a fair working basis. Class jealousies are largely of the past. Its legal systems work with the smoothness of somewhat worn, but well-oiled, machinery. Its educational systems work upon the basis that their first and primary result is to be a capacity

for self-support on the part of the graduate. The relative positions of husband and wife in the married life and of the sexes before marriage are rather firmly fixed by custom. The woman is not a man and the man is not a woman. It is the husband's place to face the battle of life, to protect the home and earn a support for that home. It is the woman's place to make that home, to care for the wages which he has earned and to make that home the strength and the central thought of the man's life. The German woman, who comes to America with that thought and that purpose in her life, has little difficulty in finding an American husband who wants a helpmeet and a home.

In Europe the land question has reached a comparatively sane settlement. The ownership of land is more widely distributed in Europe than in America. Even in America, with its widespread domain of unsettled lands, the population has already become urban, rather than rural. The majority of the population already dwell in cities rather than in the country. Why this has become so, will be discussed further on in a consideration of problems which must be faced by America. It is enough here to say that Europe has found its solution in the village life, while America is in the stage of the extinct civilizations of Asia and is still building and boasting of its great cities. It is like the sick man boasting of his own cancer.

What, then, are the Problems which still face Europe?
They are these:

(a) How to get rid of the composite nations, made up of different races, which for centuries have mingled but which never have mixed, and racially never will mix. Nations like Austria, having a heterogeneous population

of unlike racial elements, are a perpetual menace to the peace of the world. Austria was made up racially of seventeen different peoples, each speaking its own language. Nations which are to live and which are not to be a menace to the peace of the world, must have racial lines for their boundaries. The failure to recognize this fact was one of the rocks that wrecked the League of Nations.

(b) Dying Nations. Some nations are dying. Why? This subject is discussed elsewhere in this book. Dying nations, as the years go by, need less and less land. Other nations are young and growing, and need more land and more food for the hungry mouths that are multiplying. And hungry men will not wait. In this, Germany was right, in the World War. And in this, Italy is right in the Abyssinian War. Both want food, and must have it or die. This is another rock upon which the League of Nations found wreckage. President Wilson had not thought it out. The League assumed that—like the marvelous story about the battlefield of Gideon where the sun at the command of a man stood still for a day in order that two petty Syrian tribes might have time to finish their battle—the world would stand still because of need of nations. But the world does not so stand still. And still the battle is on.

Europe is over-populated and hungry. It must expand or die. Where and how that expansion must take place is told in the section to follow, "The Latin Sea and its Peoples."

IV

THE LATIN SEA AND ITS PEOPLES

FOR THREE thousand years the historic life of the world has been lived about the shores of the Mediterranean. Before that time, it was lived elsewhere—upon the great plains of the earth. And yet, upon only a portion of those plains: and the question arises—Why? The answer is found in the silt of their great rivers. Silt means productivity. Where the silt went, in the annual overflows, marked the line of that renewed productivity. Within that line the lands did not wear out; beyond that line, they did. It is again the working of that great law of life and food, and of life because of food. The story of the long-continued and still-continuing life of the Mongol civilizations is told in the silt of the Yangtse and the Hoang-ho rivers, whose annual overflows bring disaster; but with it they bring life and race-perpetuity.

A similar tale is told for the great Indian civilizations by the Brahmaputra, the Ganges and the Indus. The waste of the mighty ranges of the interior of Asia has made possible continued race life on its sea-coast plains. And again, a similar tale is told for the long race life of the peoples of the Nile valley. The great upland plateau of Mid-Africa, with the annual overflow of the Nile, have made possible the long race life of Egypt.

There was one region, however, in the ancient world life where one of its primitive civilizations died out. It

was upon the Mesopotamian plains: and an examination of the physiography of the land explains the reason. Its two rivers, while having also their annual overflow, were not sufficient in their silt-carrying capacity to furnish continued food-supply to the nations that grew up by their banks. Ur of the Chaldees, Babylon, Nineveh, and the race life that lay back of the Code of Hammurabi, died out ages ago. The Code, and the carven stones, and the great earth-mounds such as Birs Nimrud, are still there, and the earthen tablets which we are now exhuming and slowly deciphering; but the people are gone. In their more limited growth, the Mesopotamian peoples were unable to hold their own against the mightier race life about them. From the upland plateau of Mid-Asia, from the plains of India, and from the lands of Islam, they poured in as a flood—Ur and Babylon and Nineveh and the peoples of the plain-lands went down before this flood: and today the wandering Arab, with his camel and his herds, lives the nomad life where once great nations dwelt. The land is still there, to be reborn some day. But not quite yet.

First must there be a reborn Orient. The birth-pangs of that reborning are, however, already upon the Great Interior Basin of the Eastern World. The day of the regeneration is almost upon them. And the Slav, the Turk and the Jew have all this in their hands. *Given* a working religious accord between these three, and the birth-hour has come. That working accord will not always be postponed. A dozen leading men in each faith, and a generation in time, and the world would have to deal with a new Orient. It will be.

But now, back again to our main subject!

The land of the West had no such great rivers as the Orient; no great silt-carriers. It had the sea. Peoples of the West lived their lives largely around the rim of that sea. It was not the great "River of Ocean" of which the ancient geographers spake. It was a sea. They called it "The Great Central Sea." They called it "Mediterranean"—from two Latin words, *medius* (middle) *terra* (earth). In the development of their civilizations, their racial intercourse was not over the broad plains, as of the East, with the camel and the caravan, but, instead, the watery plains of the sea, and the ship. Their first civilizations grew up by the seaside. The sea was their carrier. Its fisheries supplied a portion of their food, and developed in them the seafaring habit. And then, with the ship, food might be brought from long distances and from other lands.

No other section of the equatorial globe fissure presents such a shattering of its adjacent earth-crust from lateral fissures as the East Basin of the Mediterranean. There are:

- (a) The long fissure of the Nile Valley;
- (b) The long, deep fissure (1,100 miles) of the Red Sea, with outlet in the Indian Ocean;
- (c) The eastward extension of the globe fissure across Syria and eastward somewhere across the Indian plain;
- (d) The northern fissure of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles;
- (e) The westward extension of the equatorial globe fissure, the full length of the Mediterranean and outward through the Straits of Gibraltar.

And the working of the volcanic forces is still shown by that long line of active eruption along the equatorial fissure—Stromboli, Ætna, Vesuvius.

We trace here, about this mid-land sea, the birth and the evolution of three successive racial civilizations. What lay back of these we do not know; but these three we trace plainly. First of all came the old Phœnician life, with its cities of Tyre and Sidon, on a little island and a narrow shelf by the sea. It was contemporary with David and Solomon. Its people were not warriors—they were traders. They had little use for the land, except as a camping-place. They lived largely the race life in their ships, and they were a genial, kindly people; friendly. It is said in I Kings, chapter v., that "Hiram was ever a lover of David."

This civilization, in its homeland on the Syrian coast, was destroyed by Alexander in the Fourth Century, B. C. The people fled in their ships. Somewhat of their after-history is told, through a very liberal use of dates, by Virgil in the story of Æneas and Queen Dido. She and her people had built a new home on the African shore of the Mid-land Sea, in its West Basin. Here again, from the African home, the Phœnician rebuilt himself and his civilization. His trading-posts dotted the shorelines of the great inland sea, extending clear beyond the Pillars of Hercules to the city of Gades, a trading post facing out upon the wilder waters of the Atlantic. This was a mid-way post in the long voyage to Cornwall for tin.

The ending of Carthage, central city of the Phœnician power, is told in the bitter hate of the elder Cato, with his incessant cry in the Roman Assembly: "Carthago delenda est!"—"Carthage must be destroyed!" Carthage

was destroyed; its site plowed up; salt scattered over the earth. The day of the Phoenician was over.

The Phoenician seems to have belonged, not to the Aryan races of the north, nor to the Negro nor the Negroid of the south, but to the Brown peoples of the semi-arid belt which took in the south shore of the Mediterranean, the peoples of the Syrian plateau, and of the Mesopotamian plain which lay farther east. Of these Brown peoples, the Phoenician, and probably the Semite, and possibly the peoples of the island world of the Cyclades in an older civilization which preceded the Greek, were probably only branches. The racial development of these Brown peoples was along the semi-arid line of the South Mediterranean.

But paralleling the westward advance of the Brown peoples along the south shore of the Mediterranean was a similar line of westward march along the north shore; but this was of a different race—the Aryan peoples. The advance along the south shore has been known historically as the Phoenician advance. That along the north shore is known as the Graeco-Latin. Of the two, the Phoenician seems to have begun earlier. How long afterward the Graeco-Latin advance set in, we do not know. This only we know, that it seems to have been considerably later. For a number of centuries, however, they seem to have developed their race life as rivals, but not as enemies. The sea kept them apart. The home life of the Greek peoples began in the little land now known as Greece, a land pleasant, but lying in the semi-arid belt; and, with no rivers for irrigation, it never was an abundant nor reliable producer of food. This forced its people

to the sea life. The fish of the sea had to make up for the scantiness of the grain and fruits upon land.

The comparative shelter and quiet of the Ionian seas, and of the Adriatic, encouraged this sea life. They became a trading people. Their cities began to dot both shores of the Adriatic, the islands of Sicily, Corsica, and Sardinia. Upon the mainland they reached even as far as the mouth of the Rhone. Northward, their ships followed the line of the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the south shore of the Black Sea; eastward to the lands of Colchis, where they traded for fish. It was in these northern waters that the Argonauts sailed in their search for the Golden Fleece. Jason and his shipmates told the tale. It is about the shores of the Ægean and the islands of the Cyclades that the whole clustering of Greek myths, and Greek tragedies, and Greek poetry is to be found.

It is a rich bequest that the older Greek has left to the literature of the world. He did not leave much else. And the race has never been fecund. Like the Jew, it lives largely in history. The world has gone on. They have stood still.

The Phœnician died. He is one of the historic racial mummies. The real builder of the Mediterranean was, and for twenty-five centuries has been, the Latin. That great inland sea is his sea. He now holds both shores of it. And there is a sufficient reason for this. The Latin, kinsman of the Greek, developed his civilization on lines differing from the Greek. Unlike the Greek, he never took to the sea. He settled where there was land, and was not forced to the sea to help out his food supply. The fertile plains of the Tiber, and later of the Po—and thence

westward into Gaul; upon the Rhone; and thence on to the Biscayan shore—gave him ample field for development, for here was food. The lack of an abundant supply of food kept the Greeks a people small in number. They were brave, but their fighting capacity was never great. The Greek Phalanx of Thebes never became the legions of Rome. The lack of food held Greece back. The more abundant supply of food made Rome.

Yet the time came when the Roman lands on the north shore of the Mediterranean could not furnish food enough for the Latin peoples, and the Latin reached out for the broad lands on the south shore of the Mediterranean. But here he met with a rival, and a strong rival. That rival was the Phoenician, with his stronghold at Carthage—and Carthage's ships.

The warfare had to be upon the water, hence the Latin now took to the sea. He also built ships; but he never became a seaman. The "naval" engagements were simply land-fights. Naval tactics he had none. He simply closed in with the enemy's vessels, dropped down a drawbridge, and fought it out by boarding. For more than a century, in the three great Punic wars, the contest went on; and for years arose the pitiless Roman cry of Cato: "Carthago delenda est!" And why? Because the growing Roman power was fighting for food. The reader of history cannot help having a tender pity for the long struggle of Hannibal to save his land from her doom. It is one of the romances of race life and race conflicts; but the end came, and Carthage was no more. Rome held both shores of the Mediterranean.

Two thousand years have gone by, and now the Latin is fighting to retain his hold and expand his possessions in

the broader lands of that south shore. Why? It is the old problem over again—food. He has outgrown his food-supply. He must have more, or die. The control of the Mediterranean is today the greatest danger-point in European race life. Other reasons may be assigned by statesmanship, but that is the real cause. For political reasons, they do not speak of it. This might hasten readjustments, which are, however, inevitable: a neutralized open sea for the Mediterranean—or war. It has to be faced and it has to be settled: settled for good and all. Diplomacy can only postpone it. It is the Latin Sea, but diplomacy may make it an open sea. Will diplomacy face the situation and do this?

A further consideration of this topic will be found in the chapter on "An Industrial and Economic Conference of the World," under the subheading, "The Italo-Abyssinian War."

The problem of making an open sea of the Mediterranean is the greatest problem of Europe, for that sea lies between the Teuto-Latin peoples and their food supply. Yet, today the Mediterranean is controlled by the fleet of England, a non-Mediterranean Power. The Mediterranean Sea and its control, or else its neutrality by international agreement, present problems which are the real danger-points in European diplomacy.



THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BASIC ECONOMIC DEFECTS—THEIR DANGERS AND THEIR RECTIFICATION

WHEN I speak of “the breakdown of civilizations,” I apply the phrase in a very definite and very wide sense, practically devoid of local significance and bearing no reference to the essentially ephemeral. It is to the basic trends, the fundamental principles, the underlying laws, that consideration must be directed; to these, and upon these, factors of moment must be brought to rest. “The breakdown of civilizations” has but one significance.

What is meant by it? It has no reference to the bursting of a “boom.” “Booms” are simply the temporary inflation and collapse of business. They are the result, ordinarily, of speculation. Some one item of trade—it may be, real estate—is forced, prematurely, beyond its true value. It may be some other article of commerce. Then comes the check; then the reaction; and we say the boom is burst. Booms are especially growth-maladies of new countries, and are most apt to be found in connection with the handling of real estate. They are not necessarily a sign of ill-health: nor are they a symptom of the coming-on of old age. They are like other troubles incident to youth—such as teething, mumps or measles. The ill-

effect of the broken boom is transient. They in no way endanger race life or race civilizations.

The breakdown of civilizations is different. These come later in race life. They mean the failure of race strength. They are the result of race decay. The end is death of the civilization which induced them, and the birth or evolution of some new form of race development.

As we have shown, race history, so far as traceable, is a continuous record of these breakdowns of the civilizations of the past. Especially do we find this record, and the story told, in the civilizations of the Great Interior Basin of the Eastern continents. We find the wrecks of old-time civilizations elsewhere in the world, notably in the Americas; but there is a veil of oblivion drawn over these which, as yet, we have not been able to remove. Some day that veil may be removed, and then we may know. That time is not yet; but, as told in my book, *Race Life and Race Religions*, we begin to see the possibility of the removal of that veil—and then, probably, we shall know.

But in the Old World, and especially about the East Basin of the Mediterranean, in the Nile Valley, and upon the great Mesopotamian plains, we are slowly deciphering the record which Time has kept, and are able to discern the working of the causes which led to the breakdown and the death of one ancient civilization after another. We have need to read that lesson, and to read it carefully: for the basic causes of those ancient breakdowns are working today in the modern world life.

The Ancient Cities of the World: Almost all—possibly all—of those ancient civilizations were built after one type. But all led to the same result—the growth and cen-

tering of the race life in the great cities and away from life on the land. These civilizations were built largely upon the religious idea. Each had its God.—Each built, to that God, great temples. These were centered in one spot. About this spot also gathered the civic life of the race. Here dwelt not only the priest, with his ever-growing retinue and the ever-increasing vested ecclesiastic rights, but here also dwelt the king, with his military power. The two offices—priest and king—were sometimes vested in the same person. Then came the great, inclosing wall, built for protection, and the gathering within of a multitude of people constantly increasing in numbers, with resultant overcrowding. The attractions and amusements of city life no doubt then, as now, added steadily to the number. These were ancient instances of the abandonment of the land, with an ever-increasing urban population, trying to find subsistence where there were no adequate means of support. The cities became over-peopled. City industries became over-supplied with labor. Then came the cry for bread.

Then began the dole era; the governments in self-preservation began the ever-more-difficult task of trying to feed the idle poor. And then came the day of peril, when, like Samson, they “wist not that they were weak;” and priest, and king, and race-power, and race—the civilization—went down with a crash before the assault of some more youthful and more vigorous race.

This is the history we are deciphering of the fate of Ur of the Chaldees; of Erech; of Babylon; of Nineveh; of Persepolis; of the Syrian civilizations, and of the more ancient history of the Nile-land peoples. This was the fate that befell Rome. It was the hungry, unfed, surplus, idle

population, with the wheat-ships and the dole, that led to her downfall. Of that I have told.

Our Modern Civilizations: I use the plural because they are many. Europe is today a crowding together of many and unlike race civilizations. This is one of the causes of her never-ceasing unrest. That unrest will never cease, until, racially, the line has been drawn within her borders, between the peoples of the Atlantic slope and of the great interior Asiatic basin. Until that is done, peace leagues are powerless. Side-by-side with the race problem is another that is, if possible, even more serious, and that is—the crowding together of the people in great cities, with an ever-increasing and a menacing, unhealthful disproportion between urban and rural populations.

It is not now, however, in our modern life, so much a centering of the ecclesiastical power and of the civic power in these cities. The massing of great industries in the cities has led to an over-population of workers in them. This evil is found not only in Europe, but more notably and even more disastrously in America. The city of Los Angeles, in which I have lived for seventy-six years, and which has centered within its bounds many and constantly increasing industries, could not in the most prosperous times give employment to all of the vast army of workers who have gathered here seeking employment. Even before what we call the great industrial depression, the charitable organizations of the city and of the churches were staggering under the load of trying to provide for the unemployed poor. And this is the history of the other large cities of the United States.

THE REMEDY—BACK TO THE LAND!

It is a growing peril which is coming to our form of government and to our national life. The nation which has within its borders an ever-growing array of unemployed poor, has within itself a civic disease which sooner or later must destroy it. The dole is a race poison, and that poison is a narcotic. Is there a remedy for all this? Yes! Back to the land!

The public land system of the United States in its subdivisions has been based upon the *section* as its unit. That section was one mile square, containing 640 acres. This was subdivided into quarter sections, each containing 160 acres. This amount of land, 160 acres, was deemed the proper amount for each family. The family that held a quarter section of land for their homestead was considered to have a competency. More, was wealth; eighty acres was considered straightened circumstances; forty acres was poverty.

This system of large land-holdings led to a scattering of the population, to isolation as between families, and to a loneliness of family life which was especially felt by the women. Social life was hardly a possibility. Neighbors were to each other little more than strangers. The extent of the land-holding also led to careless and wasteful methods of tillage. Towns were far apart and small; but each represented in itself a varied industrial life which supplied the needs of the rural population for many miles around.

My own home town was considered quite a large city. It had a population of approximately 5,000. In its industrial equipment I can recall now two foundries, several

large factories for the manufacturing of farm implements and equipment, such as wagons, carts, carriages and buggies, plows, and all the varied smaller tools; threshing machines; several sawmills; several grist mills for the production of meal and flour; several tanneries; an oil mill for flax seed; several factories for the making of doors, window-sash, and other requisites for house-building; brick-yards; stone quarries; two woolen mills; a brewery; blacksmith shops in all directions; many shops for the making of boots and shoes; carpenter shops; several newspapers; several taverns; stage lines; churches; schools; butcher shops; tailor shops; stores—wholesale and retail—a market-house a block long where, twice a week, the farmers came in with their wagons laden with all the products of agriculture to sell these directly to the consumers (for the town population came with their baskets to lay in their supplies) or to exchange the unsold portion at the stores for the articles they needed for their own families. That market had beef, by the pound or by the quarter-carcass; hogs, by the pound or by the carcass, for the people put up and preserved the winter's meat, each family for itself. This market also supplied butter, cheese, poultry of all kinds, mutton by the carcass, vegetables, fruit by the bushel, potatoes, corn, cider, firewood—in fact, all the needed supplies for family life.

The selling was accomplished as much by barter as by the use of money. Today the market-house is gone. The exchanging of products is gone. The innumerable small factories have been closed by mass production in the great industrial centers. The industrial life of the place has largely ceased. They import now from a few great trade centers, instead of providing for their needs through local

industries. Poverty and want were then almost unknown; instead, now they have want and the dole. The farmers have also suffered with the town-people. Their local market has gone, and they are at the mercy of the food combines of great corporations.

The picture which I have given is a picture of an independent, self-supporting, local life which has ceased to exist. But there were smaller towns—country villages—scattered over the land at intervals; little hamlets of from 100 to 300 population; each with its own little local trade; each with its smaller circle of social life; and each having about it a circle of farms to which the men went out for the day or, it might be, for several days, and then back to their families in the hamlet for the Sabbath.

One such I especially remember, for as a boy I spent several days there on a visit. It had, possibly, less than 200 population. It has about the same number now. It had its tavern, its daily stage line, its grist mill and, I think, sawmill; a church, a school, a country physician; its own self-centered social and intellectual life. It is a rest to me, even now, to look back and think of that little town. And the intellectual life did not die out in these little towns. They sent out strong, vigorous men to help carry the burden of the broader world around them.

One such I remember in the Appalachians of Southern Pennsylvania—a little mountain village called Concord, with a tannery, a mill, a tavern, a few stores, a stage line, a church; and peace. Within my own lifetime have gone out from that little town ministers, missionaries, over the whole world; members of legislatures, and of Congress; authors of national and world reputation; men who have gathered wealth about them wherever they have gone, and

who have helped to build Empire. These men went out from the village life, carrying with them a healthful individuality which has left its mark wherever it has gone. And that little village up in the mountains has today still less than 200 population. It has taught the lesson that world life depends upon something more than the herding of people together in great masses. It is the farm and the village that in the end save the cities.

BRING THE TOWN TO THE COUNTRY

What is the lesson of it all? It is this: *back to the land and to the pure, fresh, farm and village life, if we would save our country from ruin.*

But how is it all to be done? The answer lies in the breaking up and scattering of the great industrial centers, and in an intensive farming which shall make ten or twenty acres of land, instead of 160 acres, a farm homestead; and which shall make possible the restoration of village life, and thus rob a country life of its isolation and its loneliness. Do not blame the women. It is that utter loneliness which breaks down and kills the farmer's wife. Give her a chance.

Take as an illustration a tract of land three miles each way. It has within its bounds nine square miles. These, under the system of government survey, were called sections, each one mile square. Each section was subdivided into four parts called quarter sections, each one of these being half a mile square and containing 160 acres. The quarter section was deemed the proper size for a farmer's family. This was more land than could be economically cared for by one family. It led, as I have said, to careless

and wasteful methods of farming and to slothful and inefficient tillage. It led to another evil—the farm houses were one half-mile apart. It made for the farmer's family a life of monotonous loneliness and insecurity which led, in many cases, to the renting of the land and the removal to some adjacent town. This removal was further induced by a not-unnatural desire for better educational and social facilities for the children.

The remedy lies in bringing the town to the country. This, in Europe, is done by the village system. And this village system is made possible by smaller land holdings and an intensified cultivation whereby the thriftless and wasteful farming system of America is avoided, and whereby support of a much denser population is made possible. In many portions of Europe, twenty acres of land to the family means wealth; ten acres, a competency; five acres, or even less, a comfortable living. In these European lands the farmer's family lives in the village and he goes out to his toil on his land which is near by, returning to his home in the evening.

And now, to come back to the three-mile square of which I have spoken. Under the American system this tract was made to support 144 people. Divide this tract of nine square miles into twenty-acre holdings, with a deduction of eight holdings (160 acres) for a central village, and an additional deduction of eight more holdings for roads, and we have left 272 holdings of twenty acres each for farms—and no one of these need be more than a mile from the central village. This would allow of a farming population of 272 family holdings; and, counting four to the family, a population of 1,088. Recapitulating:

Nine square miles; four holdings to the mile; thirty-

six families: this, at 160 acres to the family, would allow (counting four to the family) a population of 144. The twenty-acre subdivision plan would allow, as shown, 272 family holdings, and with four to the family, a population of 1,088—a gain of 944 people over the 160-acre plan. These could all live in the central village and go out daily to their farmwork. That would make, for the village life, 1,088. When we add to this number the artisans, the tradesmen, the teachers, the professional men and the officials that are needed even in the village life, and their families, it would mean a central village population of about 1,500.

How long would it take to bring about this Change in our Social Life and the Landed System? Not less than two generations. Our cities now hold a large majority of our population. The industrial life of the cities, even in the most prosperous times, cannot furnish employment for them. When a period of depression comes it means thousands of families to be provided for by charity. That surplus of city population is a constant and ever-growing menace to our civilization. Yet, these people have lost the farming habit. It has all to be learned over again. And the old-time farming implements suited to this type of civilization are no longer made. They must be made over again. And then, habits have been formed, and artificial wants created, which will have to be given up. Will the people do this? They will have to do it, or starve.

CHANGE IN ECONOMIC SYSTEM IMPERATIVE IN AMERICA

The American people, in their vast increase of populations, have reached a point where they have to change their economic systems, or perish. The great, economic laws are there, and we have to accept them or take the consequences.

Mass Production: Mass production is often quoted as a panacea for all troubles in our industrial and economic life. Men and women often say, "I can buy cheaper than I can make." Can they? Nothing is cheaper than unused time. The little house-garden cannot be replaced by mass production.

A woman came to me for help. I said to her: "Where do you live, and how?" She replied: "We rent a small, cheap house of two or three rooms." "On what size of lot?" I asked. "About forty by 140 feet." "What do you do with the ground?" I asked. "Nothing," she replied. "Go home," I said to her, "and have your husband spade up every foot of that ground, leaving only a narrow walk to get to the house." I gave them seeds and told them what to plant and how to plant. She came back to me three months later and said: "We are feeding ourselves from that lot." She was jubilant. There is enough waste land in the city of Los Angeles to go far, if cultivated, toward feeding the population. And there is enough idle time among the laboring people to cultivate it. They simply prefer to receive dole and remain idle. I have been trying the experiment for some years and know whereof I speak. Some will work. The majority will not.

The evil had its start in the theory of "Each man to his own trade and nothing else." The Jack-of-all-trades is the man who finds work and survives. And he is the man who is the foundation of a permanent civilization. The village has him: the cities do not.

"And Cereals": In our church benevolent work, I bought and had put up for use a hand mill that could grind forty bushels of grain in a day. Then, laying in a supply of corn and wheat at wholesale prices, I told needy applicants to come and grind and take away free of charge. Sometimes a dozen families were using that mill. They made good corn meal, cracked wheat, and good flour. Small mills of that kind, but large enough for family use, can be bought new for \$5. These are the ways that help the small farmer to get a start on his land.

Mass production is becoming a curse to the country. It is making our people helpless. Back to the land! Back to the axe! Back to the plow! Back to the old, simple ways of village life—or die.

Mass production has other evils. It is filling the land with inferior trade products, sold at an exorbitant price which is maintained by high tariffs. When I want a tailor-made suit of good material I have to specify "English cloth." And yet, for a century and a half, our woollen factories have been protected by high tariffs, fostered and stimulated by the cry: "Encourage and protect home industries." This weakness runs through every department of trade, food, clothing, tools and others. A Wolstenholme pocket-knife, made in Sheffield, England, is the standard of highest excellence of its kind. All this reacts prejudicially against American industries and ought not to be, and need not be.

Another evil of mass production is the destruction of individuality. This shows especially in the matter of clothing. In the great department stores, what one has, all have.

And upon the street, or in the drawing-room, what one woman wears, all women wear. Elegance in attire is disappearing. Women may not notice this. Men do, and comment upon it. The same criticism holds true with regard to men's attire. But with men this is less important, as men equip themselves for business. But even a business man does not quite like to have his wife look like every other woman, and the women cannot afford to have it so.

All of these influences are at work, steadily undermining the artistic taste of the American people. Other influences are at work steadily destroying the sterling American character of the earlier and more primitive race life. Among these may be mentioned the automobile. It is turning a very perceptible percentage of our people into a race of nomads. Many are beginning to live in the automobile equipped for house purposes, and drift from one place to another without any fixed home. Their children never learn to know what home means. Los Angeles has thousands of these. They come in by hordes from the East, and in a large percentage of cases they apply immediately for dole and public support. The city has been compelled to station guards along the State border-line to keep them out. They would simply swamp the community through the heavy taxation required to provide for them. The automobile camps, provided at community expense, have become a feature of the State civic life.

Another feature which is having a detrimental effect upon the mentality of the people is the radio. Every

house, however limited in its resources, must have a radio. Even tenants insist upon this. Touch a button, and the stream pours forth: words, music, advertising agents, unknown but loud-mouthed politicians. A perfect stream of mental slush! Books have disappeared from these homes. Even the stronger types of magazines and newspapers have largely gone the same way. Even thought, or the power to think, is suffering. The steadily lowering mentality shows itself in every department of life. And yet these people are voters, and have in their keeping the destiny of the nation. Taking one's politics from the radio is a dangerous thing for the national life.

The public libraries add to these evils. The family library has disappeared, in the vast majority of homes. But books must be owned and become a part of the individual life, to be of mental value. And they must be not too many in number—not a new one every week.

A woman told me of the sore distress of a neighboring family in a fashionable part of the town. She said the neighbors had to take in food to them. I said to her: "Do they have a radio?" "Why, of course," she said, "they could not live without a radio!" "Have they an automobile?" I asked. "Yes," she replied, "a fine automobile." "Have they a house?" I asked. "Yes," she replied, "a fine house; but heavily mortgaged." The story was told.

Similar instances of extravagance might be multiplied almost indefinitely.

A GREAT INHERITANCE—AND WHAT IS BEING DONE WITH IT

And yet, only a little more than three centuries ago, the American people received an inheritance of wealth and of possible increase such as had fallen to no other people in the history of man. A continent from ocean to ocean, forests, fertile plains, mighty rivers, freedom from the drawback of great wars, secure in their own land; and today she stands crying for food, importing wheat, importing meat, importing fish, importing manufactured products, and swamped in debt. And one word explains it all—extravagance.

There is no use holding prayer meetings and asking God to save us from our own folly. There is no use having fast days to seek deliverance. We are bringing enough fast days upon ourselves now, without that thought. If we know God and His ways with man, we shall also know that a deaf ear will be turned to our prayers. There was an old-time saying in the heathen days to this effect: "The gods help those who help themselves." Let us do our part, and then ask God.

A Diminished and Steadily Diminishing Fertility and Productivity in the Land Itself. The walled-in river flood leaves no annual deposit of the fertilizing soil-wash of the mountains over the broad valleys, but sweeps it on wastefully to the sea. By our levee system, this waste is steadily increased. As a result, the broad river valleys which are the natural feeders of a dense population are steadily growing less productive. The soil is wearing out, and Man prevents Nature from renewing it. It is the annual flooding of the land by the river that for countless

ages has made Egypt one of the great granaries of the world. In America, Man is doing his utmost, and spending hundreds of millions of dollars, to prevent our great rivers from becoming American Niles! The remedy is to abandon the levee system, turn the annual floods loose over the land, and *put the towns, villages and farm-homes on the higher ground*. We shall have to do it or, in the end, make semi-desert of the Great Mississippi Delta.

The Gasoline and Electric Problem in Agriculture. The automobile makes no manure. It and its comrade, the gasoline truck or the farming machine, may supply transportation to the farmer's family, or plow his land; but they do nothing to keep up the fertility of that land. The stable and its manure-piles may be somewhat odoriferous, but they give back to the soil again the fertilizer which that soil must have or become barren.

The electric or gasoline planting and reaping machines of the wheatfields of the Northwest are steadily diminishing the annual yield per acre of wheat, for they give nothing back to replace what they have taken out. One generation will see vast areas of wheat land abandoned because no longer yielding enough to pay for the farming. Manure is the *sine qua non* of continued cropping. Without it, agriculture is doomed. No artificial fertilizer will take the place of manure, any more than wood-pulp can take the place of cornmeal mush.

Another Source of Waste. The sewers of our great cities are steadily carrying to the ocean the fertilizing power of our sanitary systems. How enormous this is can hardly be told. Add to this the privy-waste of the farm-houses. China utilizes all these. She keeps feeding the

soil that feeds her. The Ages go by, and still China lives on: and still upon the same lands that fed her far-off forefathers.

The End of It All? Must Man's civilizations die out for lack of the food which he is carelessly throwing away? Is it the destiny of the human race to perish of starvation?—to perish upon a globe which it has destroyed? It would seem so. But Man has his warnings upon the Great Plains of Mesopotamia. May be, with time and with hunger, he may become wise enough to understand the earth upon which he lives.

VI

THE DIAGNOSIS

FOLLOWING upon the record of conditions and the survey presented in the preceding chapters—the outline of problems and difficulties which would appear to bear too heavily upon our civilization and under which it has not borne up in vital matters—the natural step is diagnosis. The first question that a physician asks himself upon entering the sick-room is this: “What is the matter with this man?” Until this question is at least partially answered, no intelligent remedial action is possible. Then come the other factors: heredity, personal diathesis, apparent causation of the disease; and then, fingers upon the pulse, the tale told by the face, the eyes and the voice; then, with stethoscope, clinical thermometer, test tube, a judgment formed upon the case. Now, and not before, the physician may reach for his prescription blanks or his surgical instruments and intelligently proceed to the treatment of the case.

We have before us today the case of a sick world; and before any intelligent action can be taken in the case or any remedial measures adopted, we must know the causes which lie back of its diseased condition.

THE WORLD HAS LOST FAITH IN ITSELF

What is the matter with the world? The answer must come, not from one land nor from one people, but from

all lands and from all peoples of the earth; for one symptom, at least, they have in common: It is a world dissatisfied with and distrustful of its governments, of whatever form; its industrial systems, whether elaborate or crude; its civic life, whether advanced or primitive; its legal systems, whether expressed by courts or by lynch law; its educational systems; its wars—growing ever more barbarous and bloodthirsty; its religions, by whatever name they may know God, and their intolerance and their claims of a vested authority over the souls of men. Summing all up, it might be thus expressed: “A world that has lost faith in itself, and which realizes that its civilizations and its religions are breaking down.”

And yet, all this is not an experience new to the world. The world has gone through with it all before. It is the history of the breakdown of every civilization of the past: only, then the civilizations were not general. Each was local, and a civilization by itself. The past is littered with their ruins. One might perish, but the others went on. Persia and the Far East might fall; widespread Phœnicia might go down; but Greece and Rome went on. Now, however, the steamship, the telegraph, the flying machine and a widespread globe commerce, more closely unite the scattered nations of the earth. They prosper or they suffer together; for what helps one, helps the others, and what hurts one, hurts the others. The world's diseases have become epidemic as well as endemic. And *in the broader sense of modern civilization almost every war is a world war.*

THE LESSONS OF HISTORY

But, after all, is the Breakdown of Civilization a Calamity to Man? Every civilization is made up of at least two elements:

(a) That which it has inherited from older civilizations. India and Persia were built upon the Proto-Aryan civilization. Greece built largely upon Persia. Rome built upon the old Phoenician and Greek civilizations. They went down; but Rome went on to become the leading factor in the rebuilding of modern civilization. And now, modern civilization—world-wide in its character—is apparently in the stage of dissolution. But if the lessons of history are to be taken, the dying world civilization of today is to be followed by a still broader and higher and better type. Our civilizations, like all else in the Universe about us, are in harmony with and a part of that great Law of Growth which is the key to the life of the smallest plant in the vegetable world, as well as to the evolution of the farthest constellation.

(b) What each civilization develops anew. The civilizations of the past have told their story upon this point. What the newer civilization which we are now starting to build up is to leave as its bequest and its contribution can only be told after it has been lived. We may surmise and our surmises may in the ages prove to have been correct; but we do not know. We can only hope that it may prove to be stronger and juster and better than that which we are now tearing down. Our work now must be a sorting out of the wrecked timbers to see what may be utilized in the erection of the newer civilization that is yet to be.

What material for rebuilding do we see at hand? What forces and factors may be potentially valuable? If there is to be an elimination of destructive elements, a clearing-away of debris, an avoidance of the entanglements of ancient hatreds and hostilities kept alive by selfish interests, to whom must we look for leadership? To what plans and methods must we direct our minds and bend our energies?

All these questions will be given consideration in the chapters which follow.

VII

THE COMING AGAIN OF THE STRONG MAN

N the preceding volume, *Civilizations and Their Diseases*, I spoke of the Strong Man as leader in the upbuilding of the civilizations of the past. He was the man who saw things, and saw beforehand; and, seeing, got ready. This foreseeing strength made him leader. Other men, feeling his foreseeing strength, gathered about him. He did not need to battle for leadership. They instinctively made him leader. Then, this man's more strongly built and fortified home became the tribal stronghold, about which other and weaker men built their homes that they might profit by sharing in his strength. This leadership, by law of heredity, was passed on to his children, and from them to their children. This is the history of the founding of the great reigning dynasties of Europe. Thus in the place of brawn and brains, birth became the test for leadership. Then began the decadence; for strength and wisdom cannot be begotten at will. This is the history of the Hapsburgs. This is the history of the House of Bourbon, most widely famous of all European dynasties. It is the history of the House of Hohenzollern, which for several centuries has been at the head of the Prussian, then of the German, government. It is the history of the House of Romanoff, with its tragic ending. It is the history of other branches of royalty, now decadent

through inter-marriage or immoral living—some still lingering upon thrones, some in exile.

In the rebuilding of a new civilization, these families will hardly reappear. There may be individual exceptions, but the inexorable laws of heredity will probably put others in their place.

The Strong Men that are to be. It is a notable fact that the World War during its continuance developed no strong men, whether in armies or navies, or upon thrones. It developed ambitious men, but apparently not strong or wise men. The Kaiser, dethroned, lives in exile, and his family scattered. President Wilson died broken-hearted by the failure of the League of Nations, which undertook to end wars, without removing their causes. And no man trained solely in the years of peace is fitted to face the emergencies which arise after great wars. The wars and the emergencies train the men who are to settle the wars, and the emergencies of the wars further on. Already we can note some of these men and their work.

MUSSOLINI

Born a peasant, fresh from the soil, he came to an Italy—old, decadent, indolent, idle, with Saints'-days and other holidays about equaling the work-days; land of the *lazzaroni*, who almost equaled in their importunate begging the "backsheesh" clamor of the beggars of Cairo. He abolished the holidays, allowing only three for the year. He put the men to work, terracing and tilling the scant soil of Italy, and dikeing and reclaiming the Pontine Marshes, with their almost inexhaustible fertility; thus not only increasing the food supply but also removing the

malarial curse of Rome. He encouraged the building of factories, and foreign trade; for Italy, with its scant agricultural territory, cannot largely increase her home food supply. He saw that Italy's hunger must be fed through manufacturing and commerce. He saw that Italy, like England, would have to depend upon its manufacturing and trade for a sufficient food supply for a hungry people.

But Italy was deficient in the raw material for manufacture and trade. Coal and oil for power it had none. Metals—it had little, if any. It had no cotton-fields, and, to be secure, it must have these under its own flag, or at least under its own control. Abyssinia, with thousands of square miles of fertile land, and the Blue Nile to irrigate them, if these were utilized, could supply the need. This was the cause of the Abyssinian War. He struck from one point of view, ruthlessly—from another point of view, in the desperation of hunger. The fifty-four Powers of the League of Nations ordered him to stop. He withdrew from the League and went on. The fifty-four Powers placed their ban upon him. He defied them and went on, and he won. With the desperation of a famished people, he seized and held the unutilized lands of Africa. He went back of the fiat of the League to the higher law, established in the Psalm: "The earth is mine, saith the Lord, and the fullness thereof. The people and all that dwell therein." For the first time among the nations, he appealed to that primary law: "The tenure of land is its *use*." For the technical title over unused land will not always be allowed to bar out the hungry who need it. He won and he was right. It was the Strong Man fighting for food for his starving wife and children.

But he has been accused of ambition in the Spanish

War. It is not Spain that he wants. Her lands are old and worn out, and barely sufficient to feed the people who live there now. It is iron and copper and tin that he wants for the manufacturing that is to go on in Italy, and these are to be found in abundance in the unworked mines of Spain. And in the battling in Spain, midland Germany and the Balkans have joined hands with Mussolini, for they also are hungry and in sore need, with the League of Nations trying to wall them in. Of all peoples the Americans, with their cry of "Give every man a chance," should most sympathize with the hungry people of Europe who are battling for food.

But Mussolini has done even more than this. He has brought back the manhood of the old Roman people of the days of the Republic. The Italian who has crouched and cowered before the greater might of the peoples about him stands erect and faces the world. It is the Roman of the days before the decadent Caesars, and their debasing dole; of the days when Paul, standing proudly erect, said: "*Civis Romanus Sum!*"

In the days long preceding the Spanish War, an American citizen faced the firing-squad in Havana, condemned to death on some political charge. Remonstrance had failed to save him. The American Consul stepped to his side and threw the American Flag about him, simply saying: "Now, shoot—if you dare!" They did not dare. That is what the peasant-born king has brought to Italy. And the royal-born King sits in his palace, a cipher. The Strong Man has come again to Italy.

And Mid-European Germany, and The Balkans? They, too are over-populated, with lands not sufficient in

area to supply them with food; shut off from the broader world-life about them and forbidden to expand by edict of the League of Nations and the Versailles Treaty! They, like Italy, are hungry; and unused land, held by nations not using it, but who are yet striving for more land. Britain, with her many years of war to seize and hold the Sudan, presents an instance to the point.

The World War ended with the fiat, "To the victors belong the spoils!" and proceeded to divide the millions of square miles of the unused lands of the earth among themselves. America, to her credit, be it said, after the thousands of lives of her sons sacrificed, and after the billions of dollars of debt which she incurred in the struggle, refused to receive an acre of the lands thus divided up, or a dollar of the financial penalties imposed. She had fought for a principle, not a reward. And America, of all nations engaged in the World War, has come out of the conflict free from the hatred of the vanquished. The American troops that stood guard in Germany for several years after the War were welcomed in the German homes as brothers. It was a fair fight. They had fought it out. Then they shook hands and were friends.

With a fair history of the World War and a fair weighing of the race needs that led to it, need one wonder at the failure of the League of Nations in its attempt to wall in the hungry peoples of Mid-Europe?

It is true there is an unpleasant feature in the German side of the questions leading up to it. The War was prepared for and taken advantage of by an ambitious Kaiser and the military machine which he built up about himself in an attempt at an only half-concealed scheme of world

conquest. It was this that led America into the War. A banished royalty, and the overthrow of its military machine, and the German Republic, are the answer of Germany itself to the dream of the Kaiser and his intimates.

HITLER

The purpose of the League of Nations was good. Its thought was, to end wars among the nations. But it did its work too well. When it proclaimed and ordered what was practically a wall of confinement and repression about Mid-Europe, it forgot the hungry peoples of Mid-Europe that were thus politically to be shut in. The German cry for "A place under the sun!" was made, by the League, the cry of all Mid-Europe, and it has made of all Mid-Europe an armed camp preparing for another great war. And the League has done still more. It has forced again the old alliance of Italy and Mid-Europe. For Italy, also, came out of the War with practically almost nothing to show for her almost crushing expenditure of money and of men.

The League of Nations, in its practical workings, has thus forced the renewal of the old Dual Alliance; only, now, that Alliance is much stronger than before; for now it takes in not simply Italy and Germany; but Italy, Germany and the Balkans. And all of the peoples of this Greater Dual Alliance are hungry and, as said, want their "place under the sun." These are the causes that are leading to the next Great World War: and that war must come and will keep recurring unless the world removes the causes of war through some such action as outlined in the chapter, "An Industrial Conference of the World."

And Hitler, the Strong Man—his work is too recent and its duration too short for us to pass judgment. In this, Mussolini, through the greater number of years of his political life has the advantage. There is much in the religious persecutions which seem to be a part of Hitler's policies which the world deems politically unwise and which it condemns; but time will show. No man, however strong, can in the end withstand the condemnation of the conscience of the world. Yet, that Hitler has already done a great work, no man can question. A still greater work must be done through the backing, not of a divided but a united people, and not with the condemnation but with the commendation of the world.

Under that old Roman Imperium, Paul, though a Jew, could stand up and say: "*Civis Romanus Sum!*" And, with uplifted hand, could cry: "I appeal unto Caesar!" and instantly the whole power of the Roman Empire was about him to protect him. When the imperilled Jew in Germany can stand up and say: "I am a German citizen and I appeal to my country to protect me!"—then, and not until then, will the German Fatherland have done its duty to all its children. And then, and not until then, can it claim full place among the liberal nations of the world. Will it do this? Its whole future depends upon the answer.

STALIN

Tartar-Land and the Tartar

To understand the Russia of today it is necessary to go back six centuries. The last of the great Aryan waves westward was the Slav. It was the most northerly of all, and it seemed to have at last exhausted the Aryan strength

on the highlands of Asia. A climatic reason, having as its cause the steady upheaval of the Asiatic Plateau and the continual increasing elevation of the Himalayas and the Hindu Kush, was shutting off the rainfall from the Indian Ocean. The yearly floods of the great Indian Plains were increasing in magnitude. But with this, and coming from the same cause, was a constantly decreasing rainfall and a constantly increasing aridity of the great Central Asiatic Plateau on the north.

The Aryan Peoples from time immemorial, as the Proto-Aryans, were a people given to agriculture. The very name by which they go in race-history is indicative of this: "arare" is the infinitive form of the Latin, meaning to "till" or "cultivate". The root of the word is found in the old tongue of the *Vedas* and the *Avestas*, and with the same meaning. The *Vedas* speak of their country as the land of grain, of hay-fields, of barns, of orchards and the red apple. It was becoming, however, through aridity, a land unsuited to cultivation, a land of scanty herbage and wild grasses. The Aryan Peoples abandoned the lands, seeking new homes in the more humid West. They became, in their western homes, the Greeks, the Latins, the Celts, the North Sea Peoples, the Germans; and the last wave of migration filled the lands of Russia and of the Balkans as the Slavs. Their old homeland was repopulated by the Tartars, who are Mongoloids, living the life of the nomad, with flocks and herds, and their great house-wagons for habitations. They, in turn, pinched by hunger as their numbers increased, became in great race forays the conquerors of China, where that branch remained, becoming part of the Chinese People. It was their repeated forays that led to the building of the Chi-

nese Wall. From the Eleventh to the Fourteenth Centuries, A.D., they made raids across the Himalayas over India and Persia, but did not permanently remain. Genghis Khan and Timur, or Tamerlane, were their leaders. The forces of Genghis Khan, turning westward, over-ran Slavic Russia, Poland, and much of the Balkan country. Russia, they held and ruled for nearly three centuries. Their descendants hold today the long line of the Valley of the Volga. Born horsemen, as the Cossacks of the north shore of the Black Sea they have always been the cavalry strength of the Russian army. A barbarous people in their own race life, their spirit has ruled and brutalized Russia to this day.

And now the Tartar of Russia is slowly but steadily retreating to his Asiatic homeland. The old race instinct for the nomad life and the Great Open has never died out in him. It is the voice of the Tartar which speaks in the poem "Ahasuerus," through Attila:

(ATTILA to AHASUERUS the *Wanderer*.)

Thou sad-faced man, what is it in thy mien
Withholds my hand? No other of the breed,
This hated breed of men, dare speak me thus.
I fain would smite thee with my sword, or strike
Thee dead with spear; but some strange, unseen power
Holds back my hand. What spell of magic art
Is resting on thee, that I harm thee not?

And I?—I slay because I hate, I hate!
I hate this tiny race of men. I hate
Their puny ways—this breed of walled-in towns,
And towers, and ramparts, and of city gates,

Wherein men hide from foes they dare not meet
Out in the open. Oh, I hate, I hate
Their huckstering marts, their trading, chattering streets
Where men run to and fro as flies or ants
About some garbage heap. I hate, I hate
Their unclean ways, their foulness, and their sin,
Their homes betrayed; their bartered innocence;
And all for gold, for gold, for worthless gold.

Oh, for the untracked uplands, and the rush
Of storms that lash the great, unending plains
That onward reach, and on, and on, and on
Till sky and earthlands meet! Oh, for a breath
Of wandering winds, lone winds that onward sweep
Unleashed, untamed, across broad leagues and on,
Under the stars where night broods on the waste.
I come because I must, to burn and slay,
And smite this unclean breed of city folk.
I am the Scourge of God.

Russia grows about the Caspian, in Siberia, on the plains of the Aral; but is steadily losing ground on her western front. As a result of the great World War, those portions of Russia fronting on the Gulf of Bothnia, the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic are turning to their kindred blood of Europe.

The Tartar blood has always been noted for its brutality. Its three centuries of over-rule in Mediæval Russia were marked by an almost unspeakable brutality. Peter the Great tried to Europeanize Russia. He failed. His capital city, St. Petersburg, built upon the Gulf of Finland as a front door into Europe, has always remained only a back door. It might hold the palace of royalty, but the ancient, Tartar-built city of Moscow remained always

the capital city of the people. Today it, and not the City of Peter, is Russia. There is said to be, in the library of the government, a map upon which Peter drew a line southward from Russia to Constantinople, indicating the line of conquest which he had planned, and the city by the Golden Horn as the capital of a greater Russia yet to be; but the Russian flag has never waved over Constantinople; and now the Tartar of Russia, as said, is slowly retiring to his true home in the East. Slowly but persistently he is absorbing Asia north of the Himalayas. The Tartar instinct has prevailed. Genghis Khan will live over again. He is the future ruler of Asia north of the mountains. It is against him that the Khyber Pass is guarded night and day.

But the Strong Man? He had to come before wrecked and shattered Russia could rebuild upon new lines. When the Kaiser gave permission to Lenin and Trotsky to pass over into Russia, he thought he was crippling an enemy. He little foresaw the cellar in which the Romanoff family met their doom nor the wrecked Mid-Europe which was to follow. It was the arousing of forces which no man could control. Lenin died early in the attempt. Trotsky is in exile, discredited and discarded. Neither was strong enough.

And now at last, apparently, the Strong Man has come. Joseph Stalin (Stalin means "steel") has seemed to be strong enough to weld that great, chaotic, Tartar mass, and prepare it for its future work. Brutal? Yes, unspeakably brutal has been his rule; but possibly nothing else could have controlled and welded a brutal people, still further brutalized by centuries of the Siberian Mines and

the knout. He was peasant-born and knew the bitterness of it all. A baptism of blood seems to be the only way out of the ages of oppression into a kindlier, better life. It was so with France. It was so with America. It is so with Russia. Let your judgment of the Strong Man be after he is dead. May be you do not understand what it all means.

VIII

RELIGIONS



First of these lands is Anatolia, the old-time Asia-Minor of modern maps, but in still-older times known simply as "Asia." Beyond was simply "the Far East"; westward, the rude and uncivilized West. Asia as thus defined, and Mesopotamia and the lands about the East Basin of the Mediterranean, were the Ancient World. It was the birthland of the religions now found there. It is of this grouping of lands, of peoples, of religions, that we now have to speak. I deal with them as a group *religiously* as I did with them *racially*, because they are of one general racial stock, not only in blood but in their civilizations and also in their religions: it all is the homeland of the Semitic Peoples and of Monotheism.

JUDAISM

The origin of Judaism is told in the call of Abram from his homeland, Ur of the Chaldees, to emigrate to the land of Syria, there to establish a new nation and a new faith. The promise was: "I will make of thee a great nation . . . and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." (Genesis XII., 2-3.) The promise was broad. His mission was to be, not simply to his own people, but to all families of the earth, and as a blessing. There is nothing to indicate that they were called to be a people separate and apart from the other peoples of the earth. Yet, the building of a wall of separation quickly begins in the new land. When Abram selects a wife for his son, Isaac, it is not from among the people in whose midst he is dwelling. He sends back to the land of Haran, where Rebekah, one of his own kin, is chosen. Then, when Isaac's son, Jacob, seeks a wife, the choice is again, not in the land where they dwell, but back to Haran, where Rachel and Leah are chosen, these also being of their own kin.

From this time on, for generations, while the marriages are not always restricted to their own kin, they are yet chiefly among them, and the exceptions are few. Even in the land of Egypt, Joseph is married to an Egyptian woman, daughter to Potiphar, the High Priest. Moses, who was to lead them out of slavery, takes for his wife the daughter of Jethro, sheik of one of the wandering tribes in the Arabian peninsula. It is at Sinai that the lines are more sharply drawn. The divine words are: "For thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God, and the Lord hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people

unto himself, above all the nations that are upon the earth." (Deut. XIV., 2.)

That day, the broader mission of Abram was narrowed. That day, the Jews, who were to be a blessing to all the families of the earth, drew back within themselves to live a self-centered racial life. Their mission as teachers of divine truth to the world passed from their minds, and for three thousand years the Jew has stood separate and apart—a stranger and an alien among the peoples of the earth.

The various races of mankind have developed along different lines. With the West it has been along lines that have been industrial, commercial, scientific and imperial. To the Semitic peoples of the East, however, came an evolution along the lines of the Man Spiritual. The great religions of the world were born there. They seemed fore-ordained to become the religious teachers of the world. The bibles of the world were largely written there: the teachings of Zoroaster, the Magian faith, the Jewish Scriptures, the Christian Gospels, and the teachings of Paul—all of these go back to the Semitic lands and largely to Semitic bloods.

It was from this field that the Jew at Sinai drew back. He decided that his religion was for his people alone, and for three thousand years the Jews have indeed been a peculiar people, living to themselves alone.

The Ghetto. The Jew commenced building the walls of his ghetto at Sinai. When he drew back within himself, turning to the teachings of Moses, he turned away from the broader commission of uncircumcised Abram, who was sent to all the families of the earth. The ghetto has been called "the reproach of Christianity." In a still

broader and stronger sense, it is the reproach of the Jew, for he laid the foundation-stones thereof himself. The ghetto has its walls and its gateways; but the gateways are doubly barred. The Jew himself put up the bars within. Then the Christian put up the bars outside. The Jew barred the world out. The world, in return, barred the Jew in. What were these bars? Two words tell the story—isolation and its bodily sign, circumcision. When Judaism forbade to the Jew intermarriage with other peoples, and when circumcision was made the race mark of the Jew, the people of Judaism fore-doomed themselves to the ghetto. And the walls of the ghetto are not necessarily of stone, but something stronger—race prejudice and race alienation.

Need of a Strong Man for Judaism. The old prophets cried out against this narrowing of the Jewish life. Their voices were unheeded, and it was the Pharisees and the doctors of the Law who dulled the ears of the people to the warning cry that came from the hermits of the Wilderness and the Great Open. The prophet might cry out: "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah VI., 8)—but the Pharisee and the doctor of the Law said: "There is more—race-isolation, the Temple sacrifice of blood, and the blood seal of circumcision." The Pharisee and the doctor of Law and the priest of the Temple won, and the prophet went back to the Wilderness again, or died in a prison cell.

Three thousand years of the ghetto! Who is the Strong Man that shall save Judaism from itself—the Strong Man who shall lead Judaism out of the ghetto

into the broader brotherhood of man? And he must come to save the Jew from the doom he has brought upon himself. And he will come. Will Judaism know him when he comes, or will it turn back again to the Pharisee and the doctor of the Law and the ghetto of three thousand years?

The Jew has been gifted, as have few peoples, with a strong spiritual sense and a keen insight into the longings of the human soul. The words of the old Prophets, and the longings and the aspirations of the human soul as portrayed by the Psalmists, are as true of the soul of man today as they were when written ages ago. But what of the ages since? Has the Jew lost his spiritual voice? Is his work done? Or is he only burying the talent with which God endowed him? Will the Strong Man come up out of Judaism and answer these questions for him? Or will the Jew go on to the end barring himself within the ghetto of his isolation, separate and apart from the great seething and suffering mass of humanity about him?

It is the fullness of time for the coming of the Strong Man. But will he be Abraham, or Shylock? The fate, not of humanity, but of the Jew, depends upon the answer. Out of the crash of a wrecked civilization that old-time cry of the *Vox Clamantis* is again sounding by the waters of Jordan: "Prepare ye the way!"

ISLAM

Kemal Pasha. A Strong Man has come to Islam. Whether he is *the* Strong Man remains yet to be seen. Thus far, his work has been civic and political rather than ecclesiastic and spiritual. Yet, may be this is the only

way practicable and possible in preparing the way for the coming of another and stronger. He has thrown wide open the doors of St. Sophia to the peoples of all faiths, where for eight centuries it has been death for any but a Mohammedan to enter. He has yet to end the age-long, mournful cry at the wailing-place of the Jews, that at last, after the centuries of exclusion, the Jew may again enter in to the place where his Temple once stood, and there again rebuild his "Holy of Holies."

What Is Islam? It is the primitive faith of all the Desert Peoples. From it was born Judaism. From it also was born Mohammedanism. They worship the same God—only, they call Him by different Names. To the Jew, He is Jehovah. To the Mohammedan, He is Allah. But to both, He is the God of Abram, and of Mamre and the tent-life, and the night winds, and the stars. The Jew tells the stories of the old Patriarchal life to his children by the fireside. The wandering Arab tells them to his children by the desert camp-fire. Their bibles are different. With one, it is "The Law"; with the other, "The Koran." Yet they deal with the same characters, the same tales; and are based upon the same great, practical Behests of the Righteous Life. Of the two, the Koran is the cruder and the ruder, and it is also the coarser. But the Koran had to deal with a cruder and a ruder and a coarser people.

The Law of the Jew makes no attempt to portray the life of man other than as lived upon this earth. The life beyond remains an unturned page. The supreme Law is, "Do Right because it is Right. Of the Future God has not yet spoken." The Koran also words the command, "Do Right because it is Right," but it adds to the com-

mand an inducement—a future even surfeited with the voluptuous delights that are offered to man in a pleasure-loving life here upon earth. How much of this lower plane of award was in the Koran, as written by Mohammed, or may have come from after-revisions and additions, we do not know; for the Koran, like the Jewish Codes and like the Christian Scriptures, has suffered much and had much of change by addition or omission at the hands of transcribers and revisers and Church Councils. Yet, withal, Mohammedanism still has the strong, clear breath of the Desert breeze.

As a faith, Mohammedanism had its first fanatical outrush, sweeping from the banks of the Indus over Asia, over Africa, to the Straits of Gibraltar, and threatening at one time to engulf all Europe. Even Christianity seemed doomed before it. Then came the check at the Battle of Chalons, when a despairing Christendom, in one last desperate struggle, rolled back the tide of invasion and Islam went back to its homelands in the desert regions of the East. There it developed and for a few centuries lived a race-life and a home-life so beautiful that both survive in the stories of good *Haroun Al Raschid* and the *Arabian Nights*. It was a racial season of peace, of kindness, of justice, of content. It built its great universities, at Bagdad, at Alexandria, at Cordova in Spain. And the age was an era of tolerance. Christians and Jews taught as professors in its universities, which were open to students of all religions. The classics of Greece and of Rome and the scientific works of the West were translated into Arabic for use in the universities.

It is to bring back all this in the Orient that the Strong Man is again needed for the Islamic Peoples. It

is not the religion of the West, with its great cities and their smothered life, that the East needs; it is the old Desert Life of the Open, with the drifting sands, and the oasis with its spring of water and its waving palms, and the wandering Arab with his camel. Nature makes peoples and their religions. You may destroy these. You cannot change them.

I have in my library a picture of a wandering Arab kneeling alone upon the desert sand at the hour of noon-day prayer, his patient camel standing by him in the burning heat. This is the scene:

ISLAM

A silent land :
The desert hush :
A lonely palm :
A trickling spring :

A camel sleeping :
An Arab kneeling :
Brown hands uplifted
In the fierce heat.

A voice of prayer,
Fervent, devout—
“Allah! Allah!
Allah il Allah!”

Out of the sand wastes,
The haunted sand wastes,
Lone winds bring answer—
“Allah! Allah!
Allah il Allah!
God is God!”

The Incoming to Islam of the Ottoman Turk. The evil days came to Islam with the incoming of the Ottoman Turk in the Thirteenth Century. Within a hundred years they had over-run the Mohammedan domain in Syria and Asia-Minor. In 1453, with the conquest of Constantinople, the whole Orient was practically under their control. They were a Tartar tribe from the Inner Asiatic Plateau, successors to the Aryans who, with the changing climatic conditions of Asia, had migrated westward into Europe. The whole story of this migration and its causes is told elsewhere in this work. The point to be noted here is the influence of this incoming upon Islam as a religion, and upon the character of the Islamic civilization. To both religion and civilization it brought a transformation like that which the Tartar dominance brought to Russia, its religion and civilization during the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries. There was in the Russian and in the Islamic lands a distinct lowering of type. The universities disappeared. Ignorance replaced education. Bigotry and intolerance supplanted the older religious good fellowship of other faiths; for the Ottoman Tartar, abandoning his racial religion, whatever it might have been, adopted Islam, the faith of the conquered peoples. But Islam did not change the Turk. Instead, the Turk changed Islam. To what extent this change might have come in Articles of Faith, it is difficult to say, possibly because schools and intelligence disappeared. But of one fact the Western World was soon made painfully aware—that the older Islamic kindliness was gone and in its stead had appeared a cruelty that Islam had not known. The same change came to Russia, and from the same cause, as told elsewhere in this book. The Mohammedanism of

Arabia and of Egypt never felt the brutalizing influence of the Tartar as did Anatolia and the Barbary Coast of North Africa. Whether by open warfare or whether by piracy or whether by tribute levied, the hand of the Turk was heavy upon Asia-Minor and the Mediterranean coasts.

With coming of Kemal Pasha as the Strong Man, rather of the Turk than of Islam, the spirit of the Turk seems to be changing. The incoming of the Turk has brought to a decadent Orient new and vigorous blood. Kemal Pasha is trying to Europeanize that blood. The problem, however, is still an open one, whether the West can Europeanize the Tartar blood or whether the Turk will still Tartarize the Orient. The Strong Man who can answer this question and find a solution does not seem yet to have come. May be, as with Russia on the Volga and the Caspian, the world can only wait and see.

Yet, that in the end, Nature and her forces will again work out and restore its normal race type in both civilization and religion, the world history of the ages would seem to make certain.

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS STRONG MAN

He came nineteen centuries ago. He was not understood then. Is He understood now?

And a strange question comes up. If we are to take the four Gospels as a perfect and infallible record of His sayings, showing as they do changes and self-contradictions and changes of thought as to His own personality, and showing in His dying hour, a complete disavowal of

much of His previous claims, the question arises: Did He understand Himself?

For nearly two thousand years men have been unable to agree upon this question. It has split up churches. It has divided religious communities. It has severed old friendships, and for nearly two thousand years has led to wars that were bitter, bloody, unspeakably cruel; and today the world is no nearer an agreement than it was two thousand years ago. He came as the Strong Man to reform Judaism, but Judaism rejected and then slew Him.

And yet, no honest-thinking man can read impartially the record of His life and sayings contained in those four Gospels, without feeling that here was One who at least came with a Divine Message. His claim and lament was that He came to reclaim and reform Judaism. He died in the bitterness of the feeling that He had failed. The agony of a broken heart is in that dying cry: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" And yet, He had not failed. Only, He did not see. The centuries since have told the story.

VIA CRUCIS

Earth's Calvarys are many: not alone
Upon the hill-top, just without the gate,
The cross uprears its cruel, martyr form:
And not always the jeering, scoffing throng,
Nor the drawn face where all may look and see.
These came to earth one time; but only once:
And some men saw; *and some men's eyes were blind.*

These are earth's Calvarys: Where'er a soul,
A human soul, for others bears a pain
Which it might turn from on the other side,
Might turn from, but does not: might turn from, but,
 instead,
Bares its own breast to take the wounding hurt,
And saves another from the deadly pang.
It, too, has trod the path without the gate;
It, too, has found its cross, and Calvary.
And some may see: and still may some be blind.

Will the Strong Man come again to Judaism, or is it to be again the wailing cry of the old prophet: "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone."

During the years of His public ministry, Jesus of Nazareth had Himself grown beyond His original claim. As the years went by and Judaic disappointments beset Him, Jesus, Himself, seems to have changed.

He turned back from Sinai and the Levitical Code to the broadness and the fullness of the mission given to pre-Judaic Abram, the uncircumcised forefather of the circumcised Jew (who, however, was only one of his descendants). It was a broader vision that came to Jesus. Turning from the narrow life of the Jew, He claimed the fullness of the Abramic commission:

"And Jesus came, and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen." (Matthew XXVIII., 18, 19, 20.)

The Strong Man of Christianity. The Strong Man, rejected by Judaism, turned away to become the Strong Man of the old Abramic promise, in its newer and broader fulfillment. That His work, after nearly two thousand years of dissensions, of disputes as to the meaning of His words, of controversy as to His personality, of ostracisms, of sectarian wars—that after all these His work still stands, is strong testimony as to the intrinsic soundness of His teachings.

LO, WITH THEE I HAVE DIED!

With a mortal hurt one lay
On the blood-stained sod, unknown :
And he watched across the day
With glazing eye, alway ;
For he would not die alone.

He spake not of relief ;
But only he made moan—
'Twas the burden of his grief
As the moments grew more brief—
"I would not die alone!"

This was his only cry,
And the cry a prayer was grown,
"My moments quickly fly,
And I know that I must die ;
But I would not die alone."

Then came One ; and He cried :
*"I have heard thy dying moan :
Behold my bleeding side!
Lo, with thee I have died :
Thou dost not die alone."*

The first great marring was the work of Paul. Paul, a Pharisee of the Pharisees, as he proclaimed, never ceased to be a Jew. Almost to the time of his death he kept up in his own life the observance of the Judaic festivals, feasts, and annual ecclesiastical gatherings. His whole labor seems to have been to make over Sinai and the Levitical Code, and the sacrifices and circumcision, in a spiritualized sense, for the new faith. He, probably more than any other man, was the shaper and fashioner of what became known as the Greek Christian Church. And that Church is today one of the greatest factors in the problem of the rebuilding of the Orient.

The rebuilding of Asia north of the Himalayas is largely a problem of the Tartar and the geophysical significance of the Volga and its tributaries and of the Caspian Sea. This is a problem almost wholly industrial in character, and as such has been so already discussed.

The rebuilding of the Orient of a thousand years ago is a problem not primarily industrial, but is almost entirely religious in character. Let the three great religions of the Orient—the Greek Christianity, Mohammedanism, and Judaism—come to an agreement upon a common working basis of mutual forbearance, tolerance and fellowship, and the Old Orient of a Thousand Years will draw a new breath. And the basis of that agreement is laid down for each by their founders.

The prophet of Judaism said :

“He hath showed thee, O man, what is good ; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?” (Micah VI., 8.)

The Koran says:

"Whether a believer (Islamite), a Jew, a Christian, or a Sabæan, he who believeth in God, the Last Day, and acteth aright, his reward is with his God: he should never fear nor be grieved." (Koran.)

Jesus of Nazareth said:

"Then one of them, which was a lawyer, asked him a question, saying, Master, which is the great commandment in the law? And Jesus said unto him: Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets." (Matthew XXII., 35-40.)

Let the three great religions of the Orient unite on this common basis, and the work is done. Hands will clasp in brotherhood, that for ages have been dyed with each others' blood. The world will at last learn the lesson that religion means love and not hate.

And the world will again have about the East Basin of the Mediterranean the old-time poetry and beauty and peace. The over-worked, industrial West, with its rivalries, its clashings, its industrial problems, needs the dreamy lands of the Orient as a counter-balance. God made the Orient, with its sunshine and the deserts and the patient camel, and the oasis, and the great Open, for a purpose. Let us not mar His plans, but thank Him with grateful hearts, and have peace. Thank God for the tent-life, and the night winds flapping the curtains of the tent.

Allah Il Allah!

It is the fullness of time for the coming of the Strong Man to the Orient.

Need of a Strong Man for the Roman Church. Probably no greater disturbing element ever entered into the building of the civilization of the West than religion. This began with the introduction of Christianity. This was not the case with that older Roman civilization, which the Goth destroyed. The older Rome, whether of the Republic, or of the Imperium, never allowed the question of religious faith to enter as a disturbing element into its civic or political life. When Agrippa, in the year 27 B.C., built the Pantheon, it was, as its name indicated, a temple to all of the gods of the widespread empire. Here, in this building, a man coming from any part of the empire might erect an altar to his god and worship him after the manner of his own land.

There was only one requirement—that service must be purely religious in purpose and character, and must in no way be antagonistic to the state. Disloyalty to the state could never be permitted. It was upon the charge of disloyalty to the state that Jesus of Nazareth was put to death. In the trial before Pilate the charge is made . . . “the Jews cried out, saying, If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar’s friend. Whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Caesar.” (John XIX., 12.)

The essence of the charge against Paul is also disloyalty. In his defense before Festus he makes use of these words: “Neither against the law of the Jews, neither against the temple, nor yet against Caesar have I offended anything at all.” (Acts XXV., 8.) His final execution in Rome seems to have been based upon suspicion of dis-

loyalty. This was also the charge made against the martyrs who died in the arena.

THE TEMPORAL POWER

But as the first few centuries went by, the Church began to establish a religious test, and the man who failed to stand this testing was penalized, in the end, with death. It was the beginning of the Inquisition, where men died under torture because of their faith. The papacy began to assert its claim as a temporal power, claiming the right to put to death the man who questioned or denied its authority. This claim for the right to exercise the temporal power lay back of the great religious wars of the Early Middle Ages. The temporal power of the Church grew until the Pope overshadowed the kings of Europe. The claim was made by the Church that the kings of the different nations held their power solely through a delegated authority from the papacy. The Church claimed the right to enthrone or dethrone any earthly monarch. The claims of the Church became so extreme that in the end the Teutonic peoples of the northlands revolted and established the many separate denominations of Protestantism. And again, the ruling power in the Church kept narrowing until now, practically, none but an Italian can have any expectation of ever sitting as Pontiff in the papal chair. This whole topic has been explained more fully elsewhere, in the books which I have published. This only may be said: That Church has need of the Strong Man, for its rebuilding. Some Gregory Maximus instead of Magnus, a Hildebrand, of forceful memory; for it is

now facing its second great split, and its reduction to the status of simply a national instead of even a racial church. Nothing but an absolute change in creedal and ecclesiastical policies can avert this. And that Church has before it the possibility of great work in the future. It can supply a spiritual need among races that other forms of Christianity cannot touch. This is especially true of that Church among the Latin peoples of America.

THE SEA: A COMMON HERITAGE

ITS PROBLEMS AFFECT ALL PEOPLES

WHEN the Psalmist wrote: "Thou madest him (man) to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas," it was a gift, the broadness of which is not always taken into consideration. It was not to Jew or Greek or Latin; not to the men of the North Seas nor to the fishermen of the Mediterranean; not to Europe, nor America, nor the Islands of the Seven Seas, but to MAN. The wording takes it beyond racial lines. It is to all races and all kins who dwell upon the earth—a common heritage.

When the rules of naval warfare made the old cannon-range of three miles the limit of national domain, and beyond that the open sea a domain common to all mankind, it established once for all the great fishing grounds of the world as a common heritage. The Breton fishermen of France, the fishermen from the shores of England and of Scandinavia, had equal rights on the banks of Newfoundland with the fishing smacks of New England. The same general fact holds good with regard to all the great fishing grounds of the world. They all are a common heritage.

With this right to the food supplies of the sea, belonging to all the sea-faring races of mankind, it is to their interest to make common cause in the protection and preservation from harm of all the great fishing grounds of the world. This care involves many phases of legal responsibilities.

The "paths of the seas"—what does it mean? It means the great travelled highways used by the different varieties of fish in the yearly migrations of the breeding season. Every year, at about the same season, the salmon make their appearance along the shores of Alaska, British Columbia and as far south as the Bay of San Francisco. Their annual spawning is not in salt water but in fresh. They swarm in the rivers. They make their way past rapids and falls to the headwaters of the streams. There the young are hatched and in the quieter waters of the rivers they remain and grow until strong enough to face the stormy waters of the seas. After a few months they disappear, to return again the next season. Where they go and where they stay during the months of absence is not well known, only it is somewhere about the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Other varieties of fish obey similar laws in their breeding. It is so on the Banks of Newfoundland and along the New England shores. It is so, likewise, with the fisheries of the North Seas, which supply so much of the food of Scandinavia and the British Islands.

The foregoing facts make the care and the guardianship of the great sea fisheries a matter of world interest. The importance of this will be more thoroughly realized as we learn more of the annual migration of the great food fish of the seas and of the pathways by which they travel.

The Prevention of Waste in the Great Sea Fisheries.

There is a great and exceedingly productive fishing-ground on the shoal submarine plain stretching from Point Concepcion to well down the coast line of the Peninsula of California and even along a portion of the Mexican Coast. With a length of at least a thousand miles and a width, over much of this distance, ranging from fifty to probably seventy miles; with its comparatively shoal waters from one hundred to three hundred feet and its growth of submarine vegetation, it is a vast feeding-ground for fish, and the fisheries are extensive and profitable. One of the greatest sardine fisheries of the world is located at Los Angeles Harbor. This fishing-ground abounds, also, in the larger table fish.

Yet, to keep up the price of fish in the city markets, boatload after boatload of dead fish is dumped back into the sea. As a result, fish, which should be the chief meat of the people, supplying the place of beef and mutton, is a dainty for the tables of the rich. I said to a fishman in one of the markets, when I wished to purchase some halibut: "I cannot afford to buy this fish for my table. It is too costly." "I know it," he said; "it is an outrage, but we are compelled to pay such a price to the wholesalers we cannot sell it for less." And yet, that fish cost the fisherman nothing but the mere trouble of catching—and catching by the boatload. And, still worse, in the wholesale waste they are bringing destruction to the fisheries, constantly diminishing the supply the sea can afford. This subject of grave wastefulness of the products of the sea directs attention to other waste.

The Waste and Destruction of Land Foods. It has been said that the waste of an American kitchen would

feed a French family. There is an economic truth in the statement. Yet, as though this were not enough, we have extended the destruction of food supplies on land as well as on sea. Within the last five years the government of the United States, in order to keep up huge prices for the benefit of the meatmen, has bought and destroyed some millions of head of cattle, of hogs and sheep, leaving the carcasses to decay. All this has been paid for by the tax money wrung from the hard-working people, and for the benefit of one small division of its dealers. And the course taken was effective, for the price of meat went up enormously.

But something else has come to pass which probably was not taken into account. Meat has largely disappeared from the tables of the poor. [A hard-working woman, with a hard-working, temperate husband and five children in the family, said to me: "I can afford to buy meat only once a week for my family." Two of the children were delicate. I said to the mother: "These two children, at least, ought to have some fat bacon twice a day." She replied she had not the money to buy it. Although, for some years back, my resources have been heavily overtaxed in the benevolences I have been carrying, I said to the mother: "I cannot buy bacon for all of you, but I will buy bacon for these two children; and give it to them morning and evening." The little boy said, piteously, to his mother: "It must be fine to live in a house where you can have as much bacon as you want."]

We have been paying men not to raise grain but to let their lands stand idle—millions of acres; and not to raise meat. And the result aimed at was gained. The price and the size of the loaf of bread tell the story. We are now

importing wheat, corn and meat to feed our people; and paying to keep our fertile lands idle. The result has been gained. Prices have gone up tremendously. And the process has been contagious. Brazil has been burning up her coffee crop to keep up prices—hundreds of thousands of sacks. And we, as the greatest coffee-drinkers of the world, are paying the increased price.

And who are the sufferers? The poor! What we are doing today as a nation is a crime against humanity and a sin before God! "But," says some wise politician, "may we not do what we please with our own?" Is it our own?

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods." (Psalm XXIV., 1-2.)

God has never passed title; and has never agreed to keep up repairs. The nations are only tenants at will. *Ilium fuit!*

I think it was Lowell who wrote:

*"The mills of God grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small."*

They are still grinding. And they will grind this nation to powder unless it finds saner ways. The wanton destruction of food by order of the government, and the farmers salaried not to raise wheat, will show its evil after-effects in the millions of poorly nourished children as they reach the years of adult life. It means a generation of men and women of feebler physique, who will be less able to do their full part in the struggle of life. It means an enfeebled America. It is race suicide. It will mean also a startling increase in crime. The criminal docket will tell the story. We are making the crime-wave that is sweep-

ing over the land. Make possible proper supplies of nourishing food for the masses instead of building more penitentiaries. A well-nourished body and regular work are more efficient in the battle against the use of liquor and narcotics than a legislative enactment or a Good Templar Lodge or a prayer meeting. And it is the poor that are the sufferers. Where the fashionable salon of the rich furnishes one victim the disreputable saloon of the poor furnishes thousands. It is the cry of the defectively nourished body for relief from the weariness and exhaustion of insufficiently-appeased hunger. It is bread, not beer; meat, not wine; commonsense, not theories, that the masses need. Is the political machine of the country ready to heed the warning: "And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." (Acts XXIV., 25.)

THE COMMERCE AND TRADE LINES OF THE SEAS

I have before spoken, especially in a previous book, *Race Life and Race Religions*, of the great caravan trade-lines of antiquity. These lines shaped the history of the ancient world. They had to be kept safe from interruption, and were open to many races. To close them or make them unsafe for world travel meant warfare. Such a great world route was the long line from farther India, across Syria and Asia-Minor to the Bosphorus, with branching lines to Arabia and the Nile.

Modern civilization has developed such lines upon the seas. The integrity of the ancient world was based

upon the continued and safe openness of these trade-lines upon the land. Modern civilization, having developed similar lines upon the sea, is in like manner dependent upon their integrity not only for prosperity but even for existence. Not only is the problem now vaster but it is more vital, for modern civilization is based upon world-trade between the races to a far greater extent than the civilizations of centuries ago.

I have spoken elsewhere of the neutrality of the open seas. These must be free for all; but at some points in the world, Nature has shaped and man has completed artificial waterways connecting the seas of the earth. Two of these control a large part of the commerce of the world. They are the Suez Canal and the Panama Canal. That either of these should remain under the control of one nation, and liable to be closed by a purely national war, should not be allowed. Their absolute neutrality is a world problem, and they should be under the control, not of one nation, but of all nations. The two seas which are their respective approaches, should in like manner remain neutral and open to all. The Leeward and Windward Passage are the world-keys to the Caribbean. The Mediterranean and the Red Sea are the approaches to the Suez Canal. Gibraltar and Aden are the keys to the Red Sea, the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal. For more than a century, both of these have belonged to England, and are strongly fortified, and garrisoned; and, with Malta and the island of Cyprus as midway stations, have given to that Power the control of the Mediterranean and of the approaches to the Far East.

There can be no permanent peace in Europe while this continues, as the long waterway of the Mediterranean cuts

off Celtic France, Latin Italy, the Greek Ægean, the Balkans and the Prussian lands of Mid-Europe, from their future food supply in Africa. It is this fact which keeps France coquetting in her alliances between England and Italy. She plays off the one against the other, and she has to. It is the fear of the German and the fear of food-famine that are always before her. And then the outlet of Balkan Mid-Europe and of Prussian Germany, with Austria as its annex, must be southward by the Adriatic and the Ægean to reach the old-time wheat fields of Rome on the south shores of the Mediterranean. Africa holds the future peace of Europe in her hands. It is the water and the silt of the great African plateau rivers, dammed up and held back in flood season, that must not only keep Egypt fertile but must also reclaim much of the Sahara and make fertile the arid lands of Abyssinia and the Sudan.

There are three more things necessary to complete the great waterways of the Old World :

(a) A clear and unobstructed seaway for commerce to Australia and New Zealand, by the strait that separates Australia and New Guinea.

(b) A clear trade-way by water north of the great islands, and south of the Malay Peninsula, for commerce with China and Japan. All of this long line from Gibraltar to the open seas of the Pacific must be under world-control if there is to be peace—no nation injured, no nation favored, open and secure to all.

(c) Paper blockades to be absolutely prohibited. There are other questions which will arise with regard to the seas and their extensions, such as the Black Sea and its

entrance by the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles; the North Sea; the Baltic and its extensions; the China Sea; Gulf of Mexico, which, while not probably of world-importance, but racial rather, about which some common agreement must be reached.

Private Property to be Exempt from Seizure and Confiscation upon both Land and Sea. There was a time when war meant looting and robbery. Everything belonging to the vanquished, but which the conqueror might desire, was seized and carried away. Even now that age has hardly ceased. It was told of General Blucher, of Waterloo fame, that, some years afterward, as he was driven through the streets on a visit to London, he exclaimed: "My, what a city to loot!" Even in the World War, Belgium, between looting and money assessments levied upon cities, learned that the old ways of confiscation had not been forgotten. It is a remnant of barbarism that the world must put away. And it was the rule upon the High Seas as well as upon land. Privateering was a custom of all seafaring peoples, and not always made half-way respectable by open declaration of war. The long sea fight for the possession of the New World, which ran through the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, between England and Spain, was largely fought in times of nominal peace. Armed vessels went out from the ports of England, without commission as vessels of war, coming back after an absence of a couple of years laden with the spoils of the Spanish galleons, and of the cities about the Isthmus of Panama; and no questions were asked. Even royalty did not disdain the receiving of valuable gifts from the plunder. And the men commanding these ships

were feted and honored. It was not simply upon the waters of the Spanish Main that this semi-warfare was carried on. While men like Drake and Hawkins were sweeping the seas, armed forces of buccaneers under the command of men like Morgan were storming the fortified cities of Panama and carrying away their wealth. With all, it was plunder that was sought. It was simply racial robbery by land and by sea.

A rebuilt civilization, if it would live, must end all this. Wars must not be for plunder. They may arise for the possession of lands which one race may hold, but which it is not using or cannot use, and which the other race sorely needs for the production of food which it must have. Such wars may settle racial problems. Even these, however, may be amicably settled by a periodic distribution of the lands and industrial resources of the earth, taking from those who have too much, giving to those who have too little.

Division of the Earth on Racial and not upon National Lines. Austria, which was brought to an end by the World War, was a composite empire. It had under one government and one flag seventeen different races, speaking seventeen different languages. Virtually beginning with the House of Hapsburg as the ruling power, about the year 1282 A.D., in six centuries it became a great composite empire of the seventeen different peoples. They only mingled, however, but never mixed. Each retained its old name, its old language, its old religious faith, its old race customs and its old race jealousies. Like Poland, it was kept together by outside pressure for the peace of the nations. And yet it was a constant menace to the peace of Europe. It was a powder-magazine in which a single

spark might blow up the Balkan lands. It did this in the World War, but the war was not confined to the Balkans. Before it ceased, practically all Europe and almost the whole world became involved. Germany and Poland are cases illustrating the same danger in Europe today.

America is an illustration of a different system. The one speech and the one race in America are absorbing all. They mingle, but they mix. With three great Powers in North America, a few civil employees kept for purposes of import duties are the only guards. No armed forces, no hostile guns, face each other. And there is no probability of any hostility in the future. On the contrary, it does not take the eyes even of a prophet to foresee the time when One Flag will peacefully wave from Panama to the North Pole.

That Europe can ever become Americanized and be *one* is not probable; one might almost say impossible. This, however, it can do, and this it must do if it would have peace: In the rebuilding of a wrecked civilization, let it rearrange itself by racial and not by arbitrary national lines. When it brings to an end the composite national system and becomes a country in which race lines and national lines shall be one, it may have internal peace, not until then.

A British Ambassador to America said, in a lecture at Johns-Hopkins University: "Europe is dying!" He was mistaken. Europe is not dying. It is the old, out-worn system of national divisions that is dying. Let Europe rebuild itself upon racial lines and a long step will be taken in advance for the European peace which means also world peace. Let Greek go with Greek, Celt with Celt, Latin with Latin, Slav with Slav, Teuton with Teuton,

the Englemen of the north seas with Englemen; and then let one more step be taken of which I have yet to speak, and Europe will be new-born.

The same truths hold good with regard to the future of Asia. When Semite, forgetting local religious bitter-nesses and recognizing instead the one common race tie; and when Hindu becomes Hindu, and when Tartar becomes Tartar, and Mongol becomes Mongol, letting race ties take the place of religious differences, they, too—with the one topic of which I have yet to write, settled among them—they, too, may have peace. What is that one remaining factor? The next section will tell.

A Periodic Re-division of the Lands of the Earth and of its Resources according to Race Needs. The extent of the land on earth fitted for the production of food is limited and fixed. The efforts of man to increase this, whether by diking as in Holland or by drainage as in the swamp lands of the earth, or by irrigation as in the valley of the Nile and elsewhere, can only slightly increase this. And so with the mineral resources of the earth. No effort of man can increase the quantity of iron ore and copper and tin. These are found only in certain parts of the earth, other portions of the earth being destitute of them. Nor can the quantity of these ores be increased by man. It is so, also, with the great sea fisheries of the world. The laws governing the replenishing of fish supply are only slightly under man's control. These facts with regard to land, and metals, and to the fish of the seas, make them as means of support for human life—either directly by food itself or indirectly by furnishing through industrial activity the means necessary for the purchase of food by barter or otherwise—make all these forces of food supply enumer-

ated for the sustaining of human life, something almost entirely beyond man's control.

In the foregoing respect, all these means for providing for human life are entirely unlike what we call personal property. Personal property is what a human being makes for himself, such as houses, machinery, and the many things that pertain to the comforts of life. The term "realty" covers the things which man does not make but receives directly from God. Personal property means largely the things which man has not inherited, but has produced by his own efforts. Human law recognizes this difference in all countries.

Put by the side of these facts another: that men and races alike are born, grow, then grow old and die. The personal property soon passes out of existence after the demise of its maker. The realty goes on. What is to be done with it, for, if the man does not leave heirs the property has no owner? By the laws of all countries this realty reverts to the public as a common inheritance. This is the law with regard to the individual.

But races also die out. They might be called the families of the earth. What is to become of the realty which they held as a race? It can only revert to the human race at large, as common property.

But another fact. The amount of realty which can be made use of by any one race is limited by their numbers, and some races are increasing in numbers while others are dying. The race which is increasing in numbers must constantly have more land, an increasing share of the mineral wealth of the world, and of the food yielded by the fisheries of the seas.

Other races are dying out and constantly needing less

and less of the land for the industrial supplies of the earth. What is the result? It is this: the land which has not, reaches out to take for its own use—to take from the races which have, but cannot utilize—these things which are needed for the support of life. It wants more land in order to produce more food. It wants more of the mineral wealth for its manufactures that it may barter for food. It wants a greater share in the fisheries.

Out of all these various facts we deduce a general law, namely: *Upon the earth and its peoples as we know them, the tenure of ownership in all that we call realty must be USE.*

It was the failure to recognize the working of these general facts, among the various peoples of the earth, its nationalities and its races, that wrecked the League of Nations. That League was based upon the false assumption that the various races of the earth could be made to stand still, neither growing nor decaying; the numbers of each always remaining the same, with no change in their demands for food, or for the extent of land needed to produce that food, or for the minerals for their manufactures, or for their share in the fisheries of the seas. The League and its offspring—the Versailles Treaty—absolutely ignored the teachings of history. There was only one thing left for it to do. It died. And, as the child said: "It died of bornin'."

In the rebuilding of a wrecked civilization the general law of race individualism, of race growth, and of race decay, and then possibly race death must be taken into consideration, or it, like the civilization which it supplants, must break down and die. But how shall this be done? The following chapter will outline what must be done.



THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS

AN INDUSTRIAL AND ECONOMIC CONFERENCE OF THE WORLD

WHAT measures are within our power for the making of a better world? The answer lies in an effort to arrive at a solution of the problems which affect all the peoples of the earth. How may this effort be arranged and directed?—By an Industrial and Economic Conference of the World to provide for a redistribution of the earth's resources. [This chapter is printed as it was written several months ago, and in some respects somewhat duplicates matter which I am now writing. I am not re-writing it, however; for time presses, and I am worn and tired, and there is so much that I have still to do before my work here upon earth is ended. Possibly, also, a repetition in the statement of some of these great issues may not be amiss.]

The League of Nations was designed to prevent war. It failed because it had failed to recognize the causes of wars. What are the causes of wars? Practically, there are two:

I. An insufficient supply of food. Before hunger, international law goes down; boundary-lines of nations go down. If, across a boundary line, lies unoccupied or insufficiently utilized land, hungry peoples will cross that

line and seize the land. They must, or die. With the heading of "hungry" may be classed also the craving for the comforts of life. These, all men desire. These, all men will have, even though it means war. Well-fed and comfortable peoples are contented peoples. Advantage is sometimes taken, by ambitious leaders of discontent, to carry out schemes for their own glory. But such men are powerless unless their ambitions are backed by the support of a discontented people.

II. And again, as stated, the League of Nations was based upon a second error—that the populations of the different nations would always remain the same in numbers, and that consequently the areas of land possessed by each might permanently be kept the same. It failed to recognize the fact that *some nations and some races are growing, and some are dying*: and that, with the relative changes in population, the needs would change.

Already, some portions of the earth are densely overpopulated; others, scarcely populated at all. Europe is one of the densely over-populated portions. The nations of Europe are spending their time and resources fighting each other. And for what? For the overlordship of lands which will admit of no further increase of population. They are like a pack of hungry dogs fighting over one bone. And again, *Why?* Because they are dying—and dying of hunger. The diminished and ever-diminishing birth-rate tells the story. Defective nutrition—or malnutrition—in the end means a steadily diminishing reproductive power. France is dying. Germany is dying. England is dying. Belgium and the smaller states are dying. Italy is dying. Her present grasp after more land

in Africa is the frantic struggle of a man dying of hunger. The League of Nations may tell her to stop. It dare not try to the full to stop her. There is a powder-magazine in her own hungry peoples. They may tell Italy to stop, but they are hiding the box for fear some nation may strike a match. But, in all these peoples, there is a fundamental, if frustrated, vitality.

The Italo-Abyssinian War. There are two real causes lying back of the war of Italy for the control of Abyssinia :

(a) The control of the Blue Nile and its cotton and food lands. The Blue Nile, with its water stored and utilized for irrigation, would materially assist in the solution of the problem of an adequate food supply for the Italian people. Not that the Italian people would migrate bodily to Africa, but that Italy, like Belgium or England, could become on a large scale a manufacturing country. With the cotton-fields of Abyssinia under her control, her factories could be located in Italy itself. She would live by manufacturing and trade. The imported food supplies, also, produced by and imported from the surplus lands of the Blue Nile region, would add to the food supplies raised in Italy itself. It is food that Italy wants, not empire. Empire is only the stepping-stone to food.

(b) *The Freedom of the Seas in the Mediterranean.* The Mediterranean Sea lies between France and Italy and their future in Africa. With that Sea under the control of the British fleet, the food supply of both France and Italy is imperilled. This fact forces an alliance of sympathy between France and Italy, as against England. And it is this fact that makes both France and Italy lukewarm towards the League of Nations: for that League

is a practical guarantee of the status quo of the English sea-power; and the control of the Mediterranean by her fleet is the tenure by which England holds India and her trade in the Far East. And yet that League is at least a semblance of security for France against Germany. And, yet again, all three—Italy, France, Germany—must look to Africa as their future field for growth and development. And, yet still again, England has largely seized control of, and through her sea-power holds, the African continent.

All of these irreconcilable and conflicting interests of the four Powers—Italy, France, Germany, England—make any possibility of an agreement between them remote. And with each the unsolved problem back of it all is the problem of food. Again, Italy and Germany have between them a bond of sympathy in their aspirations for their future in the Far East: and the problem is widening. Yet in the problem of the Far East are two new factors: the Asiatic Slav and an Orient—once powerful—that is sleeping, not dead.

There is the situation. And yet, before them is a globe which in its productive resources is almost untouched by population. What keeps the hungry peoples of the congested regions from spreading abroad and utilizing the undeveloped lands? This: the fact that these vast territories, idle and now adding little to the food resources of the world, are held in fee simple by a few strong Powers that cannot use them and do not need them. And what is the "fee simple" of international law? It is simply the right of discovery or the power of conquest. They think they own these unused lands: and yet, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof."

Is there a remedy for all this? Yes! It lies in an Industrial and Economic Conference of the World. Let a conference be called of the nations and peoples of the earth. Let them take an inventory of the globe and its resources for the support of human life. Let that conference have in it representatives from all classes, all industries; all the multifarious types of human life and activity. Let the agriculturist be there; the miner, whether for coal, or oil, or metals; those who spend their lives in developing the physical powers of the world: let the men of commerce be there and the men who live by the great fishing industries; and, as said, let them take stock of the resources of the globe for the support of human life.

And then—What? Let these resources be divided among the peoples of the earth so that each may have a fair share. And let this division or apportionment be periodic, that dying races may no longer hold fast to resources which they cannot utilize and do not need: and let the races that are growing in numbers be no longer pent up within bounds that are too narrow.

If all this could be done, wars would not have to be prevented. They would not arise. And until it *is* done, no human power can prevent wars.

As a separate thought: The inquiry might be made—*"Why Do Races Die?"* To answer the question in full would be difficult. This only can we say in explanation: We know that varieties of plant life, such as cultivated fruits, after awhile seem to have exhausted their vitality. They cease to be economically productive. Their growth becomes feeble and diseased. Old age has come upon them. They die; and new varieties, springing from the common wild stock, take their place. It seems to be so

with men. Racially, they die. Then, their place is taken by newer varieties, springing from the common stock of humanity. And the reason for it all? There must be a reason; but God has never told. We only know the Law. And we must live our lives according to its behests.

In such an Industrial and Economic Conference lies the hope of the world. Then, may there be peace. What nation will take the lead in calling for such a conference?

ANY AND ALL INTERFERENCE OF RELIGION IN THE CIVIL GOVERNMENTS TO BE ABSOLUTELY PROHIBITED

The earlier civilizations of the world were based almost entirely upon religion. With primitive man it was easier to speculate about the world to come than it was to know and understand the material world in which he lived. The Man Spiritual started a long way in advance of the Man Intellectual. It was the fairy stories of childhood that precede the school and the books. The first thing that men did after gathering in towns was to build a temple for some object of worship. They called it their God. About this temple the habitations multiplied, until the town grew to a great city, which became the focal point of their civilization. As the years passed on, about this God and within this temple, grew up a class of servitors, who became a social class separate and apart from the people about them. They were deemed to be endowed with a spiritual knowledge and insight superior to that of the people about them. A sanctity seemed to be a part of their personality. They were deemed to possess a foresight into the future superior to that of other men. As time went by they claimed, or were supposed to have power with the God, to shape the future in the life to

come of others about them. As their time was given to serving the God, they became exempt from work apart from the temple service. At first they were supported by gifts, afterward by a tax upon the industries of others. They thus became a class separate and distinct and apart from the mass of the worshipers of their God, and in many cases the position and its emoluments became hereditary. This is the history of the genesis and evolution of the religious faiths of the world.

But there came into all this a new spirit. Each nationality or each race began to make claim that its God was the only true God. The first claim led to ostracisms and persecutions, within that one race. Men who questioned or doubted the claims asserted were stigmatized as heretics, who were to be punished by the civil law of that land. The later claim, that of a nationalism of the God, gave rise to bitter wars of annihilation against other races that made similar claims for their Gods. And these wars were deemed to be a religious duty, and men who fell upon the battlefield in their prosecution were supposed to pass directly, through Divine favor, into a Hereafter filled with delights which men most prize in this life.

It is a strange fact that mankind has always had its most bitter controversies over questions about which least was known. Upon the things which pertain to this life they might confer and compromise, and could live in peace; but over questions pertaining to that other life about which they knew so little they waged wars to the death.

And Now the Other Side. It was this faith in their religion which held primitive men together, which built up their towns and their cities, and which stayed and

steadied the youthful civilizations upon the pathway onward and upward. It was so with every civilization we can trace. The Mesopotamian Plains of Asia are dotted with the ruins of cities and the broken images of their Gods, whose names were lost for centuries. Yet with the perspective of time we can look back and see the work they did. And in the end it was a good work. It was the crude cement essential to the upbuilding of the structure of the ancient world. It is a picture of what the wrecked civilization we are now attempting to rebuild had to pass through. *Can we learn from the past and do better in the civilization which is to come?* is the central problem for the world today.

The Man Spiritual. There is such a man, and he is the best hope that lies within the future. But in that perfect civilization of which we dream and for which we pray, he must not be the tyrant of the past, but an equal co-worker with the Man Intellectual. And the world must learn a broader lesson than that known to antiquity. It must learn what antiquity could not understand: that it is Truth, not simply a blind faith, which man needs, and which must be the final basis for all religions. It must learn the great, broad lesson that all religions are true in so far that they have truth, but false in so far as they have error. It must learn that names are nothing—they are only the different ways in which man expresses his spiritual longings. It must learn that religions are only the various ways by which man voices his religion. It must learn, also, one thing more: that in every faith there is a line at which men should stop, and humbly say—*I do not know*. God has not lifted the veil from the Hereafter.

How Shall All This Be Brought About? By a World Conference of Religions. Let there be called a conference of the many diversified faiths of the world, in which each faith may tell what it has found or thinks it has found about God, and the Hereafter; and how man in this life may best fit himself for entering into that Hereafter. Let there be no arrogance, no claim to a light superior to that which has come to others. Even the wisest knows so little of that Hereafter! We only know by some finer instinct that it is there.

I have outlined in a previous book, *Race Life and Race Religions*, somewhat of the work to be done. In that book, I have analyzed carefully and prayerfully the religions of the world from their very beginning and have tried to show what each has given toward the building of the broader Faith of Humanity. As stated in that book, every religion is made up of three elements:

- (a) What it has inherited;
- (b) What it has borrowed;
- (c) What it originates.

And religion has not yet reached the end. It is still growing. The man of the Nineteenth Century knows more of God and His ways than the man of the First Century. The man of the Twentieth Century should know still more. And still the Beyond! Only Death can lift the veil that hides the Hereafter. Then, may be, we shall know. But only may be, for still beyond will lie Eternity and what seems to be a never-ending Law of Growth. Wait!

CITIES AND ALL GREAT CENTERS OF POPULATION
TO BE PROTECTED FROM THE HORRORS OF
BOMBARDMENT AND LOOTING

The character of war has been entirely changed by the use of the flying machines and their explosive bombs, the long-range guns of artillery, and the poisonous gases made use of on the battlefields; with the possibility that these gases may be used through bombs dropped from the sky upon densely populated cities. Another horror comes from the use of the submarine boat to destroy the unsuspecting vessels that ply the seas, whether in traffic or in passenger service. A case to the point is the destruction of the *Lusitania* with its large number of helpless passengers during the time of the World War.

These new (and wholesale) methods of destruction must be curbed or civilization, even in a new rebuilding, becomes an impossibility. And the work of checking or preventing all this can only be done by an agreement that shall be world-wide. Will the world do this, or will it prefer to go on in its mad fury to an inevitable world-suicide?

This is a problem which the world must face and settle in the attempt to rebuild its wrecked civilization. Will the world face it? If not, it is time for the reborning of humanity upon some other planet and under new conditions of life.

A COMMON UNIT OF VALUE FOR
WORLD CURRENCY

A century ago the money-changer sat with his bench on the borders of some thirty petty German kingdoms,

each having a money system of its own. Travel was impeded; commerce, almost an impossibility. If the House of Hohenzollern never had done anything else, its destruction of that multifarious money system of the German peoples and the substitution of a unified national system, would have been its worthy monument. Frederick The Great builded more wisely than he knew.

The world today, in its multifarious currencies, is only the Germany of a century ago. The annoyance to travelers checks world intercourse. The annoyance in commerce checks world traffic. The dollar, the pound, the franc, the lira, the mark, the rouble more sharply define national borders than even the armed guards and the custom house. Wall Street, the Royal Exchange, the Bourse, Wilhelm-Strasse are like rival fortresses in world finance.

The world needs, and is ready for, a unified currency. Let it have one common unit of value, and let that unit not be too large. An unduly large unit of value leads to extravagance in expenditure. The average person thinks and spends in terms of that unit. [In the early days of California, when gold was plentiful, men thought and spent in terms of the fifty-dollar gold slug. Later came the days of the twenty-dollar gold piece; then, the ten-dollar, or Eagle. Then came the days of the silver dollar. When I came to the Coast in the winter of 1862, the ten-cent silver piece, known contemptuously as "the bit," (real meaning of the phrase being twelve and a half cents) was the smallest coin known. If you wanted a single apple at a fruit-stand you paid a dime for it. You might have three or four for the one dime, but your pockets would not hold

them. Men tossed the dime down carelessly to the dealer, munched the apple and walked on. Later came the five-cent piece: and now, the cent, or copper, as commonly called.]

And with this steady lowering of the currency people have become steadily more economical in their buying. The shopper used to say carelessly, in buying: "*What does it matter? It's only a dollar!*" An English woman said to a friend: "You Americans think no more of a dollar than we do of a shilling!" She had struck the fatal weakness in American spending. The American house-keeper thinks in terms of a unit of value that is too large. The American government makes the same mistake. "A billion dollars" does not sound as big as "five billions of francs." The franc, the lira, the mark, all range at about twenty cents in valuation, and it is in these terms and their limited valuation that government and people think and make their calculations for expenditure.

The common unit of value for a world currency should not exceed twenty-five cents of the American dollar. And upon this valuation all would probably readily agree, as the English shilling, the French franc, the Italian lira and the German mark, all approximate to a twenty-cent valuation.

This change would bring the shock of a financial readjustment in all nations; but it might as well be made now as later, for it must come, and we are now in the preliminary stage of our civilization rebuilding.

A WORLD SUPREME COURT FOR INTERNATIONAL PROBLEMS

There will be need of some body to pass upon the questions and differences which will inevitably arise between the various races. That body might well be called A World Supreme Court. It should be made up by representatives from all races, or of a smaller number upon which they might agree. Its decisions should be final, for there is no other authority to which appeal could be made.

I HIS topic might better be called the Intellectual Comity of the World. It is a conference—a comity—which has never been checked since man began his upward climb in the scale of intelligence. And it has known no dividing-line between races or men. The Man Physical and Industrial has been checked in his progress by wars and battling and conquest. But the Man Intellectual has known no such impediments. Knowledge has been knowledge: and there have been no exclusive rights to its possession. Its tenure and the law of its increase have been *use*; but there was no one to forbid, or to hold back. It has always been open to all—of whatever race, or blood, or kin. It is so today.

The science of Christian lands and its thought found welcome in the university halls of Mohammedan lands; the Jew became a teacher in the schools of Papal Rome; the astronomer of Tokyo now shares his knowledge of the comet or of the ultimate star with the observatories of Washington or Greenwich. The book of philosophy written by the sage of Europe or America now finds its readers on both shores of the Atlantic. The domain of intellect has no boundary-lines in any land where man dwells. The world of intellect needs no peace conference. It may meet to compare views, and to consult, and to share; but it knows no wars. It is peace.

The Man Spiritual: I have spoken of the Man Physical—his needs, his aspirations, his plans, and his leagues for the better regulation of the material interests of the world. I have spoken also of the Man Intellectual, who has held, and will hold in the years to come, conferences for the advancement of science and of thought. Of leagues to control, or regulate, science or thought he has no need, for these are free. While the Man Intellectual has looked at the past, and has gained by its influence and teachings, his climb upward has never been checked by shackles of the past. His face, like that of the Man Industrial, has ever been turned hopefully forward and upward. But with the Man Spiritual it has been different. To him, the hope of humanity has ever been shackled to the past. It was the men of ancient times who, according to his creeds, were wiser, holier, more closely in touch with God: and it is to them and their teachings that he looks for spiritual help.

The face of the Man Spiritual has ever been turned to a past which he has only partly outgrown, and in his attempts to climb upward he has carried the chains of his shackles painfully with him. It is his creeds that have been his shackles: and, too often, he has gloried in his shackles and claimed them as evidences and proof of the closeness of his touch with God. To him, Abraham was holier than the broader man of the nineteenth century. To him, Moses had closer touch with God as he led the Tribes of Israel out of the slavery of Egypt to the Promised Land, than had the great, patient soul of Abraham Lincoln as he led the enslaved millions of America to their Promised Land and to the hope of a manhood that was to know no serfdom. To this Man Spiritual, the

Council of Nikaia in 325 A.D. was wiser than the men of the Reformation, or the great Church Councils of the nineteenth century. To him, Paul of the First Century A.D. knew more of God and His ways than the men of today, who have had two thousand years more of time in which to see and to understand the working of God's Laws in an ever-growing world.

It was not so with the Man Industrial. It has not been so with the Man Intellectual. Is it so with the Man Spiritual—or have man's creeds, and man's ecclesiasticisms, only claimed that it was so?

Is the Man Spiritual never to lift his eyes from the ground and turn his face forward? Or is he to lift his eyes from the ground, and from his gropings, and look and see the broadness of a God Who ever grows greater to the eyes of the growing man and to the soul of the world that needs Him?

And is it not time for the Man Spiritual in all lands, of all faiths, of all races, of all kin, to awake to the thought that God and His Laws are greater, broader, than tribe or race, or the outlived centuries since man's infancy upon earth? Is man at last to learn that God is One, not many: that religion is one, not many? And is he to learn that there is a brotherhood of man that is broader than race, or creed, or the years? What is the remedy for the spiritual distraction that has, through the ages, taught humanity to hate, where God planned and Jesus taught that it should learn to love? *Is this the Remedy?*—

A Spiritual Conference of the World? It is a strange fact that the bitterest, most malignant, most barbarous wars of the world have been over things of which it knew the least. Great as the need of food has been; great as has

been the oppression of rulers or of power, it is not over these that the bitterest wars of the world have been waged, but over a Hereafter of which, intellectually, we know nothing. We believe, we hope, we trust: but intellectually, of the Hereafter we know nothing. The tomb is an interrogation mark, with no answer given. By faith we take hold upon a future, and trust; but we know nothing. And it is the attempt to solve that which to the man of flesh is the unsolvable, which has made, through the religious wars of the past, and the religious pogroms and hates of the present, a Hell here upon earth. Might Heaven begin here also? Let the world try, and see. And might this possibly lead to an answer?—

A Peace Conference of the Religions of Mankind: Let a conference for comparison and counsel be called which shall take in all the religions of mankind. Let no religion, no faith, be forbidden. It will be like the Industrial Council proposed—one to be held for the common good of mankind. Let its object be like that of the Industrial Council—an attempt to end strife, and warring, and battling among the peoples of the earth. How shall it act?—

(a) First, by taking stock of the varied religions of mankind:

(b) To determine wherein they agree;

(c) Wherein they differ;

(d) Out of all these varied views, which of them may be held to be essential.

(e) Then, to make these doctrines which are held to be essential the basis of a common working agreement wherein shall be recognized a common brotherhood in the spiritual life and evolution of all men—

(f) Leaving all other points, such as creeds and doctrines and theories, to the separate judgment of the varied ecclesiasticisms of the different peoples.

(g) The decisions of this Council to be not mandatory—for, like the League of Nations and the Industrial Conferences, there would be no power to enforce them. They must simply be an appeal to the reason of Man.

The calling of such a Council, and its recognition by the religions of the earth, would be a long step forward in the evolution of the Man Spiritual. He would then no longer stand with his face turned backward toward a misty and long-outlived past, but would stand hopefully facing a future that would place him side-by-side with the Man Industrial and the Man Intellectual.

Yet there are problems of creeds, of beliefs, of faiths, upon which this man must pass judgment and which will have material influence in shaping that future. The first of these is his Bible.

The Bibles of the World: The term, "Bible," comes to us from the Greek Septuagint. In the Fourth Century B. C., Ptolemy II., King of Egypt (308-247 B. C.), ordered a translation made from the Hebrew, into the Greek, of the sacred books of the Jews. The books were many and scattered. The translation was made for the library of the great Alexandrian Museum, or University. The name given to this translation was simply "Ta Biblia" (*The Books*). This was the Bible afterward in common use by the Jews in the Oriental lands. It was the only Bible that Jesus of Nazareth knew, and His quotations were made from it. The Vulgate of the Roman Church was largely a translation of the Septuagint into the Latin. The King James Version of the English Bible, made in

1611, was a translation again, not from the original Hebrew manuscripts, but from the Latin Vulgate into the English language. This, with its revisions, is the Bible of the English-speaking peoples of the earth.

A popular impression with regard to the Bible is that it was a book complete in itself and given at one time by God directly to the Hebrew people for their spiritual training. An examination of it, however, shows that it is a compilation of many manuscripts written by different men from all walks of life, from peasant to prophet or king, and written upon many and varied topics. It has in it the primitive myths of man's infancy—the early history of the Hebrew people—their family life—their growth to tribes—an old Patriarchal age—their sojourn and servitude in Egypt—their migrations and wanderings for forty years in the desert—a development of an ecclesiastical code (in Leviticus)—their wars and their growth into a nation in the lands of the Jordan—their rise in power, and their fall. It contains fables, allegories, biography, history, law, philosophical disquisitions, prophecies, poetry, dramas: in fact, all the varied historic data that go to make up the record of the rise, the progress, and the fall of a race. Thus far it was the Hebrew Bible.

Then, for the Christian world, comes in addition to this, the New Testament, written originally in Greek. This portion contains the genealogy and life of Jesus of Nazareth: the assertion of His claims to office as prophet, as Divine Messenger, and then as Divinity Itself, and His death upon the Cross. Then comes the establishment and growth of the Christian Church, first as a Monotheism, then as a Dualism, then as a Trinitarianism.

The whole growth of the Hebrew Bible covers in its history many centuries. Its writing was spread over not less than a thousand years. The New Testament was lived and written inside of two generations. All of these manuscripts, both in the Old and New Testaments, have gone through countless transcriptions on perishable parchment or paper, have been changed by emendations and incorporated notes and additions, which each new revision is slowly trying to eliminate.

How much, then, of what we call the Bible is really of religious character, and how much is only historical or incidental? And how much of what we call the Bible has received general acceptance? The Samaritans, a branch of the Hebrew people, accept only the Hexateuch, which covers the first six books of the Old Testament. All else they reject. The Jews accept the Old Testament, commonly so-called. The New Testament they refuse to accept. The Christians accept both Old and New Testaments. But between the two lies the Apocrypha, a series of manuscripts which the Roman Catholic Church accepts but which are not accepted by Protestantism.

Does the Bible admit of Corrections? The phrase, an "Inerrant Bible," is not infrequently heard. By it is meant a Bible absolutely without error or mistake. A clergyman said to me: "I believe every word that is in the Bible." Then why the frequent revisions of the Bible that are made? A document or book that is without error, needs no revision. And why the emendations which are made, in these revisions, of portions of the text? And these emendations or omissions are often upon very vital creedal points. The revision of 1881-1885 changed as

erroneous I. John, chapter v., verse 7. And yet this verse in its integrity had been held as the very corner-stone in the foundation of the doctrine of the Trinity. Also it branded as questionable the concluding eleven verses of the last chapter of the Gospel by Mark. In fact, much of the Authorized Version is a compromise between conflicting Greek texts.

Again, throughout both the Old and the New Testaments there are repeatedly recurring instances of conflicting, and often contradictory, accounts of historical events. And yet again, and most serious of all, the repeated ascription to God, as authority for acts of barbarism and cruelty such as no human heart can accept as possible. That God should order the wholesale massacre of the inhabitants of cities can hardly be credited. Human nature recoils from these accounts. Again: that God could be pleased or propitiated by an unceasing sacrifice of helpless animals, as in the temple sacrifices, does not seem possible; or that these sacrifices could serve as a propitiation for sin—the innocent beast suffering for the sins of his master, man. Even the hearts of the old Prophets recoiled from the thought: “To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt-offerings of rams and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats.” (Isaiah i., 11.) “For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt-offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.” (Psalm li., 16-17.)

The New Testament, likewise, has sections wherein are found conflicts of dates, of events, and of opinions,

which cannot be reconciled with each other. Notably are these to be found in the accounts of the birth and infancy of Jesus of Nazareth, and in His teachings. They appear, also, in the life and writings of Paul, the actual architect and builder of the Christian Church.

What is the Duty of Judaeo-Christianity with regard to its Bible? It would seem to lie in a careful, scholarly, and thorough revision of the text, and the drawing of a dividing-line between the moral and religious teachings and all extraneous matter of whatever kind. This would free both Christianity and Judaeism from the necessity of defending, as coming from God, and as being essential to salvation, much that is purely historical, or literary, or philosophical. It is the incubus of these irrelevant portions that weighs down so heavily upon religion and its propaganda.

A like work should be undertaken by the Mohammedan with regard to the Koran; by the Hindus, with regard to the Vedas and the Brahmanic teachings; by Magiism, with regard to the Avestas and the teachings of Zoroaster; and wherever there is a sacred book.

Let the religious world take stock of its working equipment and draw a line, as said, between the essential and the non-essential. This careful investigation will show that upon the essentials—God, Moral Law, Man, Sin, Repentance, a Hereafter, an Award according to the life—all agree.

This summing-up means the Righteous Life. Upon this foundation, let the religious world build the Religion of Humanity and the brotherhood of all men. This is the

work that lies before a Conference of the Religions of the World—upon this basis, and upon no other. Can there be world peace, where now is only the warring of creeds? And this is not irreligion. It is not irreverence. It is not skepticism. It is God just to man; and it is man just to God.

Etiam Domine!

built and maintained; and when at death he moves out from it, that body, as its dwelling-places, goes back to the earth whence it came. That body, like the habitation in which it dwells, belongs to only one stage of man's life: but this seems to be an essential, an absolutely essential, stage of the existence of man. We know of no means by which life could come into existence without this initial stage and its touch with the earthly world about him.

Food: All this is accomplished through the food which he eats, or the food which the mother eats for the unborn child. The obtaining of that food is the first great problem of the human race, not simply in quantity, but in quality as well. With an abundance of nutritious food, man's body may be well built and kept in its most effective working order; without it in sufficient quantity, or if the quantity be sufficient but the quality not good, the house is not strong enough for its work and consequently the work which it may do is insufficient and of low grade.

The foregoing primary truths and their working have much to do with the relative efficiency of races. And a race or a people who have had an abundant supply of nutritious food, but who from overcrowding or from an impoverished soil can no longer obtain nutritious food in the necessary quantity, steadily drops to a lower standard in race life. These are the races of the world that are dying, but who once were strong.

There is, however, so far as we can trace, a difference in race capacity for development. Some die early without having ever reached the stature of manhood. Yet even with these, if we trace back, we shall often find that failure in the supply and the quality of the race food had much to do with the premature decay or death.

The Problem of Race Life: How shall that food, both as to quantity and to quality, be obtained? That is the problem of race life. It all must come from the land. And lands wear out. Some races have learned how to use their lands wisely. Others have not. The one, like the man of China, lives on for ages in the one country; others, like the peoples of Mesopotamia and of Asia minor, and indeed of much of the Orient, have used their lands wastefully and have died of inanition. Yet even here there are modifying circumstances again. In some regions, nature has made amends for the wastefulness of man. Much of the continued fertility of the great river plains of China may be attributed to the floods of its great rivers. The Yangtze has been called the "Sorrow of China" because of the ever-recurring loss of human life in the widespread waters: but with each flood, the waters which destroyed life have made continued life possible through the deposit of the fertilizing silt which they brought down from the great inland plateau of Asia. A similar fact may be recorded concerning the Valley of the Nile, which for unnumbered ages has been a proverb of fertility through the mud deposit left by the waters of that river in its annual overflow. The great inland plateau of Central Africa made Egypt and has kept it habitable through all the long centuries.

One more great earth-factor is involved in the problem—the vast, arid belt which encircles the globe from Australia to Thibet. Is that belt growing more arid as the ages go by, and is it growing broader, and still more arid? We do not know, but there are many facts which would seem to indicate this change. The story is told especially

in the Sahara; in Syria; and in Mesopotamia. Is the earth, like the moon, a drying-up world? May be.

My friend, Mr. T. C. Taylor—to whom I owe thanks for much assistance in my manuscript work during my blindness—who with his brother spent seven years in the lands south of the Sahara and above the Equator, and had the advantage of their combined knowledge of Arabic, Haussa, and minor dialects less widely disseminated, tells me that the natives of those regions hold in common a tradition that, in some distant age of the past, they lived much farther to the north; yet that land northward is now the uninhabitable Sahara desert, and uninhabitable because of the lack of water. This tradition would confirm the idea of the broadening of the desert belt, and this must have been from an increasing aridity.

Another fact: the Mediterranean shoreline of Africa was, within historic times, a broad, fertile, productive wheat-belt, from which the people of Italy in the time of the Cæsars drew their food-supplies. Great fleets of vessels were engaged in transporting this wheat across the Mediterranean to Italy. But that portion of Africa is steadily increasing in aridity, as shown by its scant wheat-fields and the steady drying-up of its lakes.

A like fact is shown in the history of the great outflow of the Teutonic peoples from the Mid-Asian Plateau, with an increasing aridity of the lands north of the Himalayas. A like increasing aridity of the land is told in the history of the Persian Plateau, once the seat of great empires, now the land, largely, of the wandering nomad and his flocks and herds.

A like story is told in America, and probably in Australia, along the line of that great, arid belt which encircles the globe. All of these separate facts tell the tale of a globe slowly drying up. It is one of the stages of the planetary devolution of solar systems.

AN EQUITABLE DISTRIBUTION OF THE LANDS OF THE EARTH: WARS AND THEIR ABOLITION

The Nile and the Sahara

I have pointed already to ways in which the peoples of Europe might more profitably spend the billions of dollars levoted to purposes of war; and directed attention to the possibilities that lie in Africa. What of the Nile and the Sahara? Egypt is historically old, but geologically new. Its time record has been written by the mud deposits of the Nile. The annual deposit of mud left by the overflow is about an eighth of an inch. Excavations show that the deposit of this alluvial mud within historic times has been about eight feet or less. Below the mud is the clean sand of an old-time desert.

With these facts an estimate may readily be made of the lapse of time required to build up that deposit. The length of time represented—prehistoric and historic—by the deposit has been placed at about 8,000 years; that this estimate is correct would seem to be questionable. The facts, as given, do not figure out to tally with that estimate. One fact, however, is clear: that whatever the ratio of the estimate, the Nile Valley is geologically new; and that a time existed, some millenniums ago, when the river Nile must have had an outlet to the sea, elsewhere, and that its

deposits of alluvial soil, the surface waste of the lands of its source, must have been deposited elsewhere.

Was that "elsewhere" the Sahara desert? There are facts which seem to indicate this conclusion. And the search for the solution of the problem involves the geological history of both the Sahara and the Mediterranean basin. I have said that the fertile alluvium of the Nile valley has a history which is geologically comparatively new. And so also is the geological history of the Mediterranean basin. The Mediterranean Sea is divided into two great basins—east and west. The dividing line is from Sicily across to the African coast, a distance of about sixty miles. Both basins have a strongly marked history of submergence, and much of this—it may be, all—has been within the period of human occupancy. Ships sailing over the pellucid waters sometimes have strange glimpses of the ruins of ancient cities deep beneath the waters. These glimpses, but more rarely, are sometimes to be had in the west basin. Notably have they been found off the shores adjacent to the ancient cities of Carthage.

How can this Widely-Extended Submergence be Accounted for? The great Equatorial earth fissure which encircles the globe from east to west, as a like Polar earth fissure encircles the globe from north to south, tells the tale. It means what might be termed a shelf of the earth's crust, unsupported upon one side by any union to the opposing edge of the fissure. The east-and-west fissure, as shown by the continuous line of volcanic action and by the frequently recurring earth disturbances, extends from Central America and the West Indies—with the ancient island of Atlantis resting upon its edge—on through both the west and east basins of the Mediterranean, showing in

the Messina Strait fissure, with its volcanoes—Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Ætna; past Asia Minor and through Armenia, the Persian plateau and India south of the Himalayas, and on across the grouping of the East India islands, crossing the Pacific somewhere near the line of the Hawaiian islands to the point which we have described in Central America and the West Indies.

It is the line of the greatest earthquake and volcanic cataclysms which we can trace in the history of the globe. Along that line the island of Atlantis went down. There seems to have been a like subsidence along the length of what we now call the Mediterranean basin. In this connection it is to be noted that the river Po, with its alluvium, has built the whole plain from the head of the Adriatic to the Gulf of Genoa, thus adding to the weight on the earth crust. The great plain of Southern Europe seems originally to have extended across the Mediterranean basin and across what we call Northern Africa to the great Sahara Desert, which then was, and now climatically and racially is, the true dividing-line between Europe and the great sweep of continent known of old as Ethiopia. The term "Africa," as made use of by ancient historians, was intended to cover only what is now left of that plain between the Mediterranean and the desert. Our geographic and historic mistake has been in taking the term "Africa" to include also the lands of the Black races south of the Sahara.

Again to the Nile Lands of the Great Ethiopian Plateau: The plateau of what we now call "Africa" south of the Sahara is a great upland, reaching almost the full width of that continent, with a gradual drainage slope northward; inclosed by both the Atlantic and Indian

Oceans, by low mountain chains which leave along the coastlines of both oceans a narrow coastal shelf—miasmatic, infested by wild beasts and poisonous reptiles, and deadly to the White man. These tropical and malarial coastal plains are the true home of the Negro race. The higher inland plateau has also the dark-skinned races, but of a somewhat different type. They might be called Negroid rather than Negro. Portions of this great plateau, especially close to and also well south of the Equator, are drained to the sea by rivers like the Niger, the Congo and the Zambezi. These latter streams break through the encircling mountain ranges in a series of cataracts which rank, in some cases, with the falls of other great rivers of the world. The midland, however, of this great African plateau, from far south of the Equator, (like the headwaters of the Amazon, deluged with great tropical rains), after gathering its waters in a series of great lakes like the Victoria Nyanza, Albert Nyanza, Albert Edward Nyanza, Rudolph, Tana and others of the Abyssinian group, is drained northward by the White Nile, the Blue Nile and the Black Nile to flood and make fertile the sandy lands of Egypt with the annual overflow, and to leave each year the refertilizing washings of the tropic uplands over what once was a sandy waste.

The Tropical Waters and the Desert: That these waters did not always flow down the valley of the Nile has been shown. They must have had outlet somewhere, however. As we now know the topography of that continent, *that outlet could only have been the Sahara.*

The great submergence of the Mediterranean basin presumably extended as a lateral earth fissure southward to what is now known as the valley of the Nile, thus giving

a new outlet for the river. Do the facts—geologic, topographic, climatic—as we know them historically, justify this conclusion? These facts may be thus summarized :

I. The Sahara Desert, as we now find it, is not a great, sandy waste, but is simply a vast, arid land lying within what we call the desert belt of the world—a belt which takes in Australia; Atacama in South America; some portions of North America; the Sahara in Africa; an area of growing aridity in Armenia and the Persian plateau; the great Arabian plateau; the Desert of Gobi on the Asiatic plateau; and a region of steadily increasing aridity on the Caspian and Aral plains. The Sahara, while it has portions still below sea-level, has yet other portions that are plateau and above sea-level, and further portions made up of mountain ranges with peaks reaching up to perpetual snow.

II. While there are sandy wastes in the Sahara, there are other and vast portions which are regions of fertile soil which need only water to make them productive; and other portions with still enough moisture in the soil from seepage to make the oases, some hundreds in number, the chosen home of the date palm, the doura, the leeks, the garlic and the onions. *In its possibilities, it is Egypt over again.*

III. That the Sahara was not always thus arid or only in a measure productive, is shown in tradition. We have found in the arid plains of the Caspian and the Aral the well-preserved traces of an old-time civilization destroyed by the growing aridity. The Sahara, when thoroughly explored, will probably reveal like traces. As yet, the land is too little known to justify an opinion. Time and further exploration must tell the story.

IV. The destruction of that ancient fertility and productiveness would seem to be coincident with the turning of the waters of the Nile away from the desert to its new channel through what we now know as the land of Egypt. The making of Egypt was the unmaking of the fertile lands of the valleys of the Sahara.

I point again to the fact that an explorer [Alex E. Taylor—*From the Niger to the Nile*: Boyd Alexander] who, in the fifteen years from 1899 onward, roamed the lands south of the Sahara and came into close touch with the many peoples from the West African coastal fringe inward to the eastern borders of Bornu, *found that all held a tradition of having come from the north*, in the long ago.

What of Waters Unused or Little Used? Can the surplus and stored-up waters of the White Nile, the Blue Nile, and the Black Nile and possibly some others of the mid-African rivers such as the Gambia and the Niger, now flowing wastefully to the ocean, be turned back again to the fertile but arid soils of the Sahara? The great possibilities of the Niger alone stand out prominently. Coming from the region of tremendous tropical rains, its course lies north-east for over six hundred miles straight into the heart of the Sahara, then in a wide sweep it turns on a north-south course and for six hundred miles more continues its way without leaving the territory of France until it joins with its great southern tributary the Benue ("Mother of Waters") in British Nigeria. One point of attack upon the Sahara desert—the attack from the West, supported by the coastal rainfalls which deluge the region from June to October of each year—is offered by that twelve hundred miles of a mighty river.

If all this should be found possible, it would mean the

making or rather the re-making of another and a far vaster Egypt; and it would mean a new outlet, and new stores of food, for the hungry millions of an overcrowded Europe. And the older Egypt, which is really the newer Egypt, need not be made less productive. A more scientifically managed system of waterways, such as we are learning to use on the arid plains of mid-America, would leave an abundance of water for the Egypt which has become proverbial as a land of food supply.

This problem of the utilization of the waste waters of the great African plateau is one for engineering skill to settle. There seems to be no great change in elevations nor in the contour of the intervening country to make it impossible or even negatively difficult. In the face of what the City of Los Angeles and its adjacent valleys are doing to secure abundant supplies of water for irrigation, there would seem to be no limit to possibilities.

The City of Los Angeles alone has brought the whole water-drainage of the Sierra Nevadas along a line of more than two hundred miles, and across or through two ranges of mountains and with a vast system of storage lakes. All this for the use of a city of a million and a quarter people, and its adjacent lands. And the City of Los Angeles as the main activating force, with a number of adjacent smaller cities and towns organized as a district, has dammed the Colorado River with a cement wall over seven hundred feet in height and reaching from one side of a great canyon to the other, creating a vast interior storage lake hundreds of square miles in extent, thus economizing the flood waters of a continental river nearly two thousand miles in length. To reach the lands of Southern California has required the piping and the aqueduct lines and the tunnel-

ing of more than two hundred miles. One tunnel alone, through a range of mountains, is eighteen miles in length and with capacity to carry a river. The problem of reflooding the lands of the Sahara Desert would probably be no more difficult. And yet these water problems of Southern California have had back of them the financial support of only one section of a single State, with a population of about three millions.

The reflooding of the Sahara from the waste waters of the mid-African plateau, with the combined capital and the combined numbers of Europe's hungry millions—impossible? The cost of one of Europe's wars would do it all!

For the facts of the possibilities in connection with the river Niger, I am indebted to a friend who, from long residence in that region, is thoroughly familiar with that river and its drainage.

THE GREAT PROBLEMS: RECAPITULATION

The steady wearing-out of unsilted lands; the ending of the grave economic error of permitting the silt of the great river-valleys of the world to be swept out to sea.

Definition of the Open Seas.

Definition of Inclosed Seas.

Control of Inter-Oceanic Ship Canals.

Periodic Redistribution of the Resources of the globe.

Increasing Population of the Earth and Diminishing Food Supply.

What possibilities still lie in an uncomprehended Universe about us?

To the majority of these great problems consideration has been given in the course of the preceding chapters.

A NEW EUROPE

Ex Oriente Lux

Ex Occidente Dux

OME years ago, a British statesman, in a speech at Johns-Hopkins University, said: "Europe is dying. You can do nothing to save her. Keep clear." Was he right, or was it a mistaken prognosis? May be it was only an error of the sick-room. May be it was not death, but only a need of a change in the treatment of the case: rather would it seem that it is the civilization that is sick, and not necessarily the Race. One thing is certain: Thus far, it has not proven to be a sickness unto death. Although the civilization of Europe is unquestionably threatened with dissolution, its peoples are not. They are full of vitality. It is a case where the peoples have outgrown their civilization. It is like the boy who becomes a man and has outgrown his boyish attire. To attempt to wear the old means tearing and ripping. The full-grown Europe of today has simply outgrown the badly worn, youthful clothing of ten centuries ago.

Was that old civilization of ten centuries ago a mistake? Not necessarily so. The boy in man's attire would have been tripping himself in the larger garments of a man. The civilization which grew up after the overthrow of the older Latin type, was suited to the age. It was the

civilization of emperors and kings, of popes and priests; of the crude mechanical appliances; and of sparsely settled lands with food yet in abundance. It was an era of wars that never seemed to cease. Ambitious men fought for power and rule. It was pre-eminently the age of the Strong Man, and the stronghold; an age when the successive rulers were those of birth and not of brains.

All this has changed. Iron and coal have transformed Europe. It is now an overpopulated land of factories and shops and densely crowded cities. There are more people than the land can support. The one great cry of Europe now is for bread. And its rulers are no longer holding their office because of the glamour of birth and caste, but are taking the place of the degenerate royalty by right of brains and not birth. The caste of nobility is disappearing. The noble man, now, is not the man with an inherited castle, with draw-bridge and moat; but the man who does things, who brings things to pass. The old is passing. It is the time of rebuilding.

But the old does not give up peaceably; and would-be Strong Men, fired by ambition, foment strife. And there are not many men who, like Aristides and Edward VIII., go quietly into exile. The lust for power is strong. The ability to use it is too often weak.

What can be done to make the transition from the Old to the New one of peace, and a peace that shall abide? Much of what follows I have already told in the chapter on "World Problems." I now recount it for a purpose: to aid in the rebuilding of the wrecked civilization of Europe.

These changes must be, if the future is to hold a better fate for Europe than the past:

First. There must be a realignment of Europe upon racial rather than upon national lines. Let there be no more dynamite storehouses like Austria, with its seventeen different peoples and tongues. Let *like* seek and ally itself with *like*, racially: Engle Man of the North Seas with Engle Man; Teuton with Teuton; Latin with Latin. And the unstable Celt—like the Galatians over whom Paul lamented—mingling and losing himself in all, but furnishing the music, the artistic inspiration, the well-springs of literature, to all, as his contribution in the building up of a new world humanity.

Second. There must be a line of absolute division between religion and the civil life of humanity. The monastery and the Pontiff Maximus of Rome did their work, and did it well, in the upbuilding of the Mediæval civilization of Europe; but in the upbuilding of a new civilization they are as much out of place as the mammoth or the cave-bear or saber-toothed tiger. *Requiescat in pace mortuorum.* The new civilization must have no religious wars. Civically, it must be neither for nor against religion. Each man, whether “infidel” or believer, must be free to settle with God for himself.

Third. No closed seas and no hostile fleets must ever separate the races from the field of their food supply. The future food supply for Europe is to come from Africa. The unused and arid lands of that continent must be equitably divided for reclamation and cultivation; and no Gibraltar-Suez line must ever intervene. The Mediterranean, in peace or in war, must cease to exist as a

barrier between kitchen and storehouse. And no transverse line from Sicily to Tunis must divide East from West. The Mediterranean must be made a free highway for all races.

I have written in this work of other problems which a rebuilt world civilization must face. These that I have now written are the problems of a rebuilt Europe. And Europe must face them or die.

A NEW ORIENT

To HIS EXCELLENCY

AL GHAZI MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA

Head and Ruler of the Mohammedan Peoples

BROTHER: The world is now rebuilding its wrecked civilizations. In the rebuilding, it is necessary to avoid the errors and the weaknesses of the past. The rebuilding will be upon Race lines, rather than upon those that are merely national. This thought is making rapid headway among the nations of the West. But there is another essential no less weighty, if a rebuilt civilization is to endure. The bitterness and the widespread prevalence of religious differences must be made things of the past. The old ostracisms and persecutions and religious warfares that for two thousand years have been tearing the world civilizations into fragments must be put aside.

Strange to say, before the last two thousand years, such ostracisms, such persecutions, such warfare, were almost unknown. And, stranger still to say, these evils have been largely the product of the three kindred religions — Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism: and these three religions have been the leaders and the head of the world civilization which is now dying. What all

three would call the "heathen" world about them has, on the contrary, been largely a world of tolerance and of peace. Each race, in that heathen world, has been content to let each man, or each people, worship the God it knew, in its own way.

What can we do to bring to an end the Religious Differences of the World? For two thousand years, missionary work and proselytizing by mullah, by minister, by priest, have been tried and have failed. *Why have they failed?* One answer, at least, is plain: Each has proclaimed that his religion was the only true religion; that God, as he knew Him, and by the Name which he knew, was the only true God. And with each, religion was made largely a form of words, a matter of creeds and beliefs. With each it was too largely: "Pronounce my formula of words, and you are saved; without it, you are lost." And with each, the heaven that he knew by name was the only possible heaven; and there was no possible pathway to it except the one in which he himself was walking.

Something better than all this must make man's religion in the rebuilt civilization, or it will be the old failure over again.

What can be done to get Better Results? Let there be called together a representative assembly from all the different Faiths of the world, and let that assembly take up the following topics:

I. A formulation of what are the real essentials of religion and what are only its accessories. This will draw the line clearly between Faiths and mere ecclesiasticisms.

II. The establishment of a World Fellowship in Religions, based solely upon the simple essentials of Faith.

III. That it is a question of Truth, not of a name or of words—that all religions are true in so far as they have Truth, and false in so far as they have error.

IV. That religious ostracisms and persecutions and warfares must absolutely disappear in our civilization.

V. The absolute severance between religions and the civic life of peoples.

VI. That the hand of fellowship should be held out to every human being who is striving to live the righteous life.

Where shall this Assembly be called for its Meeting-Place, and by Whom? For two thousand years Christianity has had the field, and has largely monopolized the field. Judaism has become rather a close corporation, and makes no effort at propagation.

Let Mohammedanism now try. Let a call be issued by the Central Government of the Mohammedan World, for an Assembly of Conference to take up and weigh and consider all of the foregoing points.

Where shall this Assembly be Held? Let it be on the Bosphorus, in the great Christian-Mohammedan Church-Mosque of St. Sophia. That Temple ties together East and West, Past and Present. Let it be the starting-point for the World Religion of Humanity.

It was said of old, "Ex Oriente, Lux." All of the great religious Faiths of today were born in the Orient. Let Light again shine out of the East, and the Orient of two thousand years ago will live again, united and strong: no longer the prey of alien Mandates, but strong and able to stand alone. But, for this, the racial religious differences

in faith which keep the Orient torn into fragments must come to an end. Without this, there is no hope for an Orient that shall live again. The blessing of Allah will be upon His people in their struggle to live again their old-time racial life.

If a working accord can be agreed upon between the Greek Church and Mohammedanism, it will take in Greece also as a part of the Orient; for the Ægean has always been Oriental rather than Occidental in history and type. The Adriatic is really the dividing-line between East and West. The whole Greek commercial life is interwoven with the Mohammedan world. They are the traders of Asia-Minor and the Far East. When Alexander the Great struck eastward to the banks of the Indus, instead of westward, for his empire, he recognized and built upon this fact. And today the whole of the Orient is molded and shaped from his masterful hand. The Greek went eastward to abide. He is still there.

Allah il Allah.

LANDLESS PEOPLES AND THE SEA

WHEN the first great wave of Aryan overflow started westward, it reached the western seas. It could go no farther. Here, through climatic causes, it developed different types—Greek, Latin, and the North Sea Peoples. A second wave followed—the Teutonic Peoples. These never reached the sea, for the shore-line was already occupied by the new peoples. They occupied, however, Central Europe. A third great wave—the Slavs—came later, and were forced to settle in eastern Europe. A fourth wave—the Tartar—reached the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia, but after several centuries of occupation are now retreating again eastward.

The seaside peoples have found race outlet all over the world in the lands that lay beyond the seas. This is especially the case with the North Sea Peoples. They are not landless, but have found ample space for race growth. America, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and other lands about the shores of the Seven Seas, are examples. With the sea-shore peoples, overcrowding is not a necessity, but a fault in civil management.

With the interior races, however, the case is different—the Teutonic lands, the Slavic lands, are overcrowded and starving. The land cannot produce enough to support the peoples living upon it. This, to a less degree, is true also of the Graeco-Latin Peoples, but from a differ-

ent cause. The Mediterranean Sea, patrolled by rival and often hostile fleets, shuts them off from expansion southward into Africa. They also are pent in, overcrowded, and hungry.

I have spoken of the seafaring habit of the North Sea Peoples, and of their offspring, widely scattered about the ocean world. This may come partly from habit and long dwelling by the sea. But there must be something more. There must be a *racial instinct* as well. The Mongol has from the beginning of history dwelt by the shores of the Pacific; yet he avoids the waters of the sea as a realm strange and perilous. The sea instinct is not in him. The Malay is different; but he is not Mongol—he is the Red Man of the Pacific. He knows nothing but the sea.

The yellow Mongol blood is found also mixed with the natives of India. But the Brown Man of India and south of the Himalayas, like the Mongol, has never shown the sea instinct. They starve, but stay. The Semitic Peoples of the desert lands have never taken to the sea.

There is something in the blood of all these races that makes them only peoples of the land. Only the races of the west European shore—Engle Man and Spaniard—have ever gained world-empire by means of the sea. Other peoples have left their homelands, but not racially and by conquest, nor by exploration. Racially, they were content to abide.

I have said the North Sea People and the Spaniard: I should correct this. The Spaniard, who has carried his type of civilization afar, is the man of Castile; and he is not Latin but North Sea man. He is not the man of Andalusia, nor of the Mediterranean littoral. All this has been told elsewhere in these volumes.

After all, it is the man of the North Seas that has been the explorer, the conqueror, and the colonizer of the three Americas, and the lands afar upon the Seven Seas.

And yet the peoples of the Old World have come to the New by the hundreds of thousands, only, however, to be absorbed by the Engle Man and to become one with him. The Celt tried conquest. He failed and died out. His brief history in the New World is told in some French names of rivers which still abide. When Algetorix, with his tribe of Celts, came down from the Alpine Highlands to the plains of France, he reached the limit of Celtic expansion. The sea instinct was not in him. The so-called French fisherman of the Biscayan shore and the North Sea, the Breton of Brittany, the Norman of Normandy, are only the North Sea men of the Viking age, with the name slightly changed.

It is the capacity for absorption and the power of race assimilation that have made, and are still making, the Engle Man of the old homeland on the North Seas, and the man of the greater Engle land that is growing up across the seas, and beyond yet other seas, the masterful race of the world. The Rede of the Engle Man tells the story; and upon him, more than upon any other, rests the responsibility in the rebuilding of a wrecked civilization. He will make it or mar it. And the Engle *home* holds the secret of his power. This is its picture:

THE ENGLE MAN'S TARRYING-HOME
BY THE NORTH SEA

All-Fader

A sturdy Northland folk,
And the rim of a winter sea,
With spume of the breakers flung
Afar by winds of the waste—
Winds that bellow and shriek
And howl to headland and cape
Of a land as sturdy and strong
As the men who dwell in it.

And the great trees rock in the gale,
As the surges tumble in,
Hurled by the wrath of a sea
That hath never a mete nor bound—
And a sky that is leaden and gray,
Lashed by the scudding wrack
Of the wild November gales,
Where sea and land clinch arms
In a grapple of life and death—
And under the beechwood shade,
By brook and meadow and meer,
The upward-curling smoke
From homes that are nestled down
Close to the warm, deep breast
Of the snow-clad earth:

And out
 From low-swung doors the gleam,
 Ruddy and full of cheer,
 Of the glowing winter fires:

And the skald, with harp-strings tense,
 Sings of the brave old days,
 Of men that are leal and true,
 And women fair and kind,
 And of sword and spear and shield,
 And of winter seas, and the ships
 With oars that bend to the stroke
 And the swing of the rowers' song;
 And the deeds and the ways of men.

And over all, from skies
 Wide-domed, where the Æsir dwell,
 All-Fader looking down,
 Well pleased with the world and men.

And the heart of the world goes back:
 Back from the devious ways;
 Back from city and mart,
 And the carved cathedral walls
 With their tangle of creeds and forms,
 To the old beechwoods, and days
 By the wintry Northland seas,
 And the curling smoke of homes
 In the forest glades, and men
 Simple, and rude, and strong,
 In days when the earth was young;

And a faith that only knew
The leal and brave; and beyond
The arching skies of the world,
All-Fader!—and here below,
His children, the Sons of Men.

For the heart of the world is old,
And worn, and weary of stress;
Weary of strife and creeds;
Weary of rites and forms;
Weary of prebend and priest,
And the swinging censer, and all
The earth-made shackles that bind
And fetter the hearts of men.

And lo! All-Fader looks down;
And the Father's heart is kind:
For He loveth His children all.

An Engle Folkmoot Call



As an Elderman of the Engle Folk, now almost in my ninety-seventh year, I sound the Call for a re-assembling of the old Engle Folkmoot, that we may take counsel together as to our part as a race in the rebuilding of a wrecked civilization. Let the re-assembling be in the old Homeland by the shores of the North Sea, where it first grew up.

The Work:

When the "Commons and the Barons and the High Estate," in Folkmoot assembled, put King John upon trial for inefficiency and injustice in his royal office, and removed him, stating that thereafter he would "no more be king but only a common man," they established the principle that the ruler is subject to the people over whom he rules.

When, in the year 1215 A.D., at Runnymede, the Folkmoot, in assembly gathered, wrung from an unwilling royalty the Magna Charta, with its Bill of Rights, they established the principle that the rule must be just and the same alike to all, high or low.

At Philadelphia, in the year 1776, the Folkmoot, in assembly gathered, established the principle that there must be no taxation without representation.

When the Folkmoot again assembles, it will be to face the problem: How can the widely scattered Engle Folk be brought together to act as a racial unit in the rebuilding of a wrecked civilization? It is for this that the Call for the re-assembling of the Folkmoot is now sounded.

Joseph B. Widney.

THE SONG OF THE ENGLE MEN

TO THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES

A CALL AND A SLOGAN

*Let every Engle flag protect
Every Engle Man!*

MANY years ago, I wrote an appeal to the American people urging that the old partisan, political lines should be dropped, and that the better elements of the political parties in both North and South should unite in an effort to end the sectional differences and make the country in reality *one*. This appeal was mailed to party leaders, to men of standing, to business men; but was unheeded. The appeal was headed, "Let Us Get Together." Today we are paying the penalty for failing to face the future as a united people.

The appeal which I voice today is to a yet-broader people. IT IS TO ALL THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES IN THEIR MANY RACE-HOMES OVER THE FACE OF THE EARTH. In this work, with breadth of view, I hope, and care, I have tried to forecast the future of the Asiatic peoples, of the Oriental peoples, of the Latin peoples, and of the Teutonic peoples. Another volume has yet to be finished, *The Future of the English-Speaking Peoples*.

The rebuilding of our wrecked civilization will be, as said, upon racial rather than upon national lines. Like the other races enumerated, the Engle men of the earth must be prepared to face the future in spirit, at least, as one.

I am now nearing the end of my ninety-sixth year. The next volume, which will deal with the Engle Men and their future, will have to be the work of the ninety-seventh year. This booklet, *The Song of the Engle Men*, is from advance sheets of that work.

The many years given to race problems and forecastings may be my excuse for again voicing the cry, "Let Us Get Together."

* * * * *

I have never written for money. The sole object has been the carving out of broader lines for the human race. For more than fifty years of careful historical study, I have thought, and planned, and worked to this end. This ultimate purpose has run through all my publications. I have not placed upon the public market the books which I have written. I had not the time for this in an over-worked life, nor have I had the means. My works have been placed, instead, in the great public reading rooms, and libraries, and colleges and universities of the world, where they might find the largest number of readers. This has drained heavily upon my private resources, so much so that I must still go on in the same old way. It is my contribution to the uplift of humanity and the making of a better world, and with this I am content.

I am near to the beginning of my ninety-seventh year. Owing to injuries received in an accident, I have had to do all my work under the heavy handicap of being crippled, and in blindness, and in pain. Every word that I have published, for many years, I have had to dictate. What this means in patience, in difficulty, in labor, only one who has gone through it can know.

There is still much that I have planned. Following the book now in the press, there must come as a separate volume the work on the future of the Engle Man, to which I have made reference; thereafter, a book on *Life and Its Problems as Seen by a Blind Man at Ninety- ?*. In addition, there is other work which I need not enumerate. I had planned for a century; but this is in the Hands of One to Whom the centuries are only as a work-day. His will be done.

Domine ad Te oculos caecos levabo!

THE SONG OF THE ENGLE MEN

THE REDE

From the home by the Baltic shore,
The home in the beechwood trees;
From the home across the flood
Of the narrow mid-land seas,
Where the long Northumbrian coast
And the dunes of shifting sand
Are backed by the sturdy oaks
Of the newer Engle-land;
From the home beyond the rim
Of the vaster ocean main,
Where the homeland broadens out
In mountain, and hill, and plain—
League on league, to the verge
Of the farther ocean shore:
And on where the Seven Seas
Their far-flung waters pour;
And lands at the hither verge
Of the ice-bound polar deep,
Where the Southern Cross, and the stars,
Their brooding vigils keep:
And from lands of the veldt and trek
And the Afric lion's den,
Ever the song goes up—
The song of the Engle Men!

Engle and Saxon and Jute,
And Pict and the Celtic man;
And the Northland's battling blood;

And the blood of the Scottish clan;
And the blood of Normandie,
Land of apple and oak
By the narrow channeled sea,
Land of the battling folk;
And the sturdy fisher blood
From the storm-lashed Brittany,
Beaten and torn by the rush
Of the broader Biscay Sea . . .
There's blood from the Rhineland hills,
Blood of the Dons of Spain,
Blood from vine-clad France,
Blood from the Roman plain,
And the blood of the broader folk
Of many a land and kin . . .

They come, a motley host,
But the Engle gathers them in
And the speech is the Engle speech,
And the home is the Engle home,
And the ways are the Engle ways
That have made that Engle home.
And as one they sing their song
From mountain, and plain and glen;
And the song of one is the song of all,
The song of the Engle Men.

There is Beowulf, unafraid,
Kingliest king, by the shore
Of the wintry Baltic waste
And the north wind's angry roar;
And the blood of Arthur, knight;

And blood of Alfred, king;
And blood of carl and wight
And blood from the Saxon *thing*;
Of Raleigh, Hawkins, and Drake,
Roundhead, Scot, Cavalier,
Ready to answer the Engle call,
Ready at muster—"Here!"
And of men who stood for right,
Hampden, Cromwell, and Pym;
And, across the wintry seas,
Of Standish, and Smith, and him
Who toiled, and prayed, and then
To fight at age-long wrong,
To loose the shackled and tied,
To sever the binding thong,
That Black men, too, reborn,
Might sing the Engle song.

They are not a peaceful folk;
They loved of old the twang
Of the bow-string keenly tense;
They loved the martial clang
Of sword, and spear, and axe
That battered helmet and casque
When men went down to death
As men to a blithesome task:
And the quick, sharp rifle-crack
Was music to the ear,
On the "Dark and Bloody Ground,"
For the battling pioneer.

They are not a peaceful folk:
And there's clamor on the breeze
From the old-time Baltic shore
To the ends of the Seven Seas.
And there's blood on many a field,
Crimsoned, and stained, and red,
Blood of the battling hosts,
Blood of the countless dead:
And the dead will be, by land and sea,
Until Time, or Wrong, be dead!

The flags are not the same,
But ever they float entwined:
And the paths are not the same:
But *one* is the Engle mind:
And the Engle mind is the Engle will
For a world where Truth and Right
Are stronger than sin, and strong to win:
A world where Right is might!
And an old-time song from the folk goes up;
By land and the seas they sing
The song of the broader Engle Folk:
And this is the song they sing—

THE ENGLE SONG

Hew to the line, true-edged and square!
Hew! and hew with a will!
Strike from the shoulder, straight and fair!
Shoot!—but shoot to kill!

Hold to the old-time trust and truth!
Hold to the old-time ways
Of home, and honor, and kindly ruth
Of the olden Engle days!

Smite, as the hammer of Thor-god, smite!
Smite down shame and wrong!
Smite the evil! Uphold the right!
Smite with a will! Be strong!

Strong for home and the ingleside!
Strong for the truth, the right!
Strong-armed—whatever of fate betide—
Strong-armed to win the fight.

Make the world better because of us;
The crooked, fair and straight!
And the world glad because of us!
Command the ways of Fate!

Others may claim the land,
Mountain and hill and plain,
For us the rolling surge!
The sea is our domain.

And the far-flung lands and the isles,
Dotting the seas afar,
From the lonely Southern Cross,
To the far-off polar star.

J. P. WIDNEY,
An American Engle Man.

HERE IS A WAY:

Let a delegated meeting be called of these scattered peoples to discuss and formulate methods of bringing about this unity of the Engle Peoples; then, let them work for the calling of a delegated meeting of the different races of the world to discuss and formulate the best method of bringing about racial cooperation in the settlement of the great race problems which the world must face in the rebuilding of a wrecked civilization.

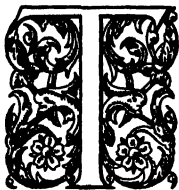
The foregoing, "The Song of the Engle Men," constituted a special booklet issued by the Author. A thousand copies of this booklet were sent among the North Sea Peoples of Europe, and among the peoples of the broader Engle Land in America and in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, and wherever the two hundred and twenty millions of the Engle Folk are building homelands about the shores of the Seven Seas. It is a plea for unity and peace and racial cooperation of the Engle Peoples in the rebuilding of a wrecked civilization.

At no time in their history have the North Sea Peoples, especially the British Islands, faced greater peril than they do today. Taken separately, they are becoming outnumbered by the larger race combinations of the mainland. Their future will be decided by the people themselves. Their royalties cannot help them, and will not. Royalty has no nationality. It is a profession, a caste. It has neither nationality nor racial attachments; neither has it a religion. Its members belong simply with the people over which they are reigning. They take the nationality and the religion of the people over whom they are called to rule. Their loyalty is simply to their caste. And it is birth, not brains, that claims the right to rule in monarchical countries. Some Prime Minister has to furnish the brains for them. They simply sign the laws under orders, receive the honors, and draw the salaries. Unless the North Sea Peoples, including the British Islands, face the actualities of their situation and unite for mutual protection, they will be absorbed one by one by the larger race aggregations of Mid-Europe.

While Europe is facing disintegration, the North American continent is facing unification and aggregation.

It is the future homeland and center of power of what were North Sea ancestors. Instead of many languages, it has only one. The English speech is absorbing all others. It takes all the varying nationalities that come to it, and turns them into English-speaking peoples. It is the only continent that faces on all the great oceans. This fact, with its racial unity and vast mineral resources, makes it the future ruler of the seas.

THE ENGLE MAN


HE word "English" was once used racially. There was then only one Englishman, and he was an inhabitant of the British Islands. That time has passed by. The English speech is now used by a number of different peoples, scattered widely over the earth, and yet these are not Englishmen. They are of the same racial blood, but they do not call themselves Englishmen. One is American. Another is a Canadian. Another, an Australian. Another, a New Zealander. Another, an Africander. They all admit the tie of race blood, but repudiate the name Englishman. It all shows that the term "English," as applied to blood, is purely localized. The Englishman is simply the Briton.

It is for this reason that, in all of my writings, I have gone back to an older name for the race, and to a name that is free from all localisms—the "ENGLEMAN." That older man of the race came to Britain as the Engle Man, bringing his name with him. Even British history, in its first mention of his coming to Briton, speaks of him as the Engle. Somewhere on that long journey westward from the Asiatic highlands, may be at the very beginning, he became known as the Engle. After awhile the inhabitants of Britain claimed the name "English," a modified form of the word, and that they were the only true representatives of the race. But the Englishman stopped

—the *Engleman* went on. And the Englishman is still only a dweller in the British Islands, and is only one branch of the greater Engle race.

It is not the Englishmen of the British Islands alone, who are to take part in the rebuilding of a wrecked world civilization. It is the Englemen of the vaster Engle Lands of the earth, who are to do this work, and to do this work most efficiently.

Let the name Englemen, as that common race name, abide!

JOSEPH P. WIDNEY
An American Engleman.

Los Angeles, California,
August 20, 1937.

[The chapters on “A New Europe” and “A New Orient” were issued in separate form for distribution in Europe and in the Orient.]

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